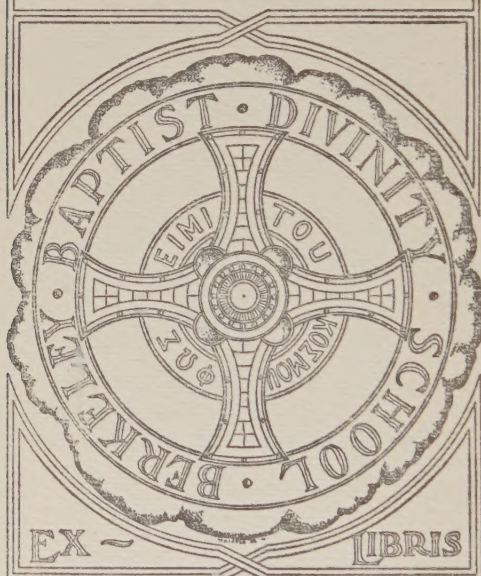


Hymns of the
Kingdom of God

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Hymns of the Kingdom of God

FOR USE IN BAPTIST CHURCHES

EDITED BY

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Preface

Each generation of Christians emphasizes a particular aspect of the everlasting Gospel. Our own lays the stress upon the Kingdom of God. We have been led to believe that, as the Kingdom was the burden of our Lord's message, it should be the burden of His Church's prayer and praise. This book is an attempt to furnish the Church with a hymnal in which Christian communion with God is viewed as fellowship with the Father and the Son in the establishment of the Kingdom.

The editors have sought to make a small collection of large hymns. We have carefully examined several thousand hymns which have found a place in the worship of English-speaking churches during the last two hundred years. We have respected the sacred canon of Christian experience. We have felt that the older and the more widely used a hymn is, the more suited is it to common worship, and the better adapted to manifest and to promote the unity of the Church of Christ. We have striven, however, to include only hymns which are poetically beautiful, which express a normal and healthy spiritual experience, contain no divisive theology, and are specifically Christian in religion.

In arranging the music we have been governed by the principle that it is better to select than to multiply tunes. The average congregation should find no difficulty in using all the tunes in this book. Most of them are already familiar. There are some new tunes, but few of these are of recent composition. The great English composers of Church music of the last century are well represented, and the book contains a large number of older tunes, —traditional German, English, French, Welsh and Dutch melodies, and tunes from the Genevan, Scottish and American psalters. We have tried to set the hymns to those tunes which have proved best fitted to bring out their meaning with effectiveness and dignity. Wherever possible we have placed hymns of the same metre upon opposite pages in order to offer a choice of music.

The text of each hymn has been traced back, as far as we were able, to its first edition. All changes have been carefully noted. If

Preface

the author has sanctioned a change, the fact is indicated by the presence of two dates following his name. We have introduced no changes into familiar hymns save in a few instances where we have restored the author's original text and substituted it for the altered form which editors have published. We have also attempted to give the correct authorship or source, and the date of the tunes.

A small selection of children's hymns has been included because, while the editors believe that children should be taught the great hymns in the Sunday School, and so trained to join in the public worship of the Church, they also believe that in the Church service a hymn should occasionally be sung, which is especially adapted to their religious experience, in order that they may feel at home in the house of God. Such hymns often help older people to turn and become as little children.

This hymnal is sent forth in the hope that it will assist the Church of to-day to praise God heartily, intelligently and sincerely, to sing with the Spirit and with the understanding hymns which utter living convictions and which consecrate those who sing them to the purpose of Jesus Christ.

HENRY S. COFFIN,
AMBROSE W. VERNON,
CHARLES W. GILKEY, Editors.

Acknowledgments

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To the library of the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, where the hymnological collection has provided the authentic texts of nearly all the hymns;

To the compilers of previous hymnals, and especially to the editors of *The Hymnal* (Presbyterian), *Worship-Song*, (The Rev. W. Garrett Horder D.D.), *The Church Hymnary* (Scotch Presbyterian), *The English Hymnal* (Anglican), *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, (Anglican, ed. 1904) and *Church Praise* (English Presbyterian, Ed. 1907);

To Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology* (2nd ed. 1908), which has been followed in almost every instance in the dating of the hymns;

To the standard histories of Psalmody for the dates of the tunes derived from various Psalm-Books, to Dr. J. Zahn's *Die Melodien der deutschen evangelischen Kirchenlieder*, (Gütersloh, 6 vols., 1889-1893), and Dr. W. Bäumker's *Das katholische deutsche Kirchenlied in seinen Singweisen*, (Freiburg, 3 vols., 1886-1891) for the German melodies, and to various hymnal companions, (among which the annotated edition of the *Book of Common Praise*, (Canadian Episcopal), by James Edmund Jones, deserves special mention,) for the dating of the tunes by English and American composers of the last century;

To the Rev. W. Russell Bowie and the Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D. for hymns written for this collection;

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If the editors have inadvertently infringed any copyrights in the use of hymns or tunes they crave forgiveness. They have sought to communicate with all authors and composers whose whereabouts they knew.

Contents

	Pages		Pages
Preface	iii, iv	Metrical Index of Tunes	xxiv-xxvi
Acknowledgments	v, vi	Index of Authors	xxvii-xxix
General Index	ix-xx	Index of Composers	xxx-xxxii
Alphabetical Index of Tunes	xxi-xxiii		

The Hymns

	Hymns		Hymns
THE LORD OF THE KINGDOM.		TIMES, SERVICES, AND SEASONS.	
God, Our Father	1-35	Morning	344-358
Jesus Christ	36-121	Noon	359-360
The Holy Spirit	122-139	Evening	361-384
		The Lord's Day	385-393
		Midweek	394
THE KINGDOM OF GOD.		The Opening of Worship	395-411
The Church	140-152	The Close of Worship	412-418
The Home	153-155	Baptism and Confession of	
The City	156	Faith	419-429
The Nation	157-163	The Lord's Supper	430-443
The World	164-190	Marriage	444-445
The Consummation	191-198	Burial of the Dead	446-450
		The Old and New Year	451-456
		Spring	457
THE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM.		Summer	458
Repentance	199-223	Harvest and Thanksgiving	459-461
Faith	224-272	Autumn	462
Hope	273-308	Dedication and Anniversary	463-465
Love	309-343	Farewell Service	466
		For those at Sea	467
CHILDREN'S HYMNS			
CANTICLES AND ANCIENT HYMNS			
			468-488
			489-508

General Index

HYMN	NO.	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
A charge to keep I have .	291	C. Wesley	Laban	L. Mason
A little kingdom I possess .	485	L. M. Alcott	Bethlehem	G. W. Fink
A mighty fortress is our God	147	M. Luther, tr. F. H. Hedge	Ein feste Burg	Arr. A. Sullivan M. Luther
A parting hymn we sing .	442	A. R. Wolfe	Gorton	Arr. fr. Beethoven
A thousand years have come and gone	44	T. T. Lynch	Noel	Traditional, arr. A. Sullivan
A voice upon the midnight	63	J. Martineau	Crux Crudelis	A. L. Peace
Abide with me: fast falls .	368	H. F. Lyte	Eventide	W. H. Monk
Above the clear blue sky .	473	J. Chandler	Children's Voices	E. J. Hopkins
According to Thy gracious	431	J. Montgomery	Martyrdom	H. Wilson
Across the sky the shades of night	456	J. Hamilton	Es ist das Heil	German, har. C. L. Safford
Again as evening's shadow	367	S. Longfellow	Abends	H. S. Oakeley
Ah, holy Jesus, how hast Thou offended	74	J. Heermann tr. Yat- tendon Hymnal	Nightfall	J. Barnby
All glory, laud and honor .	60	Theodulph tr. Neale	St. Theodulph	M. Teschner
All hail the power of Jesus' name	98	Perronet and Rippon	Miles' Lane Coronation	W. Shrubsole O. Holden
All my heart this night re- joices	48	P. Gerhardt, tr. C. Winkworth	Bonn	J. G. Ebeling
All people that on earth do dwell	406	W. Kethe	Old Hundredth	Pseaumes octante trois
All praise to Thee, eternal	38	M. Luther tr. Anon.	Wareham	W. Knapp
All praise to Thee my God this night	362	T. Ken	Tallis's Evening Hymn	Arr. fr. T. Tallis
All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept	345	T. Ken	Lob sei dem All- mächtigen Gott	Gesangbuch der Brüder
All things bright and . . .	474	C. F. Alexander	All things bright	E. J. Hopkins
Am I a soldier of the cross	292	I. Watts	Arlington	T. A. Arne
And is the time approaching	169	J. Borthwick	Eden Grove	S. Smith
And now the wants are told	414	W. Bright	Fingal	J. S. Anderson
Angels from the realms of .	47	J. Montgomery	Regent Square	H. Smart
Angels holy, high and lowly	3	J. S. Blackie	Seraphim	H. Smart
Arise, O Lord of hosts . .	163	W. W. How	Safe Home	A. Sullivan
Around the throne of God .	16	H. Ware	St. John	Old English
Art thou weary, art thou .	213	J. M. Neale,	Stephanos	H. W. Baker
As the sun doth daily rise .	357	Tr. Earl Nelson	Pleyel's Hymn	I. J. Pleyel
As with gladness men of old	50	W. C. Dix	Dix	C. Kocher
Ask ye what great thing I know?	79	J. C. Schwedler, tr. B. H. Kennedy	Essex	T. Clark
Asleep in Jesus! Blessed .	447	M. Mackay	Rest	W. B. Bradbury
At even, ere the sun was set	364	H. Twells	Angelus	G. Joseph
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay	353	W. Bright	Ratisbon	Old German
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	344	T. Ken	Morning Hymn	F. H. Barthélé- mon

General Index

HYMN	NO.	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
Be known to us in breaking	432	J. Montgomery	St. Agnes	J. B. Dykes
Be with me, Lord, where'er I	314	J. Cennick	Gloucester	E. Hodges
Because I knew not when my	205	S. Williams	Artavia	E. J. Hopkins
Before Jehovah's awful	395	I. Watts	Old Hundredth	Pseaumes octante
throne		and J. Wesley		trois
Before Thine awful presence	427	W. W. How	Tallis's Ordinal	T. Tallis
Begin my tongue some . .	20	I. Watts	Jackson	T. Jackson
Behold a Stranger at the	221	J. Grigg	Bera	J. E. Gould
door!				
Behold us, Lord, a little space	408	J. Ellerton	St. Flavian	J. Daye's Psalmes
Believe not those who say .	279	A. Brontë	St. Michael	Pseaumes octante
				trois
Beneath the cross of Jesus .	75	E. C. Clephane	St. Christopher	F. C. Maker
Blest be the tie that binds .	144	J. Fawcett	Boylston	L. Mason
Blow, winds of God, awake	114	J. G. Whittier	York	The CL Psalmes
Bread of the world, in mercy	436	R. Heber	Eucharistic Hymn	J. S. B. Hodges
broken	455		Ellis	H. M. W. Moore
Break, new-born year, on	132	T. H. Gill	Mirfield	A. Cottman
Break Thou the bread of life	133	M. L. Lathbury	Bread of Life	W. F. Sherwin
Breathe on me, Breath of God	193	E. Hatch	Trentham	R. Jackson
Brief life is here our portion		Bernard of Cluny	St. Alphege	H. J. Gauntlett
Brightest and best of the .	51	R. Heber	Wesley	L. Mason
By Christ redeemed	430	G. Rawson	In Memoriam	F. C. Maker
Calm me, my God, and keep	265	H. Bonar	Meditation	J. H. Gower
Christ for the world we sing	190	S. Wolcott	Braun	J. G. Braun
Christ in His word draws .	134	T. T. Lynch	Kirby Bedon	E. Bunnett
Christ the Lord is risen . .	81	C. Wesley	Easter Hymn	Lyra Davidica
Christian, dost thou see them	285	Greek,	St. Andrew of	J. B. Dykes
		tr. J. M. Neale	Crete	
Christian, seek not yet repose	286	C. Elliott	Vigilate	W. H. Monk
City of God, how broad and	142	S. Johnson	Nox Præcessit	J. B. Calkin
Come, dearest Lord, descend	435	I. Watts	Federal Street	H. K. Oliver
Come, Holy Ghost, in love .	129	Tr. R. Palmer	Stobel	Old German
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly	128	S. Browne	Herr Jesu Christ	Pensum Sacrum,
Dove				har. J. S. Bach
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly	125	I. Watts	St. Stephen	W. Jones
Come, kingdom of our God	180	J. Johns	Laban	L. Mason
Come labor on! who dares .	312	J. Borthwick	Brentwood	W. P. Dunn
Come let us join with faithful	178	W. G. Tarrant	Tottenham	T. Greatorex
Come, my soul, thou must be	356	von Canitz,	Haydn	Arr. fr. F. J.
waking		tr. H. Buckoll		Haydn
Come, Thou almighty King .	398	Anon.	Italian Hymn	F. de Giardini
Come unto me, ye weary .	208	W. C. Dix	Come unto Me	J. B. Dykes
Come ye disconsolate, wher-	218	T. Moore	Consolation	S. Webbe
e'er ye languish		and T. Hastings		
Come ye faithful, raise the	87	John of Damascus,	St. Kevin	A. Sullivan
strain		tr. J. M. Neale		
Come, ye thankful people,	459	H. Alford	St. George's	G. J. Elvey
come			Windsor	
Commit thou all thy griefs	273	P. Gerhard,	St. Andrew	J. Barnby
		tr. J. Wesley		
Creator Spirit, by whose aid	122	Tr. J. Dryden	Melita	J. B. Dykes
Crown Him with many	95	M. Bridges	Diademata	G. J. Elvey
crowns				

General Index

HYMN	NO.	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
Day by day we magnify Thee	487	J. Ellerton	Trust	Mendelssohn
Day is dying in the west .	375	M. A. Lathbury	Chautauqua	W. F. Sherwin
Dear Lord and Father of .	263	J. G. Whittier	Elton	F. C. Maker
Dear Lord and Master mine	321	T. H. Gill	St. Thomas	A. Williams
Each mighty power of evil .	170	T. H. Gill	Lancashire	H. Smart
Enduring Soul of all our life	126	E. S. Oakley	Bedford	W. Wheall
Eternal Father strong to save	467	W. Whiting	Melita	J. B. Dykes
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round	148	J. W. Chadwick	Rudolfstadt	German, arr. by C. L. Safford
Eternal Source of every joy	451	P. Doddridge	Morning Hymn	F. H. Barthélémon
Every morning mercies new	352	G. Phillimore	Kelso	E. J. Hopkins
Every morning the red sun	486	C. F. Alexander	Landsdowne	J. B. Dykes
Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature	106	Anon.	Schönster Herr Jesu	German, arr. by R. S. Willis
Faith of our fathers, living still	149	F. W. Faber	St. Catherine	H. F. Hemy and J. G. Walton
Father, again in Jesus' name	411	L. E. G. Whitmore	Longwood	J. Barnby
Father, hear Thy children's	219	T. B. Pollock	Gower's Litany	J. H. Gower
Father, hear the prayer we .	293	L. M. Willis	St. Oswald	J. B. Dykes
Father, I know that all my .	242	A. L. Waring	St. Bede	J. B. Dykes
Father in heaven who lovest	484	R. Kipling	Pentecost	W. Boyd
Father of love, our Guide and	228	W. J. Irons	Beatitudo	J. B. Dykes
Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow	253	F. L. Hosmer	Marlborough	Arr. by A. Sulli- van
Father, to us thy children .	220	J. F. Clarke	Felix	Mendelssohn
Father, whate'er of earthly .	260	A. Steele	Dedham	W. Gardiner
Fierce raged the tempest o'er	54	G. Thring	St. Aëlred	J. B. Dykes
Fierce was the wild billow	55	Anatolius, tr. Neale	St. Sophronius	A. H. Brown
Fight the good fight . . .	296	J. S. B. Monsell	Courage	H. W. Parker
Fling out the banner! let it .	174	G. W. Doane	Waltham	J. B. Calkin
For all Thy saints who from	152	W. W. How	Sarum	J. Barnby
For the beauty of the earth	2	F. S. Pierpoint	Dix	C. Kocher
For thee, O dear, dear coun- try	194	Bernard of Cluny, tr. J. M. Neale	Ewing	A. Ewing
Forever with the Lord . .	306	J. Montgomery	Leominster	G. W. Martin and A. Sullivan
Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I	318	C. Wesley	Eisenach	J. H. Schein
Forward! be our watchword	298	H. Alford	Watchword	H. Smart
From Greenland's icy . . .	167	G. Thring	Missionary Hymn	L. Mason
From the eastern mountains	49	R. Heber	Dania	F. G. Ilsey
From the table now retiring	443	J. Rowe	Batty	J. Thommen's Christen-Schatz
From Thee all skill and . .	181	C. Kingsley	Holy Trinity	J. Barnby
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	483	C. Wesley	Theodora	G. F. Handel
Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	449	J. W. Meinhold, tr. C. Winkworth	Meinhold	Lüneburgisches Gesangbuch
Gird on Thy conquering . .	164	P. Doddridge	Croft's 148th	W. Croft
Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes	39	M. Luther, tr. C. Winkworth	Vom Himmel hoch	M. Luther
Give to the winds thy fears	274	P. Gerhardt, tr. J. Wesley	Schumann	R. A. Schumann
Glorious things of thee are .	146	J. Newton	Austrian Hymn	F. J. Haydn
Go, labor on, spend and be .	315	H. Bonar	Rivaulx	J. B. Dykes

General Index

HYMN	NO.	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
Go to dark Gethsemane . .	62	J. Montgomery	Orchard	A. H. Mann
God be with you till we meet	466	J. E. Rankin	God be with you	W. G. Tomer
God bless our native land .	158	Brooks, Dwight, and Hickson	Dort	L. Mason
God Himself is with us . .	407	G. Tersteegen, tr. H. S. Coffin	Wunderbarer König	J. Neander
God in the gospel of His Son	136	B. Beddome and T. Cotterill	Ware	G. Kingsley
God is love, by Him upholden	4	J. S. B. Monsell	Heber	E. J. Hopkins
God is love; His mercy . .	34	J. Bowring	Stuttgart	Psalmody Sacra
God is my strong Salvation	270	J. Montgomery	Vulpus	M. Vulpus
God moves in a mysterious .	250	W. Cowper	London New	Playford's Psalms
God of our fathers known of old	162	R. Kipling	Gower's Reces sional	J. H. Gower
God of pity, God of grace .	402	E. F. Morris	Capetown	F. Filitz
God of the earnest heart .	343	S. Johnson	Silver Street	I. Smith
God of the living, in whose .	150	J. Ellerton	St. Chrysostom	J. Barnby
God of the morning, at whose	346	I. Watts	Duke Street	J. Hatton
God that madest earth and heaven	378	R. Heber, W. Mer- cer and R. Whately	Temple	E. J. Hopkins
God the All-terrible! King who ordainest	166	H. F. Chorley and J. Ellerton	Ar Hyd y Nos Russian Hymn	Welsh Melody A. T. Lwoff
God, the Lord, a king . . .	5	J. Keble	Regent Square	H. Smart
Gone is the hollow murky .	350	Tr. T. Doubleday	Warwick	S. Stanley
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	130	T. T. Lynch	Redhead No. 76	R. Redhead
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost!	124	C. Wordsworth	Capetown	F. Filitz
Great God, we sing Thy .	452	P. Doddridge	Das alte Jahr	M. Prætorius
Guide me, O Thou great Je- hovah	225	W. Williams, tr. P. and W. Williams	Segur	J. P. Holbrook
Hail the day that sees Him rise	90	C. Wesley	Mendelssohn	Mendelssohn, arr. Cummings
Hail the glorious Golden .	184	F. Adler	Sanctuary	J. B. Dykes
Hail to the brightness of .	185	R. Heber	Wesley	L. Mason
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	171	J. Montgomery	Tours	B. Tours
Hail to the Sabbath day .	390	S. G. Bulfinch	Domenica	H. S. Oakeley
Hark, hark my soul angelic songs are swelling	307	P. W. Faber	{ Pilgrims Vox Angelica }	H. Smart
Hark how all the welkin rings (Hark the herald angels sing)	42	C. Wesley		J. B. Dykes
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord	202	W. Cowper	Mendelssohn	Mendelssohn, arr. Cummings
Hark the glad sound! the .	36	P. Doddridge	St. Bees	J. B. Dykes
He is gone: a cloud of light	89	A. P. Stanley	St. Stephen	W. Jones
He that goeth forth with .	294	T. Hastings	St. Patrick	A. Sullivan
He who suns and worlds .	282	T. H. Gill	Stockwell	D. E. Jones
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee	440	H. Bonar	Regent Square	H. Smart
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God .	354	R. Heber	Morecambe	F. C. Atkinson
Holy night! peaceful night!	468	J. Mohr, tr. J. M. Campbell	Nicæa	J. B. Dykes
Holy Spirit, truth divine .	137	S. Longfellow	Stille Nacht	F. Gruber
Hosanna to the living Lord	399	R. Heber	Mercy	L. M. Gottschalk
How blessed, from the bonds of sin	327	C. J. P. Spitta, tr. J. Borthwick	Hosanna Blenden	J. B. Dykes C. E. Kettle

General Index

HYMN	NO.	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
How brightly shines the Morning Star	105	P. Nicolai, tr. J. M. Sloan	Nicolai	P. Nicolai
How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord	272	"K" in Rippon's Selection	Adeste Fideles	Wade's Cantus Diversi
How gentle God's commands	269	P. Doddridge	Dennis	J. G. Nägeli, arr.
How sweet the name of . . .	104	J. Newton	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle
Hushed was the evening hymn	476	J. D. Burns	Samuel	A. Sullivan
I am not worthy, holy Lord	433	H. W. Baker	Leicester	W. Hurst
I am trusting Thee, Lord . .	214	F. R. Havergal	Bullinger	E. W. Bullinger
I bow my forehead to the . .	224	J. G. Whittier	Amesbury	U. C. Burnap
I could not do without Thee	117	F. R. Havergal	Blairgowrie	J. B. Dykes
I heard the voice of Jesus . .	116	H. Bonar	Vox Dilecti	J. B. Dykes
I look to Thee in every need	262	S. Longfellow	O Jesu	B. Reimann
I love, I love Thee, Lord most	256	Tr. E. Caswall	Canonbury	R. Schumann
I love Thy kingdom, Lord . .	143	T. Dwight	State Street	J. O. Woodman
I love to tell the story . . .	480	K. Hankey	I love to tell	W. G. Fischer
I say to all men far and near	85	von Hardenberg, tr. C. Winkworth	Christmas	G. F. Handel
I sought the Lord and	206	Anon.	Peace	G. W. Chadwick
I thank Thee, Lord,	342	R. Davis	Ministry	J. H. Gower
I think when I read that . .	477	J. Luke	Sweet Story	Traditional
I've found a Friend, O such a	112	J. G. Small	Constance	A. Sullivan
Immortal Love, forever full	113	J. G. Whittier	Serenity	W. V. Wallace
Immortal Love, within whose	236	S. A. Brooke	Lux Beata	A. L. Peace
In heavenly love abiding . .	245	A. L. Waring	Angels' Story	A. H. Mann
In life's earnest morning . .	429	E. S. Oakley	Morley	T. Morley
In our day of thanksgiving	465	W. H. Draper	Netherlands	Old Dutch
In the cross of Christ I glory	78	J. Bowring	Rathbun	I. Conkey
In the hour of trial	261	J. Montgomery	Penitence	S. Lane
It came upon the midnight	45	E. H. Sears	Carol	R. S. Willis
Jerusalem my happy home	197	F. B. P.	Materna	S. A. Ward
Jerusalem the golden	196	Bernard of Cluny, tr. J. M. Neale	Ewing	A. Ewing
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult	222	C. F. Alexander	Urbs Beata Stuttgart	G. F. LeJeune Psalmodia Sacra
Jesus came, the heavens ador- ing	119	G. Thring	Galilee St. Thomas	W. H. Jude Wade's Cantus Diversi
Jesus, holiest, tenderest, . .	120	T. H. Gill	St. Raphael	E. J. Hopkins
Jesus, I love Thy charming	103	P. Doddridge	Holy Cross	Fr. T. Hastings
Jesus, I my cross have taken	301	H. F. Lyte	Ellesdie	Arr. fr. Mozart,
Jesus lives! thy terrors now	82	C. F. Gellert, tr.	St. Albinus	H. J. Gauntlett
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	207	J. J. Cummins	St. Austin	Arr. fr. Gregorian
Jesus, Lover of my soul . .	217	C. Wesley	Hollingside Martyn	J. B. Dykes S. B. Marsh
Jesus, loving to the end . . .	73	T. B. Pollock	The Seven Words	Arr. A. Sullivan
Jesus, mighty King in Zion	421	J. Fellows	All for Jesus	John Stainer
Jesus, my Lord, how rich Thy	330	P. Doddridge	Stockton	T. Wright
Jesus! name of wondrous love	110	W. W. How	Orientis Partibus	Medieval French
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me . . .	234	E. Hopper	Pilot	J. E. Gould
Jesus shall reign where'er the	173	I. Watts	Duke Street	J. Hatton
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear	488	M. L. Duncan	Brocklesby	C. A. Barnard
Jesus, the very thought of Thee	101	Bernard, tr. E. Cas- wall	Lambeth	W. Schulthes

General Index

HYMN	NO.	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
Jesus, these eyes have never	100	R. Palmer	Sawley	J. Walch
Jesus, Thou divine Companion	340	H. van Dyke	Beecher	J. Zundel
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts	434	Bernard, tr. R. Pal- mer	Hesperus	H. Baker
Jesus, to Thy table led . . .	439	R. H. Baynes	Lacrymæ	A. Sullivan
Jesus, whelmed in fears . . .	72	T. B. Pollock	Gower's Litany	J. H. Gower
Jesus, where'er Thy people . .	396	W. Cowper	Keble	J. B. Dykes
Joy to the world, the Lord is	37	I. Watts	Antioch	Arr. G. F. Handel
Judge eternal, throned in splendor	161	H. S. Holland	Alleluia Dulce	Essay on Church Plain Chant
Just as I am, without one plea	211	C. Elliott	Carmen St. Crispin Woodworth	G. J. Elvey W. B. Bradbury
Lamp of our feet whereby . .	137	B. Barton	Nox Præcessit	J. B. Calkin
Lead, kindly Light, amid the	235	J. H. Newman	Lux Benigna	J. B. Dykes
Lead on, O King eternal . .	284	E. W. Shurtleff	Pearsall	R. L. de Pearsall
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead	226	J. Edmeston	Feniton Court	E. J. Hopkins
Lead us, O Father, in the	231	W. Burleigh	Longwood	J. Barnby
Leave God to order all thy ways	233	G. Neumark, tr. C. Winkworth	Neumark	G. Neumark, har. J. S. Bach
Let all the world in every . .	17	G. Herbert	Herbert	W. H. Monk
Let folly praise that fancy . .	43	R. Southwell	Materna	S. A. Ward
Let us with a gladsome mind	14	J. Milton	Innocents	Medieval French
Life of ages, richly poured	15	S. Johnson	Rehcad No. 45	Medieval French
Lift up, lift up your voices	86	J. M. Neale	Waltham	J. B. Calkin
Lift up your heads, rejoice	186	T. T. Lynch	Blessed Home	J. Stainer
Lift up your heads, ye gates	278	J. Montgomery	Presbyter	W. O. Wilkinson
Light of light, enlighten me	388	B. Schmolck, tr. C. Winkworth	Jesus Meine Zu- versicht	Praxis Pietatis Melica
Light of the world, we hail	168	J. S. B. Monsell	Salve Domine	L. W. Watson
Lighten the darkness of our	232	F. M. Owen	Battell	R. Battell
Lo, a fair Rose ablooming . .	469	Old German, tr. Editors	Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen	Old German, har. M. Prætorius
Look from the sphere of . .	160	W. C. Bryant	Mainzer	J. Mainzer
Look, ye saints! the sight is	94	T. Kelley	Coronae	W. H. Monk
Look up to heaven! th' in- dustrious sun	360	W. Wordsworth	Truro	Psalmodia Evan- gelica
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we	58	J. H. Gurney	Dalehurst	A. Cottman
Lord, give me light to do Thy	331	H. Bonar	Horsley	W. Horsley
Lord God of morning and of	347	F. T. Palgrave	Walton	Sacred Melodies
Lord I believe Thy power I	259	J. R. Wreford	Lambeth	W. Schulthes
Lord, it belongs not to my care	247	R. Baxter	St. Paul	Chalmer's Collec- tion
Lord Jesus, when we stand . .	69	W. W. How	Hesperus	H. Baker
Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb	255	R. Palmer	Hamburg	Gregorian, arr. L. Mason
Lord of all being, throned . .	10	O. W. Holmes	Grace Church	I. Pleyel
Lord of life and King of . .	155	C. Burke	Sicilian Mariners	Sicilian Melody
Lord of might and Lord of	313	J. S. Blackie	Dominus Fortis	O. L. Safford
Lord of our life and God of our salvation	145	Löwenstern, tr. P. Pusey	Cloisters	J. Barnby
Lord of the living harvest . .	324	J. S. B. Monsell	Greenland	J. M. Haydn
Lord, on Thy returning day	387	T. T. Lynch	Holy Day	J. H. Gower
Lord, speak to me that I may	316	F. R. Havergal	Canonbury	R. Schumann
Lord, Thou hast searched and	24	I. Watts	Brookfield	T. B. Southgate

General Index

HYMN	NO.	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
Lord, Thy mercy now . . .	203	A. N.	St. Sylvester	J. B. Dykes
Lord, we come before Thee	401	W. Hammond	Horsham	Traditional
Lord, when we bend before	404	J. D. Carlyle	Dalehurst	A. Cottman
Love divine, all loves excelling	109	C. Wesley	Love Divine	G. F. LeJeune
Lovely to the outward eye . .	183	W. R. Bowie	Agnes	E. Bunnett
Majestic sweetness sits en- throned	99	S. Stennett	Nun danket all	Praxis Pietatis Melica
Master, no offering costly and	325	E. P. Parker	Ortonville	T. Hastings
May the grace of Christ our	418	J. Newton	Love's Offering	E. P. Parker
Millions within Thy courts . .	393	J. Montgomery	Dorrance	I. B. Woodbury
More love to Thee, O Christ	252	E. P. Prentiss	Grace Church	I. J. Pleyel
Much in sorrow, oft in woe	281	White and Maitland	Kedron	A. B. Spratt
My country, 'tis of thee . . .	157	S. F. Smith	University College	H. J. Gauntlett
My faith looks up to Thee . .	215	R. Palmer	America	Harmonia Angli- cana
My God, accept my heart this	428	M. Bridges	Olivet	L. Mason
My God and Father, while I stray	239	C. Elliott	Evan	W. H. Havergal
My God, how endless is Thy	365	I. Watts	Herbert	R. R. Chope
My God, how wonderful Thou	30	F. W. Faber	Troyte, No. 1	A. D. H. Troyte
My God, I thank Thee who	290	A. A. Procter	Canonbury	R. Schumann
My God, my everlasting Hope	249	I. Watts	Westminster	J. Turle
My God, my only Help and	268	J. Mason	Wentworth	F. O. Maker
My gracious Lord, I own Thy	319	P. Doddridge	Abridge	I. Smith
My Jesus, as Thou wilt! . .	237	B. Schmolck, tr. J. Borthwick	Prætorius	Harmoniae hymnorum
My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring	65	J. Bridaine, tr. T. B. Pollock	Mozart	Arr. fr. Mozart
My soul awake! thy rest . .	351	J. Livock	Jewett	Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber
My soul, there is a country . .	192	H. Vaughan	Strength and Stay	J. B. Dykes
Nearer, my God, to Thee . .	251	S. F. Adams	Bracondale	J. Booth
New every morning is the . .	348	J. Keble	Remembrance	J. Booth
Not in dumb resignation . .	182	J. Hay	Bethany	L. Mason
Not so in haste, my heart . .	280	B. Torrey	Melcombe	S. Webbe
Not worthy, Lord, to gather up	438	E. H. Bickersteth	Alford	J. B. Dykes
Now from the altar of my . .	382	J. Mason	Dolomite Chant	Austrian Melody,
Now I resolve with all my . .	425	A. Steele	Quam Dilecta	H. L. Jenner
Now sing we a song for the harvest	460	J. W. Chadwick	Langran	J. Langran
Now thank we all our God . .	18	M. Rinkart, tr. C. Winkworth	Bishophthorpe	J. Clark
Now the day is over	383	S. Baring-Gould	Rockingham New	L. Mason
Now the laborer's task is o'er	446	J. Ellerton	Die Tugend	German, arr. C. L. Safford
Now when the dusky shades	355	Latin, tr. Anon.	Nun danket	J. Crüger
O blessed God, to Thee I . .	25	Anon.	Merrial	J. Barnby
O Child of lowly manger . .	53	F. Q. Blanchard	Requiescat	J. B. Dykes
O come, all ye faithful . . .	41	Tr. F. Oakeley	Laus Matutina	J. Stainer
			Rockingham Old	E. Miller
			Mainzer	J. Mainzer
			Adeste Fideles	Wade's Cantus Diversi

General Index

HYMN	NO.	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
O come and mourn with me	71	F. W. Faber	St. Cross	J. B. Dykes
O day of rest and gladness	385	C. Wordsworth	Mendebras	German, arr. by L. Mason
O everlasting Light	29	H. Bonar	Sienna	J. H. Deane
O Father, hear my morning	358	F. A. Percy	St. Etheldreda	T. Turton
O Father, Lord of heaven .	420	J. W. Wilmarth	Ernan	L. Mason
O Father, when the softened	336	Anon.	Ombersley	W. H. Gladstone
O for a closer walk with God	267	W. Cowper	Spohr	Arr. fr. L. Spohr
O God, beneath Thy guiding	159	L. Bacon	Duke Street	J. Hatton
O God, in whom we live and	295	S. Longfellow	Pentecost	W. Boyd
O God, my strength and . .	23	T. Sternhold	Hermann	N. Hermann
O God, not only in distress .	240	F. Smith	Hanford	A. Sullivan
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	227	P. Doddridge and J. Logan	Dundee	The CL Psalmes
O God of mercy, God of .	329	G. Thring	Elmhurst	E. Dennett
O God of truth, whose living	177	T. Hughes	Mirfield	A. Cottman
O God, the Rock of Ages .	27	E. H. Bickersteth	Schubert	Arr. fr. Schubert
O God, Thou Giver of all .	13	S. Longfellow	Tallis's Canon	T. Tallis
O God, who workest hitherto	322	T. W. Freckleton	Faith	J. B. Dykes
O God, whose thoughts are	326	F. W. Faber	St. Leonard	H. Hiles
O grant us light, that we may	230	L. Tuttiett	St. Crispin	G. J. Elvey
O happy home where Thou art loved	153	C. J. Spitta, tr. S. Findlater	Vesalius	E. C. Perry
O holy city seen of John .	187	W. R. Bowie	Morwellham Rangeley St. Anselm	C. H. Steggall H. M. Dunham J. Barnby
O how shall I receive Thee .	61	P. Gerhardt, tr. A. T. Russell		
O it is hard to work for God	288	F. W. Faber	Warrior	A. MacDonald
O Jesus, I have promised .	424	J. E. Bode	Day of Rest	J. W. Elliott
O Jesus, King most wonderful	102	Bernard, tr. E. Caswall	St. Agnes	J. B. Dykes
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly .	349	Ambrose, tr. J. Chandler	Keble	J. B. Dykes
O Jesus, Thou art standing	200	W. W. How	St. Hilda	J. H. Knecht, arr. E. Husband
O Light of life, O Saviour	363	F. T. Palgrave	Staincliffe	R. W. Dixon
O little town of Bethlehem .	46	P. Brooks	St. Louis	L. H. Redner
O Lord, how happy should we be	243	J. Anstice	Ariel	Arr. fr. Mozart by L. Mason
O Lord, I would delight in .	248	J. Ryland	Jackson	T. Jackson
O Lord, it is a blessed thing	359	W. W. How	Wearmouth	C. H. Steggall
O Lord of heaven and earth	332	C. Wordsworth	Almsgiving	J. B. Dykes
O Lord, with toil our days are	323	A. Ainger	St. Bernard	"Tochter Sion"
O Love divine and golden .	445	J. S. B. Monsell	St. Anselm	J. Barnby
O Love divine that stooped to	254	O. W. Holmes	Hesperus	H. Baker
O Love that wilt not let me go	223	G. Matheson	St. Margaret	A. L. Peace
O Master, let me walk with (O Mother dear Jerusalem)	317 197	W. Gladden	Maryton	H. P. Smith
O North with all thy vales of	165	W. C. Bryant	Meiringen	O. G. Neefe
O One with God the Father	118	W. W. How	Greenland	J. M. Haydn
O Paradise, O Paradise . .	191	F. W. Faber	Paradise	J. Barnby
O perfect Love, all human .	444	D. F. Blomfield	O Perfect Love	J. Barnby
O Prince of peace, who man	68	Yattendon Hymnal	O Jesu Christ	P. Reinige

General Index

HYMN	NO.	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
O quickly come, dread Judge of all	121	L. Tuttielt	Vater Unser	Geistliche Lieder, har. J. S. Bach
O Rock of Ages, one	328	H. A. Martin	Agapé	C. J. Dickinson
O sacred Head now wounded	76	P. Gerhardt, tr. J. W. Alexander	Passion Chorale	H. L. Hassler, har. J. S. Bach
O Saviour, I have nought to	212	J. Crewdson	Just as I am	J. Barnby
O Source divine and Life of	11	J. Sterling	Louvan	V. C. Taylor
O Thou from whom all	257	T. Haweis	Harington	H. Harington
O Thou great Friend to all	115	T. Parker	Ellers	E. J. Hopkins
O thou not made with hands	189	F. T. Palgrave	Waltham	W. H. Monk
O Thou who hast at Thy	229	J. B. Cotterill	Wareham	W. Knapp
O Thou whose hand has	464	F. W. Goadly	Day of Rest	J. W. Elliott
O Thou whose own vast	463	W. C. Bryant	Dundee	The CL Psalmes
O Thou whose perfect	409	J. W. Chadwick	Saxby	T. R. Matthews
O where are kings and	141	A. C. Coxé	St. Anne	W. Croft
O Word of God incarnate	139	W. W. How	Munich	Meiningsches Gesangbuch Supplement to New Version
O worship the King all glorious above	1	W. Kethe and R. Grant	Hanover	T. Morley
On our way rejoicing	299	J. S. B. Monsell	Morley	H. J. Gauntlett
Once in royal David's city	470	C. F. Alexander	Irby	C. F. Gounod
One there is above all others	111	J. Newton	Gounod	J. B. Dykes
One thing I of the Lord	210	W. C. Smith	Almsgiving	A. Sullivan
Onward Christian soldiers	297	S. Baring-Gould	St. Gertrude	J. B. Dykes
Our blest Redeemer ere He	123	H. Auher	St. Cuthbert	H. W. Parker
Our day of praise is done	392	J. Ellerton	Garden City	W. H. Monk
Our God and Father, mindful of the love	437	W. Bright and Editors	Unde et Memores	
Our God, our help in ages	22	I. Watts	St. Anne	W. Croft
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin	264	E. H. Bickersteth	Pax Tecum	C. Vincent and G. T. Caldbeck
Pleasant are Thy courts	397	H. F. Lyte	Maidstone	W. B. Gilbert
Praise for Thee, Lord, in Zion	410	H. F. Lyte	Walton	Sacred Melodies
Praise God from whom all blessings flow	508	T. Ken	Old Hundredth	Pseaumes octante trois
Praise, my soul, the King of	26	H. F. Lyte	Benedic Anima	J. Goss
Praise to the Lord, the Almighty	19	J. Neander, tr. C. Winkworth	Hast Du denn Jesu	Praxis Pietatis Melica
Purer yet and purer	300	Anon.	Lyndhurst	Church Praise har. G. H. Loud
Quiet, Lord, my froward	241	J. Newton	Guildford	W. Haynes
Rejoice, the Lord is King	96	C. Wesley	Darwall	J. Darwall
Rejoice, ye pure in heart	475	E. Plumptre	Marion	A. H. Messiter
Ride on! ride on in majesty	59	H. H. Milman	St. Drostane	J. B. Dykes
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise	88	M. Bridges	Italian Hymn	F. de Giardini
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	216	A. M. Toplady	Toplady	T. Hastings
Round me falls the night	380	W. Romanis	Seelenbräutigam	A. Drese
Safely through another week	391	J. Newton	Sabbath	L. Mason
Saviour, again to Thy dear	412	J. Ellerton	Ellers	E. J. Hopkins
Saviour, blessed Saviour	108	G. Thring	Edina	H. S. Oakeley
Saviour, breathe an evening	377	J. Edmeston	Evening Prayer	G. C. Stebbins
Saviour, like a shepherd lead	478	Anon.	Pleasant Pastures	W. B. Bradbury

General Index

HYMN	NO.	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
Saviour, teach me day by day	482	J. E. Leeson	Dijon	Fliehdner's Lieder buch
Saviour, while my heart is .	423	J. Burton	The Hymn to Joy	Arr. fr. Beethoven
See, the Conqueror mounts in	93	C. Wordsworth	Bethany	H. Smart
Shout the glad tidings . .	40	W. Mühlentburg	Avison	C. Avison
Show me myself, O holy Lord	209	Anon.	St. Cuthbert	J. B. Dykes
Sinful, sighing to be blest .	201	J. S. B. Monsell	De Profundis	Old English
			Woodman	R. H. Woodman
Sing to the Lord a joyful .	9	J. S. B. Monsell	Cantate Domino	J. Barnby
Sing to the Lord of harvest	461	J. S. B. Monsell	Leipsic	Mendelssohn
Softly now the light of day	381	G. W. Doane	Seymour	Fr. von Weber
Soldiers of Christ, arise .	276	C. Wesley	Diademata	G. J. Elvey
Soldiers of the cross, arise .	311	W. W. How	Redhead 45	Medieval French,
Sometimes a light surprises	246	W. Cowper	Bentley	J. P. Hullah
Souls of men! why will ye	35	F. W. Faber	Ilisley	F. G. Ilisley
scatter			Converse	C. C. Converse
Spirit of God, descend upon	131	G. Croly	Morecambe	F. C. Atkinson
my heart			Ellers	E. J. Hopkins
Stand, soldier of the cross .	422	E. H. Bickersteth	Silver Street	I. Smith
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	283	G. W. Duffield	Webb	G. J. Webb
Standing at the portal . .	454	F. R. Havergal	St. Alban	F. J. Haydn, arr.
Star of morn and even . .	415	F. T. Palgrave	Star of Morn	J. Tilleard
Still with Thee, O my God .	416	J. D. Burns	Franconia	Harmonischer Liederschatz
Summer suns are glowing .	458	W. W. How	Ruth	S. Smith
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour	366	J. Keble	Hursley	Katholisches Ge- sangbuch
dear				
Sunset and evening star .		A. Tennyson	Crossing the Bar	J. Barnby
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we	450	F. W. Faber	St. Matthias	W. H. Monk
go	417		Lodsworth	Traditional
Take me, O my Father, take	204	R. Palmer	Quem Pastores	German XV Cent.
me			Laudavere	
Take my life and let it be .	341	F. R. Havergal	Vienna	J. H. Knecht
Teach me, my God and King	320	G. Herbert	Mornington	Earl Mornington
Ten thousand times ten . .	198	H. Alford	Alford	J. B. Dykes
The Church's one foundation	140	S. J. Stone	Aurelia	S. S. Wesley
The dawn of God's dear Sab- bath	386	A. C. Cross	St. George's Bol- ton	J. Walch
The day is gently sinking to	369	C. Wordsworth	Sundown	J. H. Gower
The day is past and over .	370	Tr. J. M. Neale	St. Anatolius	A. H. Brown
The day of resurrection . .	84	John of Damascus, tr.	Lancashire	H. Smart
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is	371	J. Ellerton	St. Clement	C. C. Scholefield
The duteous day now closeth	372	P. Gerhardt, tr. Yat- tendon Hymnal	Innsbruck	H. Isaac, har. J. S. Bach
The glory of the spring how	457	T. H. Gill	Soho	J. Barnby
The golden gates are lifted up	91	C. F. Alexander	Prætorius	Harmoniae hymnorum
The head that once was . .	92	T. Kelly	Corona	E. R. Barker
The heavens declare Thy .	135	I. Watts	Warrington	R. Harrison
The homeland, O the . .	195	H. R. Haweis	Homeland	A. Sullivan
The King of love my Shep- herd is	244	H. W. Baker	Dominus Regit Me	J. B. Dykes

General Index

HYMN	NO.	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
The Lord be with us as we	413	J. Ellerton	Belmont	Sacred Melodies
The Lord is King! lift up thy	12	J. Conder	Missionary Chant	C. Zeuner
The Lord will come and not	175	J. Milton	York	The OL Psalmes
The morning light is . . .	172	S. F. Smith	Webb	G. J. Webb
The night is come wherein at last we rest	374	P. Herbert, tr. C. Winkworth	The Blessed Rest	J. Barnby
The radiant morn hath passed	361	G. Thring	St. Gabriel	F. A. G. Ouseley
The sands of time are sinking	305	A. R. Cousin	Rutherford	C. Urhan
The shadows of the evening	376	A. A. Procter	St. Leonard	H. Hiles
The Son of God goes forth to	277	R. Heber	All Saints	H. S. Cutler
The spacious firmament on	8	J. Addison	Creation	Arr. fr. Haydn
The Spirit breathes upon the	138	W. Cowper	Springtime	W. H. Monk
The strife is o'er, the battle	80	Tr. F. Pott	Victory	G. Palestrina
The sun declines, o'er land and	373	R. Walmsley	Gloaming	J. Stainer
The sun is sinking fast . .	384	Tr. E. Caswall	St. Columba	H. S. Irons
The wise may bring their .	479	Anon.	Christmas Morn	E. J. Hopkins
The world looks very . . .	481	A. Warner	Cliftonville	F. C. Maker
The year is swiftly waning	462	W. W. How	Llangloffan	Welsh Melody
There is a green hill far away	472	C. F. Alexander	Meditation	J. H. Gower
There is a safe and secret	258	H. F. Lyte	Winchester Old	C. Tye, arr.
There's not a grief however	66	J. Crewdson	Holy Trinity	J. Barnby
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of	56	E. H. Plumptre	Filius Dei	A. R. Gaul
This is the day of light . .	389	J. Ellerton	Swabia	J. M. Spiess, arr.
Thou art gone to the grave	448	R. Heber	Victory	J. Barnby
Thou art, O God, the life and	33	T. Moore	Stella	Old English
Thou didst leave Thy throne	52	E. E. S. Elliott	Margaret	T. R. Matthews
Thou gracious Power whose	154	O. W. Holmes	Holley	G. Hews
Thou hidden love of God .	32	G. Tersteegen, tr. J. Wesley	St. Catherine	H. Hemy and J. G. Walton
Thou in whose name the two	394	J. Ellerton	Hebron	L. Mason
Thou Lord art love; and every	31	J. D. Burns	Beatitudo	J. B. Dykes
Thou, Lord of hosts, whose .	337	O. B. Frothingham	Rivaulx	J. B. Dykes
Thou Lord of life, our saving	335	S. Longfellow	Ward	Arr. L. Mason
Thou to whom the sick and	334	G. Thring	Unser Herrscher	J. Neander
Through the day Thy love .	379	T. Kelly	Night Watch	J. Barnby
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	302	B. S. Ingemann, tr. S. Baring Gould	Deerhurst	J. Langran
Thy kingdom come, O Lord	179	F. L. Hosmer	St. Cecilia	L. G. Hayne
Thy kingdom come, on bended knee	176	F. L. Hosmer	St. Paul	Chalmer's Collec- tion
Thy life was given for me .	77	F. R. Havergal	St. Olave	J. Barnby
Thy way not mine, O Lord	238	H. Bonar	Via Recte	J. Barnby
To do Thy holy will . . .	339	G. Cooper	Pax Dei	J. B. Dykes
To Thee, whose temple is all	338	A. Pope	St. Magnus	J. Clark
Too soon we rise, the symbols	441	H. Bonar	Ellers	E. J. Hopkins
Twixt gleams of joy and .	287	J. C. Shairp	Blenden	C. E. Kettle
We are living, we are . . .	289	A. C. Coxe	Austrian Hymn	F. J. Haydn
We bless Thee for Thy peace	266	Anon.	Southwell	H. S. Irons
We come unto our fathers'	151	T. H. Gill	Nun freut euch	M. Luther
We give Thee but Thine own	333	W. W. How	Schumann	R. A. Schumann
We plough the fields and scat- ter	7	M. Claudius, tr. J. M. Campbell	Wir pflügen	J. A. P. Schulz
We stand in deep repentance	199	R. Palmer	Angels' Story	A. H. Mann

General Index

HYMN	NO.	AUTHOR	TUNE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
Welcome, happy morning!	83	Fortunatus, tr. Ellerton	Fortunatus	A. Sullivan
When all Thy mercies, O my	21	J. Addison	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle
When His salvation bringing	471	J. King	Tours	B. Tours
When I survey the wondrous	70	I. Watts	Rockingham Old	Arr. by E. Miller
When morning gilds the skies	107	Tr. E. Caswall	Laudes Domini	J. Barnby
When my love to Christ grows	64	J. R. Wreford	Cyprus	Mendelssohn
When on my day of life the	308	J. G. Whittier	Integer Vite	F. F. Flemming
When our heads are bowed	67	H. H. Milman	Redhead 47	R. Redhead
When the day of toil is done	303	J. Ellerton	Vesper Lux	J. B. Dykes
When the Lord of love was	57	S. A. Brooke	Armstrong	G. W. Chadwick
When the weary seeking rest	271	H. Bonar	Intercession New	W. H. Callcott
When this passing world is	304	R. M. McCheyne	Mount Zion	A. Sullivan
When Thy soldiers take their	426	F. M. Owen	Spanish Hymn	Arr. by B. Carr
When wilt Thou save the .	188	E. Elliott	Kendal	A. Somervell
Where cross the crowded ways of life	156	F. M. North	Hursley	Katholisches Ge- sangbuch
Where is thy God, my soul?	28	T. T. Lynch	Cambridge	R. Harrison
While Thee I seek protecting	403	H. M. Williams	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle
While with ceaseless course	453	J. Newton	Benevento	S. Webbe
Who is on the Lord's side .	309	F. R. Havergal	Armageddon	Arr. by J. Goss
With songs and honors sound- ing loud	6	I. Watts	Ellacombe	Hartig's Vollständige
Witness, ye men and angels	419	B. Beddome	St. Fulbert	H. J. Gauntlett
Work for the night is coming	310	A. L. Coghill	Diligence	L. Mason
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness . . .	405	J. S. B. Monsell	Was lebet, was schwebet	Reinhardt MS.
Ye holy angels bright . . .	400	R. Baxter	St. Gregory	Gregorian, arr. J. Barnby
Ye servants of God, your	97	C. Wesley	Lyons	Arr. fr. Haydn
Your harps, ye trembling .	275	A. M. Toplady	Chalvey	L. G. Hayne

Alphabetical Index of Tunes

Abends, 367
 Abridge, 249
 Adeste Fideles, 41, 272
 Agapé, 328
 Agnes, 183
 Alford, 182, 198
 All for Jesus, 421
 All Saints (New), 277
 All Things Bright, 474
 Alleluia Dulce Carmen, 161
 Alma (see Consolation)
 Almsgiving, 210, 332
 Amesbury, 224
 America, 157
 Amsterdam (see Tours)
 Angels' Story, 199, 245
 Angelus, 364
 Antioch, 37
 Ar Hyd y Nos, 378
 Ariel, 243
 Arlington, 292
 Armageddon, 309
 Armstrong, 57
 Artavia, 205
 Aurelia, 140
 Austrian Hymn, 146, 289
 Avison, 40
 Avon (see Martyrdom)

 Battell, 232
 Batty, 443
 Beatitudo, 31, 228
 Bedford, 126
 Beecher, 340
 Belmont, 413
 Benedic Anima, 26
 Benevento, 453
 Bentley, 246
 Bera, 221
 Bethany, 251
 Bethany (Smart's), 93
 Bethlehem, 485
 Bishophthorpe, 382
 Blairgowrie, 117
 Blenden, 287, 327
 Blessed Home, 186
 Bonn, 48

Boylston, 144
 Bracondale, 351
 Braun, 190
 Bread of Life, 132
 Bremen (see Neumark)
 Brentwood, 312
 Brocklesby, 488
 Brookfield, 24
 Bullinger, 214

 Cambridge, 28
 Canonbury, 256, 316, 365
 Cantate Domino, 9
 Capetown, 124, 402
 Carol, 45
 Chalvey, 275
 Chautauqua, 375
 Children's Voices, 473
 Christmas, 85
 Christmas Morn, 479
 Cliftonville, 481
 Cloisters, 145
 Come Unto Me, 208
 Consolation, 218
 Constance, 112
 Converse, 35
 Corinth (see Alleluia Dulce Carmen)
 Corona, 92
 Coronæ, 94
 Coronation, 98
 Courage, 296
 Creation, 8
 Croft's 148th, 164
 Crossing the Bar, 450
 Crucifer (see Bethany Smart's)
 Crusaders' Hymn (see Schönster Herr Jesu)
 Crux Crudelis, 63
 Cyprus, 64

 Dalehurst, 58, 404
 Dania, 49
 Darwall, 96
 Das alte Jahr, 452
 Day of Rest, 424, 464

De Profundis, 201
 Dedham, 260
 Deerhurst, 302
 Dennis, 269
 Diademata, 95, 276
 Die Tugend, 460
 Dijon, 482
 Diligence, 310
 Dix, 2, 50
 Dolomite Chant, 280
 Domenica, 390
 Dominus Fortis, 313
 Dominus Regit Me, 244
 Dornance, 418
 Dort, 158
 Duke Street, 159, 173, 346
 Dundee, 227, 463

 Easter Hymn, 81
 Eden Grove, 169
 Edina, 108
 Ein feste Burg, 147
 Eisenach, 318
 Ellacombe, 6
 Ellers, 115, 131, 412, 441
 Ellesdie, 301
 Ellis, 436
 Elmhurst, 329
 Elton, 263
 Ernan, 420
 Es ist das Heil, 456
 Es ist ein Ros' entsprungen, 469
 Essex, 79
 Eucharistic Hymn, 426
 Evan, 428
 Evening Prayer, 377
 Eventide, 368
 Ewing, in D, 194, in C, 196

 Faith, 322
 Federal Street, 435
 Felix, 220
 Feniton Court, 226
 Filius Dei, 56
 Fingal, 414

Alphabetical Index of Tunes

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>Flemming, (see Integer Vitæ)</p> <p>Fortunatus, 83</p> <p>Forward, (see Watchword)</p> <p>Franconia, 416</p>
<p>Galilee, 222</p> <p>Garden City, 392</p> <p>Germany, (see Walton)</p> <p>Gethsemane, (see Redhead, No. 76)</p> <p>Gloaming, 373</p> <p>Gloucester, 314</p> <p>God be with you, 466</p> <p>Gorton, 442</p> <p>Gounod, 111</p> <p>Gower's Litany, 72, 219</p> <p>Gower's Recessional, 162</p> <p>Grace Church, 10, 393</p> <p>Greenland, 118, 324</p> <p>Guildford, 241</p>
<p>Hamburg, 255</p> <p>Hanford, 240</p> <p>Hanover, 1</p> <p>Harington, 257</p> <p>Hast Du denn Jesu, 19</p> <p>Haydn, 356</p> <p>Heber, 4</p> <p>Hebron, 394</p> <p>Herbert, 239</p> <p>Herbert (Monk's), 17</p> <p>Hermann, 23</p> <p>Herr Jesu Christ, 128</p> <p>Hesperus, 69, 254, 434</p> <p>Holley, 154</p> <p>Hollingside, 217</p> <p>Holy Cross, 103</p> <p>Holy Day, 387</p> <p>Holy Night, 468</p> <p>Holy Trinity, 66, 181</p> <p>Homeland, 195</p> <p>Horsham, 401</p> <p>Horsley, 331</p> <p>Hosanna, 399</p> <p>Hursley, 156, 366</p>
<p>I love to tell the story, 480</p> <p>Ilfracombe (see Lambeth)</p> <p>Isley, 35</p> <p>In Memoriam, 430</p> <p>Innocents, 14</p> <p>Innsbruck, 372</p> <p>Integer Vitæ, 308</p> <p>Intercession (New), 271</p> <p>Irby, 470</p> <p>Italian Hymn (two forms of the tune), 88 and 398</p> | <p>Jackson, 20, 248</p> <p>Jesus, Meine Zuversicht, 388</p> <p>Jewett, 237</p> <p>Jordan (see Cantate Domino)</p> <p>Jude (see Galilee)</p> <p>Just as I am, 212</p>
<p>Keble, 349, 396</p> <p>Kedron, 252</p> <p>Kelso, 352</p> <p>Kendal, 188</p> <p>Kirby Bedon, 134</p> <p>Laban, 180, 291</p> <p>Lacrymae, 439</p> <p>Lambeth, 101, 259</p> <p>Lancashire, 84, 170</p> <p>Landsdowne, 486</p> <p>Langran, 438</p> <p>Laudes Domini, 107</p> <p>Laus Matutina, 355</p> <p>Leicester, 433</p> <p>Leipsic, 461</p> <p>Leominster, 306</p> <p>Llangloffan, 462</p> <p>Lob sei dem Allmächtigen Gott, 345</p> <p>Lodsworth, 17</p> <p>London New, 250</p> <p>Longwood, 231, 411</p> <p>Louvan, 11</p> <p>Love Divine, 109</p> <p>Love's Offering, 325</p> <p>Luther's Hymn (see Nun freut euch)</p> <p>Lux Beata, 236</p> <p>Lux Benigna, 235</p> <p>Lyndhurst, 300</p> <p>Lyons, 97</p>
<p>Maidstone, 397</p> <p>Mainzer, 53, 160</p> <p>Margaret, 52</p> <p>Marion, 475</p> <p>Marlborough, 253</p> <p>Martyn, 217</p> <p>Martyrdom, 431</p> <p>Maryton, 317</p> <p>Materna, in D\flat, 43, in C, 197</p> <p>Meditation, 265, 472</p> <p>Meinhold, 449</p> <p>Meiringen, 165</p> <p>Melcombe, 348</p> <p>Melita, 122, 467</p> <p>Mendebras, 385</p> <p>Mendelssohn, 42, 90</p> <p>Mercy, 127</p> | <p>Merrial, 383</p> <p>Miles' Lane, 98</p> <p>Ministry, 342</p> <p>Mirfield, 177, 455</p> <p>Missionary Chant, 12</p> <p>Missionary Hymn, 167</p> <p>Morecambe, 131, 440</p> <p>Morley, 299, 429</p> <p>Morning Hymn, 344, 451</p> <p>Mornington, 320</p> <p>Morwellham, 187</p> <p>Mount Zion, 304</p> <p>Mozart, 319</p> <p>Munich, 139</p>
<p>Netherlands, 465</p> <p>Neumark, 233</p> <p>Nicæa, 354</p> <p>Nicolai, 105</p> <p>Nightfall, 74</p> <p>Night Watch, 379</p> <p>Noel, 44</p> <p>Nottingham (see St. Magnus)</p> <p>Nox præcessit, 137, 142</p> <p>Nun danket, 18</p> <p>Nun danket all, 99</p> <p>Nun freut euch, 151</p>
<p>O Jesu, 262</p> <p>O Jesu Christ, 68</p> <p>O Perfect Love, 444</p> <p>Old Hundredth, in A, 406, in G, 395, 508</p> <p>Olivet, 215</p> <p>Ombersley, 336</p> <p>Orchard, 62</p> <p>Orientis Partibus, 110 (for a modernized form see Redhead, 45)</p> <p>Ortonville, 99</p>
<p>Paradise, 191</p> <p>Passion Chorale, 76</p> <p>Pax Dei, 339</p> <p>Pax Tecum, 264</p> <p>Peace, 206</p> <p>Pearsall, 284</p> <p>Penitence, 261</p> <p>Pentecost, in G, 295, in A\flat, 484</p> <p>Pilgrims, 307</p> <p>Pilot, 234</p> <p>Pleasant Pastures, 478</p> <p>Pleyel's Hymn, 357</p> <p>Prætorius, in G, 91, in F, 268</p> <p>Presbyter, 278</p>
<p>Quam Dilecta, 280</p> |
|--|---|--|

Alphabetical Index of Tunes

- Quem Pastores Laudavere, 204
 Quebec (see Hesperus)
 Rangeley, 187
 Rathbun, 78
 Ratisbon, 353
 Redhead 45, 15, 311
 Redhead 47, 67
 Redhead 76, 130
 Regent Square, 5, 47, 282
 Remembrance, 192
 Requiescat, 446
 Rest, 447
 Rivaulx, 315, 337
 Rockingham Old, 25, 70
 Rockingham New, 425
 Rudolfstadt, 148
 Russian Hymn, 166
 Ruth, 458
 Rutherford, 305
 Sabbath, 391
 Safe Home, 163
 St. Aëlred, 54
 St. Agnes, 102, 432
 St. Alban, 454
 St. Albinus, 82
 St. Alphege, 193
 St. Anatolius, 370
 St. Andrew, 273
 St. Andrew of Crete, 285
 St. Anne, 22, 141
 St. Anselm, 61, 445
 St. Austin, 207
 St. Bede, 242
 St. Bees, 202
 St. Bernard, 323
 St. Catherine, 32, 149
 St. Cecilia, 179
 St. Christopher, 75
 St. Chrysostom, 150
 St. Clement, 371
 St. Columba, 384
 St. Crispin, 211, 230
 St. Cross, 71
 St. Cuthbert, 123, 209
 St. Drostane, 59
 St. Etheldreda, 358
 St. Flavian, 408
 St. Fulbert, 419
 St. Gabriel, 361
 St. George's Bolton, 386
 St. George's Windsor, 459
 St. Gertrude, 297
 St. Gregory, 400
 St. Hilda, 200
 St. John, 16
 St. Kevin, 87
 St. Leonard, 326, 376
 St. Louis, 46
 St. Magnus, 338
 St. Margaret, 223
 St. Matthias, 417
 St. Michael, 279
 St. Olave, 77
 St. Oswald, 293
 St. Patrick, 89
 St. Paul, 176, 247
 St. Peter, 21, 104, 403
 St. Raphael, 120
 St. Sophronius, 55
 St. Stephen, in A, 36, in Ab, 125
 St. Sylvester, 203
 St. Theodulph, 60
 St. Thomas (S. M.), 321
 St. Thomas, 119
 Salve Domine, 168
 Samuel, 476
 Sanctuary, 184
 Sarum, 152
 Sawley, 100
 Saxby, 409
 Schönster Herr Jesu, 106
 Schubert, 27
 Schumann, 274, 333
 Seelenbräutigam, 380
 Segur, 225
 Seraphim, 3
 Serenity, 113
 Seymour, 381
 Sicilian Mariners, 155
 Sienna, 29
 Silver Street, 343, 422
 Soho, 457
 Southwell, 266
 Spanish Hymn, 426
 Spohr, 267
 Springtime, 138
 Staincliffe, 363
 Star of Morn and Even, 415
 State Street, 143
 Stella, 33
 Stephanos, 213
 Stille Nacht, 463
 Stobel, 129
 Stockton, 330
 Stockwell, 294
 Strength and Stay, 65
 Stuttgart, 34, 222
 Sundown, 369
 Swabia, 389
 Sweet Story, 477
 Tallis's Canon, 13
 Tallis's Evening Hymn, 362
 Tallis's Ordinal, 427
 Temple, 378
 The Blessed Rest, 374
 The Hymn to Joy, 423
 The Seven Words, 73
 Theodora, 483
 Toplady, 216
 Tottenham, 178
 Tours, 171, 471
 Trentham, 133
 Troyte's No. 1, 239
 Truro, 360
 Trust, 487
 Unde et Memores, 437
 University College, 281
 Unser Herrscher, 334
 Urbs Beata, 196
 Vater Unser, 121
 Vesalius, 153
 Vesper Lux, 303
 Via Recte, 238
 Victory (Palestrina), 80
 Victory, 448
 Vienna, 341
 Vigilante, 286
 Vom Himmel hoch, 39
 Vox Angelica, 307
 Vox Dilecti, 116
 Vulpius, 270
 Waltham, 86, 174
 Waltham (Monk's), 189
 Walton, 347, 410
 Ward, 335
 Ware, 136
 Wareham, 38, 229
 Warrington, 135
 Warrior, 288
 Warwick, 350
 Was lebet, was schwebet, 405
 Watchword, 298
 Wearmouth, 359
 Webb, 172, 283
 Wentworth, 290
 Wesley, 51, 185
 Westminster, 30
 Whitburn (see Hesperus)
 Williams (see Morley)
 Winchester Old, 258
 Wir pflügen, 7
 Woodman, 201
 Woodworth, 211
 Work Song (see Diligence)
 Wunderbarer König, 407
 York, in G, 114, in F, 175

Metrical Index of Tunes.

Short Metre.	
Boylston	144
Cambridge	28
Dennis	269
Domenica	390
Franconia	416
Garden City	392
Gorton	442
Laban	180, 291
Mornington	320
St. Andrew	273
St. Michael	279
St. Thomas	321
Schumann	274, 333
Sienna	29
Silver Street	343, 422
State Street	143
Swabia	389
Trentham	133

Short Metre with Refrain.	
Marion	475

Short Metre, Double.	
Chalvey	275
Diademata	95, 276
Leominster	306

Common Metre.	
Abridge	249
Antioch	37
Arlington	292
Beatitudo	31, 228
Bedford	126
Belmont	413
Bishopthorpe	382
Bracondale	351
Christmas	85
Corona	92
Coronation	98
Dalehurst	58, 404
Dedham	260
Dundee	227, 463
Evan	428
Faith	322
Fingal	414
Harington	257
Hermann	23
Holy Cross	103
Holy Trinity	66, 181
Horsley	331
Jackson	20, 248
Lambeth	101, 259
Leicester	433
London New	250
Martyrdom	431
Meditation	265, 472
Miles' Lane	98
Mirfield	177, 455
Nox Praecessit	137, 142
Nun danket all	99
Ortonville	99
Praetorius	91, 268
St. Agnes	102, 432
St. Anne	22, 141
St. Bernard	323
St. Etheldreda	358
St. Fulbert	419
St. Flavian	408
St. Magnus	338
St. Paul	176, 247
St. Peter	21, 104, 403

St. Stephen	36, 125
Sawley	100
Serenity	113
Soho	457
Southwell	266
Spohr	267
Springtime	134
Stockton	330
Tallis's Ordinal	427
Tottenham	174
Warwick	350
Westminster	30
Winchester Old	254
York	114, 175

Common Metre, Double.	
All Saints (New)	277
Amesbury	224
Bethlehem	485
Blenden	287, 327
Carol	45
Ellacombe	6
Filius Dei	56
Materna	43, 197
Noel	44
Presbyter	278
St. Leonard	326, 376
Vox Dilecti	116
Warrior	284

Long Metre.	
Abends	367
Angelus	364
Bera	221
Brookfield	24
Canonbury	256, 316, 365
Crux Crudelis	63
Das alte Jahr	452
Duke Street	159, 173, 346
Eisenach	318
Ernan	420
Federal Street	435
Gloucester	314
Grace Church	10, 393
Hamburg	255
Hebron	394
Herr Jesu Christ	128
Hesperus	69, 254, 434
Holley	154
Hursley	156, 366
Kebble	349, 396
Lob sei dem	845
Louvan	11
Mainzer	53, 160
Maryton	317
Melcombe	348
Missionary Chant	12
Morning Hymn	344, 451
Mozart	319
O Jesu Christ	68
Old Hundredth	395, 406, 508
Omsersley	336
Pentecost	295, 484
Rest	447
Rivaux	315, 337
Rockingham Old	25, 70
Rockingham New	425
St. Crispin	211, 230
St. Cross	71
St. Drostan	59
Saxby	409
Staincliffe	363
Tallis's Canon	13
Tallis's Evening Hymn	362

Truro	360
Vom Himmel hoch	39
Waltham	86, 174
Walton	347, 410
Ward	335
Ware	136
Wareham	38, 229
Warrington	135

Long Metre, Double.	
Cantate Domino	9
Creation	8

Long Metre with Refrain.	
Courage	296
Hosanna	399

Seraphim	4.4.7.8.8.8.
	3

Brentwood	4.10.10.10.4.
	312

Seelenbräutigam	5.5.8.8.5.5.
	380

Schönster Herr Jesu	5.6.8.5.5.8.
	149

Bread of Life	6.4.6.4. Double.
St. Sophronius	132
	55

Bethany	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.
Kedron	251
Love's Offering	252
	325

St. Columba	6.4.6.6.
	384

Merrial	6.5.6.5.
	383

Edina	6.5.6.5. Double.
Lyndhurst	108
Morley	300
Penitence	299, 429
Ruth	261
St. Andrew of Crete	458
	285

Armageddon	6.5.6.5. Twelve lines.
Dania	309
St. Alban	49
St. Gertrude	454
Watchword	297
	298

America	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Braun	157
Dort	190
Italian Hymn	158
Kirby Bedon	88, 398
Olivet	134
Stobel	215
	129

Star of Morn and Even	6.6.5.5.5.5.
	415

Metrical Index of Tunes

6.6.6.6.		Salve Domine	168	7.7.7.7. Double.	
Dolomite Chant	280	Schubert	27	Benevento	453
Quam Dilecta	280	Tours	171, 471	Hollingside	217
St. Cecilia	179	Urbs Beata	196	Maldstone	397
Via Recte	238	Webb	172, 283	Martyn	217
6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.		7.6.7.6. Double with Refrain.		Mendelssohn	42, 90
Children's Voices	473	I love to tell	480	St. George's Windsor	459
Six 6s.		Wir Pflegen	7	St. Patrick	89
Landes Domini	107	7.6.7.6.7.7.		7.7.7.7.8.8.	
St. Olave	77	Holy Day	387	Requiescat	446
Waltham	189	7.6.7.6.8.8.		7.8.7.8.7.7.	
6.6.6.6. Double.		St. Anatolius	370	Jesus Meine Zuversicht	388
Blessed Home	186	7.6.7.6.8.8.8.5.		Meinhold	449
Jewett	237	Kendal	188	St. Albinus	82
6.6.6.6.8.8.		7.6.8.6. Double.		8.3.3.6.8.3.3.6.	
Croft's 148th	164	Alford	182, 198	Bonn	48
Darwall	96	7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.		8.4.7.8.4.7.	
Safe Home	163	St. Christopher	75	Haydn	356
St. Gregory	400	7.7.5.7.7.5.		8.4.8.4.8.4.	
St. John	16	Armstrong	57	Wentworth	290
Samuel	476	7.7.7.		8.4.8.4.8.4.8.4.	
6.6.8.6.6.8.3.3.6.6.		Lacrymae	439	Gloaming	373
Wunderbarer König	407	7.7.7.3.		8.4.8.4.8.8.	
6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.		Vigilate	284	Ministry	342
Nun danket	18	7.7.7.5.		8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.	
7.5.7.5. Double with Refrain.		Capetown	124, 402	Ar. Hyd y nos	379
Intercession	271	Vesper Lux	303	Temple	378
7.5.7.5.7.7.		7.7.7.6.		8.5.8.3.	
Landsdowne	436	Agnes	183	Bullinger	214
7.6.7.5. Double.		Gower's Litany	72, 219	Stephanos	213
Diligence	310	The Seven Words	73	8.6.8.4.	
7.6.7.6.		7.7.7.7.		St. Cuthbert	123, 209
Remembrance	192	Cyprus	64	8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.	
St. Alphege	193	De Profundis	201	Paradise	191
Vulpus	270	Dijon	482	8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.	
7.6.7.6.6.7.6.		Horsham	401	St. Louis	46
Es ist ein Ros' entsprun- gen	469	Innocents	14	8.6.8.6.8.6.	
7.6.7.6.7.6.7.3.		Mercy	127	Morwellham	187
Cliftonville	481	Orientis Partibus	110	Rangleley	187
7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.		Pleyel's Hymn	357	St. Bede	242
Rutherford	305	Redhead 45	15, 411	8.6.8.6.8.8.	
7.6.7.6. Double.		Redhead 47	67	Meiringen	165
All things bright and beau- tiful	474	St. Bees	202	O Jesu	262
Angels' Story	199, 245	Seymour	381	8.6.8.8.6.	
Aurelia	140	Theodora	483	Elton	263
Bentley	246	University College	281	8.7.8.7.	
Blairgowrie	117	Vienna	341	All for Jesus	421
Christmas Morn	479	Woodman	201	Batty	443
Come unto Me	208	7.7.7.7. with Alleluia.		Brocklesby	488
Day of Rest	424, 464	Easter Hymn	81	Dominus Regit Me	244
Eden Grove	169	7.7.7.7.4.		Dornance	418
Ewing	194, 196	Chautauqua	375	Evening Prayer	377
Greenland	118, 324	Five 7s.		Galilee	222
Homeland	195	Essex	79	Quem Pastores Laudavere	204
Lancashire	84, 170	Six 7s.		Rathbun	78
Leipsic	461	Dix	2, 50	St. Oswald	293
Llangloffan	462	Guildford	241	St. Sylvester	203
Mendebras	385	Kelso	352	Stockwell	294
Missionary Hymn	167	Mount Zion	304	Stuttgart	34, 222
Munich	139	Orchard	62	Trust	487
Passion Chorale	76	Pilot	234	8.7.8.7.4.7.	
Pearsall	284	Ratisbon	353	Coronae	94
St. Anselm	61, 445	Redhead 76	130	Heber	4
St. George's Bolton	386	Sabbath	391	St. Austin	207
St. Hilda	200	Spanish Hymn	426	St. Raphael	120
St. Kevin	87	Toplady	216		
St. Theodulph	60				

Metrical Index of Tunes

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.		8.8.8.6.		10.10.11.11.	
Ein' feste Burg.....	147	Elmhurst.....	329	Hanover.....	1
8.7.8.7.7.7.		Just as I am.....	212	Lyons.....	97
Gounod.....	111	Woodworth.....	211	11.10.11.6.	
Irby.....	470	8.8.8.8.6.		Integer Vitae.....	308
Night Watch.....	379	St. Margaret.....	223	11.10.11.9.	
Unser Herrscher.....	334	Six 8s.		Russian Hymn.....	166
8.7.8.7.8.7. or 8.7.8.7.4.4.7.		Gower's Recessional.....	162	11.10.11.10.	
Alleluia Dulce Carmen.....	161	Lodsworth.....	417	Consolation.....	218
Benedic Anima.....	26	Melita.....	122, 367	Felix.....	220
Feniton Court.....	226	Neumark.....	32, 149	Laus Matutina.....	355
Pleasant Pastures.....	478	St. Catherine.....	150	Marlborough.....	253
Regent Square.....	5, 47, 282	St. Chrysostom.....	117	O Perfect Love.....	444
St. Thomas.....	119	St. Matthias.....	33	Strength and Stay.....	65
Segur.....	225	Stella.....	121	Vesalius.....	153
Sicilian Mariners'.....	155	Vater Unser.....	121	Wesley.....	51, 185
8.7.8.7. Double.		9.8.9.8.		11.10.11.10. with Refrain.	
Austrian Hymn.....	146, 289	Agapé.....	328	Pilgrims.....	307
Beecher.....	340	Ellis.....	436	Vox Angelica.....	307
Bethany.....	93	Eucharistic Hymn.....	436	11.11.11.5.	
Constance.....	112	St. Clement.....	371	Cloisters.....	145
Converse.....	95	9.8.9.8. Double.		Nightfall.....	74
Deerhurst.....	302	Die Tugend.....	460	11.11.11.11.	
Ellsiele.....	301	10.4.6.6.6.6.10.4.		Adeste Fideles.....	41, 272
Ilseley.....	95	Herbert.....	17	Five 11s.	
Love Divine.....	109	10.4.10.4.10.10.		Fortunatus.....	83
Sanctuary.....	184	Lux Beata.....	236	11.11.12.11. with Refrain.	
The Hymn to Joy.....	423	Lux Benigna.....	235	Avison.....	40
8.7.8.7.8.8.7.		10.10.		11.12.12.10.	
Es ist das Heil.....	456	Pax Tecum.....	264	Nicaea.....	354
Nun freut euch.....	151	10.10.10.4.		12.10.12.10.,	
8.8.6.8.8.6.		Sarum.....	152	Was lebet, was schwebet.....	405
Ariel.....	243	The Blessed Rest.....	374	12.11.12.11.	
Innsbruck.....	372	10.10.10.6.		Netherlands.....	465
8.8.7.8.8.7.8.4.4.8.		Artavia.....	205	13.11.13.11.	
Nicolai.....	105	Peace.....	206	Victory.....	448
8.8.8.		10.10.10.10.		14.14.4.7.8.	
Wearmouth.....	359	Battell.....	232	Hast Du denn Jesu.....	19
8.8.8. with Alleluia.		Ellers.....	115, 131, 412, 441	Irregular.	
Victory.....	80	Eventide.....	368	Crossing the Bar.....	450
8.8.8.2.7.		Langran.....	438	God be with you.....	466
Dominus Fortis.....	313	Longwood.....	231, 411	Margaret.....	52
8.8.8.3.		Morcumbe.....	131, 440	Stille Nacht.....	468
St. Aëlfred.....	54	Pax Dei.....	339	Sweet Story.....	477
8.8.8.4.		Six 10s.			
Almsgiving.....	210, 332	Rudolfstadt.....	148		
Hanford.....	240	Sundown.....	369		
Herbert.....	239	Unde et Memores.....	437		
In Memoriam.....	430				
St. Gabriel.....	361				

Index of Authors

INCLUDING TRANSLATORS AND REVISERS

ADAMS, Sarah F. (1805-48).....	251	BRYANT, William Cullen (1794-1878).....	160, 165, 463
ADDISON, Joseph (1672-1719).....	S, 21	BUCKOLL, Henry J. (1803-71).....	356
ADLER, Felix (1851 —).....	184	BULFINCH, Stephen J. (1809-70).....	390
AINGER, Alfred (1837-1904).....	323	BURKE, Christian (1859—).....	155
ALCOTT, Louisa M. (1833-88).....	485	BURLEIGH, William H. (1812-72).....	231
ALEXANDER, Cecil F. (1823-95).....		BURNS, James D. (1823-64).....	31, 416, 476
.....91, 222, 470, 472, 474, 486		BURTON, John (1803-77).....	423
ALEXANDER, James W. (1804-59).....	76	CAMPBELL, Jane M. (1817-78).....	7, 468
ALFORD, Henry (1810-71).....	198, 298, 459	CANITZ, F. R. L. von (1654-99).....	356
ANATOLIUS, Greek (8th C.).....	55	CARLYLE, Joseph D. (1759-1804).....	404
ANONYMOUS: English (c. 1890), 25; in Sab-		CASWALL, Edward (1814-78).....	
bath Hy. Book (1858), 38; (15th C.), 68;	101, 102, 107, 256, 384	
(1850), 106; (1904), 206; (1893), 209;		CENNICK, John (1718-55).....	314
(1858), 266, 300; (1902), 336; (1757), 398;		CHADWICK, John W. (1840-1904).....	148, 409, 460
(1853), 355; (c. 1836), 478; (1887), 479.		CHANDLER, John (1806-76).....	349, 473
German (17th C.), 106, 107; (15th C.),		CHOPE, Richard R. (1830—).....	400
469.		CHORLEY, Henry F. (1808-72).....	166
Greek, 25; (8th C.), 55; (7th C.), 285.		CLAUDIUS, Matthias (1740-1815).....	7
Latin (17th or 18th C.), 41, 80; (10th		CLARKE, James Freeman (1810-88).....	220
C.), 122; (13th C.), 129, 197; (17th C.),		CLEPHANE, Elizabeth C. (1830-69).....	75
256; (5th C.), 350, 357; (18th C.), 384.		C., O. B. ().....	357
ANSELM OF CANTERBURY (1033-1109).....	74	COFFIN, Henry S. (1877—).....	407, 437, 469
ANSTICE, Joseph (1808-36).....	243	COGHILL, Anna L. (1836—).....	310
AUBER, Harriet (1773-1862).....	123	CONDER, Josiah (1789-1855).....	12
		COOPER, George (1840—).....	339
BACON, Leonard (1802-81).....	159	COTTERILL, Jane B. (1790-1825).....	229
BAKER, Henry W. (1821-77).....	244, 432	COTTERILL, Thomas (1779-1823).....	136
BARING-GOULD, Sabine (1834—).....	297, 302, 383	COUSIN, Anne Ross (1823-1906).....	305
BARTON, Bernard (1784-1849).....	137	COWPER, William (1731-1800).....	
BAXTER, Richard (1615-91).....	247, 400138, 202, 246, 250, 267, 396	
BAYNES, Robert H. (1831-95).....	439	COX, Frances E. (1812-97).....	82
BEDDOME, Benjamin (1717-95).....	136, 419	COXE, A. Cleveland (1818-96).....	141, 289
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (1091-1153).....		CREWDSON, Jane (1809-63).....	66, 212
.....76, 101, 102, 434		CROLY, George (1780-1860).....	131
BERNARD OF CLUNY (12th C.).....	193, 194, 196	CROSS, Ada Cambridge (1844—).....	386
BICKERSTETH, Edward H. (1825-1906).....		CUMMINS, James J. (1795-1867).....	207
.....27, 264, 422, 438		DAVIS, Robert (1881—).....	342
BLACKIE, John Stuart (1809-95).....	3, 313	DIX, William C. (1837-98).....	50, 208
BLANCHARD, Ferdinand Q. (1872—).....	53	DOANE, George W. (1799-1859).....	174, 381
BLOMFELD, Dorothy F. (1858—).....	444	DODDRIDGE, Philip (1702-51).....	
BODE, John E. (1816-74).....	42436, 103, 164, 227, 269, 319, 330, 451, 452	
BONAR, Horatius (1808-89).....		DOUBLEDAY, Thomas (1790-1870).....	350
.....29, 116, 238, 265, 271, 315, 331, 440, 441		DRAPER, William H. (1855—).....	465
BOWIE, W. Russell (1882—).....	183, 187	DRYDEN, John (1631-1701).....	122
BORTHWICK, Jane (1813-97).....	169, 237, 312, 327	DUFFIELD, George (1818-88).....	283
BOWRING, John (1792-1872).....	34, 78	DUNCAN, Mary L. (1814-40).....	488
BRIDALINE, Jacques (1701-67).....	65	DWIGHT, John S. (1813-93).....	158
BRIDGES, Matthew (1800-94).....	88, 95, 428	DWIGHT, Timothy (1752-1817).....	143
BRIGHT, William (1824-1901).....	353, 414, 437	EDMESTON, James (1791-1867).....	226, 377
BRONTE, Anne (1819-49).....	279	ELLERTON, John (1826-93).....	83, 150, 166,
BROOKE, Stopford A. (1832—).....	57, 236303, 371, 389, 392, 394, 408, 412, 413, 446, 487	
BROOKS, Charles T. (1813-83).....	158	ELLIOTT, Charlotte (1780-1871).....	211, 239, 286
BROOKS, Phillips (1835-93).....	46		
BROWNE, Simon (c. 1680-1732).....	128		

Index of Authors

ELLIOTT, Ebenezer (1781-1849).....	188	KINGSLEY, Charles (1819-75).....	181
ELLIOTT, Emily E. S. (1836-97).....	52	KIPLING, Rudyard (1865—).....	102, 484
FABER, Frederick W. (1814-63).....		LATHBURY, Mary A. (1841—).....	132, 375
.....30, 85, 71, 149, 191, 288, 307, 326, 417		LEESON, Jane E. (1807-82).....	482
FAWCETT, John (1740-1817).....	144	LIVOCK, Jane (1840—).....	351
FELLOWS, John.....	421	LOGAN, John (1748-88).....	227
FINDLATER, Sarah L. (1823-80).....	153	LONGFELLOW, Samuel (1819-92).....	
FORTUNATUS, Venantius H. C. (c. 530-609).....	8313, 127, 262, 295, 335, 367	
FRECKLETON, Thomas W. (1827-1903).....	322	LÖWENSTERN, Matthäus A. von (1594-1648).....	145
FROTHINGHAM, Octavius B. (1822-95).....	337	LUKE, Jemima (1813-1906).....	477
FULLER-MAITLAND, Frances S. (1809-77).....	281	LUTHER, Martin (1483-1546).....	38, 39, 147
GELLERT, Christian F. (1715-69).....	82	LYNCH, Thomas T. (1818-71).....	
GERHARDT, Paul (1607-76).....	28, 44, 130, 134, 186, 387	
.....48, 61, 76, 120, 170, 273, 274, 372, 455, 457		LYTE, Henry F. (1793-1847).....	
GILL, Thomas H. (1819-1906).....	151, 282, 32126, 258, 301, 368, 397, 410	
GLADDEN, Washington (1836—).....	317	MACKAY, Margaret (1802-87).....	447
GOADBY, Frederick W. (1845-80).....	464	MARTIN, Henry A. (1831—).....	328
GRANT, Robert (1785-1838).....	1	MARTINEAU, James (1805-1900).....	63
GRIGG, Joseph (c. 1720-68).....	221	MASON, John (-1694).....	268, 382
GURNEY, John H. (1802-62).....	58	MATHESON, George (1842-1906).....	223
HAMILTON, James (1819-96).....	456	McCHEYNE, Robert Murray (1813-43).....	304
HAMMOND, William (1719-83).....	401	MEINHOLD, Johann W. (1797-1851).....	449
HANKY, Katherine ().....	480	MERCER, William (1811-73).....	378
HARDENBERG, G. F. P. von (1772-1801).....	85	MILMAN, Henry H. (1791-1868).....	59, 67
HASTINGS, Thomas (1784-1872).....	185, 218, 294	MILTON, John (1608-74).....	14, 175
HATCH, Edwin (1835-89).....	133	MOHR, Joseph (1792-1848).....	468
HAVERGAL, Frances Ridley (1836-70).....		MONSELL, John S. B. (1811-75).....	
.....77, 117, 214, 309, 316, 341, 454	4, 9, 168, 201, 296, 299, 324, 405, 445, 461	
HAWES, H. R. ().....	195	MONTGOMERY, James (1771-1854).....	
HAWES, Thomas (1732-1820).....	25747, 62, 171, 261, 270, 278, 306, 393, 431	
HAY, John (1838-1905).....	182	MOORE, Thomas (1779-1852).....	33, 218
HEBER, Reginald (1783-1826).....		MORRIS, Eliza F. (1821-74).....	402
.....51, 167, 277, 354, 378, 399, 436, 448		MÜHLENBERG, William A. (1796-1877).....	40
HEDGE, Frederick H. (1805-90).....	147	N., A., SCOTTISH HYMNAL (1884).....	203
HEDGE & HUNTINGTON HYMNS (1853).....	355	NEALE, John M. (1818-66).....	
HERBERT, George (1593-1632).....	17, 32055, 60, 84, 86, 87, 193, 194, 196, 213, 285, 370	
HERBERT, Petrus (-1571).....	374	NEANDER, Joachim (1650-80).....	19
HEERMANN, Johann (1585-1647).....	74	NELSON, Horatio (1823—).....	357
HICKSON, William E. (1803-70).....	158	NEUMARK, Georg (1621-81).....	233
HOLLAND, Henry Scott (1847—).....	161	NEWMAN, John Henry (1801-90).....	235
HOLMES, Oliver Wendell (1809-94).....		NEWTON, John (1725-1807).....	
.....10, 154, 158, 254	104, 111, 146, 241, 391, 418, 453	
HOPPER, Edward (1818-88).....	234	NICOLAI, Philip (1556-1608).....	105
HOSMER, Frederick L. (1840—).....	176, 179, 253	NORTH, Frank Mason (1850—).....	156
How, William Walsham (1823-97).....		OAKLEY, Ebenezer S. (1865—).....	126, 429
.....69, 110, 118,		OAKLEY, Frederick (1802-80).....	41
139, 152, 163, 200, 311, 333, 359, 427, 458, 462		OWEN, Frances M. (1842-83).....	232, 426
HUGHES, Thomas (1823-96).....	177	PALGRAVE, Francis Turner (1824-97).....	
INGEMANN, Bernhardt S. (1789-1862).....	302189, 347, 363, 415	
IRONS, William J. (1812-83).....	228	PALMER, Ray (1808-87).....	
JOHN OF DAMASCUS (8th C.).....	84, 87100, 129, 199, 204, 215, 254, 255, 434	
JOHNS, John (1801-47).....	180	PARKER, Edwin P. (1836—).....	325
JOHNSON, Samuel (1822-82).....	15, 142, 343	PARKER, Theodore (1810-60).....	115
K. IN RIPPON'S SELECTION (1787).....	272	PERCY, Frances A. ().....	358
KEBLE, John (1792-1866).....	5, 348, 366	PERRONET, Edward (1726-92).....	98
KELLY, Thomas (1769-1854).....	92, 94, 379	PHILLIMORE, Greville (1821—).....	352
KEN, Thomas (1637-1711).....	344, 345, 362, 508	PIERPOINT, Polliott S. (1835—).....	2
KENNEDY, Benjamin H. (1804-89).....	79	P., F. B. (16th C.).....	197
KETHE, William (16th C.).....	1, 406	PLUMPTRE, Edward H. (1821-91).....	56, 475
KING, John (1789-1858).....	471	POLLOCK, Thomas B. (1836-96).....	65, 72, 73, 219

Index of Authors

POPE, Alexander (1688-1744).....	338	THEODULPH OF ORLEANS (9th C.).....	60
POTT, Francis (1832—).....	80	THRING, Godfrey (1823-1903).....	
PUSEY, Philip (1799-1855).....	14549, 54, 108, 119, 329, 334, 361	
PRENTISS, Elisabeth P. (1818-78).....	252	TOPLADY, Augustus M. (1740-78).....	216, 275
PROCTER, Adelaide A. (1825-64).....	290, 376	TORREY, Bradford (1843—).....	280
		TUTTIETT, Lawrence (1825-97).....	121, 230
		TWELLS, Henry (1823-1900).....	364
RANKIN, Jeremiah E. (1828-1904).....	466		
RAWSON, George	430	VAN DYKE, Henry (1852—).....	340
RINKART, Martin (1586-1649).....	18	VAUGHAN, Henry (1621-95).....	192
RIPFON, John (1751-1836).....	98	VERNON, Ambrose W. (1870—).....	437, 469
RIPFON'S SELECTION (1787).....	272		
ROMANIS, William (1824-99).....	380	WALMSLEY, Robert (1831-1905).....	373
ROWE, John (1764-1833).....	443	WARE, Henry, Jr. (1794-1843).....	16
RUSSELL, Arthur T. (1806-74).....	61	WARING, Anna L. (1820—).....	242, 245
RYLAND, John (1753-1825).....	248	WARNER, Anna (1822—).....	481
		WATTS, Isaac (1674-1748)....	6, 20, 22, 24, 37,
SABBATH HYMN BOOK (1858).....	38	70, 125, 135, 173, 249, 292, 346, 365, 395, 435	
SCHLEGEL, Johann A. (1721-93).....	105	WESLEY, Charles (1707-88).....	
SCHMOLCK, Benjamin (1672-1737).....	237, 388	41, 81, 90, 96, 97, 109, 217, 276, 291, 318, 483	
SCHWEDLER, Johann C. (1672-1730).....	79	WESLEY, John (1703-91).....	32, 273, 274, 395
SCOTTISH HYMNAL (1884).....	203	WHATELY, Richard (1787-1863).....	378
SEARS, Edmund H. (1810-76).....	45	WHITE, Henry Kirke (1785-1806).....	281
SHAIRP, John C. (1819-85).....	287	WHITING, William (1825-78).....	467
SHURTLIFF, Ernest W. (1862—).....	284	WHITMORE, Lucy E. G. (1792-1840).....	411
SLOAN, John M. (1835—).....	105	WHITTIER, John Greenleaf (1807-92).....	
SMALL, James G. (1817-88).....	112113, 114, 224, 263, 308	
SMITH, Frederic (1849—).....	240	WILLIAMS, Helen M. (1762-1827).....	403
SMITH, Samuel F. (1808-95).....	157, 172	WILLIAMS, Peter (1722-96).....	225
SMITH, Walter C. (1824-1908).....	210	WILLIAMS, Sarah (1838-68).....	205
SOUTHWELL, Robert (1561-95).....	43	WILLIAMS, William (1717-91).....	225
SPITTA, Carl J. P. (1801-59).....	153, 327	WILLIS, Love M. (1824—).....	293
STANLEY, Arthur P. (1859-70).....	89	WILLMARTH, James W.	420
STEELE, Anne (1716-78).....	260, 425	WINKWORTH, Catherine (1829-78).....	
STENNETT, Samuel (c. 1727-95).....	9918, 19, 39, 85, 233, 374, 388, 449	
STERLING, John (1806-44).....	11	WOLCOTT, Samuel (1813-86).....	190
STERNHOLD, Thomas (—1549).....	23	WOLFE, Aaron R. (1821-1902).....	442
STONE, Samuel J. (1839-1900).....	140	WORDSWORTH, William (1770-1850).....	360
		WORDSWORTH, Christopher (1807-85).....	
TARRANT, William G. (1853—).....	17893, 124, 332, 369, 385	
TENNYSON, Alfred (1809-92).....	450	WREFOED, John R. (1800-81).....	64, 259
TERSTEEGEN, Gerhard (1697-1769).....	32, 407		

Index of Composers and Sources

ALDRICH, Henry (1647-1710).....	492	CUMMINGS, William H. (1831—).....	42
ANDERSON, James S. (1853—).....	414	CUTLER, Henry S. (1824-1902).....	277
ANONYMOUS (1731), 41; In Church Praise (1883)	300	DARWALL, John (c. 1731-89).....	96
ARNE, Thomas A. (1710-78).....	292	DAYE's John <i>Psalms</i> (1562).....	408
ATKINSON, Frederick C. (1841-97).....	131, 440	DEANE, J. H. (1824-81).....	29
AUSTRIAN MELODY	280	DICKINSON, Charles J. (1822-83).....	328
AVISON, Charles (1710-70).....	40	DIXON, Robert W. (1750-1825).....	363
BACH, Johann S. (1685-1750).....		DOWNES, Lewis T. (1827-1907).....	499
.....76, 121, 128, 233, 372		DRESE, Adam (1620-1701).....	380
BAKER, Henry (1835—).....	69, 254, 434	DREWETT, Edwin (1850—).....	329
BAKER, Henry Williams (1821-77).....	213	DUNHAM, Henry M. (1853—).....	187, 491
BARKER, Elisabeth R. (1829—).....	92	DUNN, William P. (1885—).....	312
BARNARD, Charlotte A. (1830-69).....	488	DYKES, John B. (1823-76).....	31, 54, 65, 71, 102, 116, 117, 122, 123, 182, 184, 198, 202, 203, 208, 209, 210, 217, 228, 235, 242, 244, 285, 293, 303, 315, 322, 332, 337, 339, 349, 354, 396, 399, 432, 446, 454, 467, 486
BARNBY, Joseph (1838-96).....		EDELING, Johann G. (1625-76).....	48
9, 61, 66, 74, 77, 107, 145, 150, 152, 181, 191, 212, 231, 238, 273, 374, 379, 383, 400, 411, 444, 445, 448, 450, 457, 493, 498, 499, 502		ELLIOTT, James W. (1833—).....	424, 464
BARROW, Isaac (1712-89).....	495	ELVEY, George J. (1816-93).....	
BARTHÉLÉMON, François H. (1741-1808).....	344, 45195, 211, 230, 276, 459	
BATTELL, Robbins (1819-95).....	232	ENGLISH TRADITIONAL	
BEETHOVEN, Ludwig von (1770-1827).....	16, 33, 44, 201, 401, 425, 477	
.....423, 442, 490, 504, 506		ESTE'S, Thomas <i>Psalms</i> (1592).....	258
BOOTH, Josiah (1852—).....	192, 351	<i>Etliche Cristliche Lyeder</i> (1524).....	456
BOYCE, William (1710-79).....	491, 505	EVANS, D., <i>Hymnau a Thonau</i> (1865).....	462
BOYD, William (1847—).....	295, 484	EWING, Alexander (1830-95).....	194, 196
BRADBURY, William B. (1816-68).....	211, 447, 478	FARRANT, Richard (1530-85).....	492
BRAUN, Johann G. (17th C.).....	190	FELTON, William (c. 1715-69).....	499, 503
<i>Bristol Tune Book</i> (1876).....	207	FIFTEENTH CENTURY GERMAN MANUSCRIPT..	204
BROWN, Arthur H. (1830—).....	55, 370	FILITZ, Friedrich (1804-76).....	124, 402
BULLINGER, Ethelbert W. (1837—).....	214	FINK, Gottfried W. (1783-1846).....	485
BUNNETT, Edward (1834—).....	134, 183	FISCHER, William G. (1835—).....	480
BURNAP, Uzziah C. (1834-1900).....	224	FLEMMING, Frederick F. (1778-1813).....	308
BURROWS, E. ().....	496	FLIEDNER's, <i>Liederbuch</i> (1842).....	482
CALDBECK, George T. (1852—).....	264	FRENCH MELODY, MEDIEVAL.....	14, 15, 110, 311
CALKIN, J. Baptiste (1827-1905).....			
.....86, 137, 142, 174		GARDINER, William (1770-1853).....	260
CALLCOTT, William H. (1807-82).....	271	GARDINER's, William, <i>Sacred Melodies</i> (1812 and 1815)	347, 410, 413, 419
CARR, Benjamin (1769-1831).....	426	GAUL, Alfred R. (1837—).....	56
CHADWICK, George W. (1854—).....	57, 206	GAUNTLETT, Henry J. (1805-76).....	
CHALMER's, J., <i>Collection</i> (1749).....	176, 24782, 193, 281, 470	
CHOPE, Richard R. (1830—).....	239	<i>Geistreiches Gesangbuch</i> , Freylinghausen (1704)	460
<i>Church Plain Chant, Essay on the</i> (1782).....	161	GERMAN MELODY, OLD.....	
<i>Church Praise</i> , Anonymous in (1883).....	300106, 129, 148, 204, 353, 385, 456, 469	
CLARK, Jeremiah (1670-1797).....	338, 382	<i>Gesangbuch der Brüder</i> (1544).....	345
CLARK, Thomas (1775-1859).....	79	GESIUS (GÖSS), BARTHOLOMÄUS (c. 1555-c. 1613)	452
CONKEY, Ithamer (1815-67).....	78	GIARDINI, Felice de (1716-96).....	88, 398
COOKE, Robert (-1814).....	500		
COOPER, Joseph T. (1819-79).....	280		
COTTMAN, Arthur (1842-79).....	58, 177, 405, 455		
CROFT, William (1678-1727).....	22, 141, 164		
CRÜGER, Johann (1598-1662).....	18		

Index of Composers and Sources

GILBERT, Walter B. (1829—)	397	KNAPP, William (1698-1768)	38, 229
GILCHRIST, William W. (1846—)	27	KNECHT, Justin H. (1752-1817)	200, 341
GLADSTONE, William H. (1840-91)	336	KÖNIG's, J. B., <i>Harmonischer Liederschatz</i> (1738)	416
Goss, John (1800-80)	26, 309, 498	KOCHER, Conrad (1786-1872)	2, 50
GOTTSCHALK, Louis M. (1829-69)	127	LANE, Spencer (1843-1903)	261
GOULD, John E. (1822-75)	221, 234	LANGDON, Richard (1729-1803)	490
GOUNOD, Charles F. (1818-93)	111	LANGRAN, James (1835-1909)	302, 438
GOWER, John H. (1855—)	72, 162, 219, 265, 342, 369, 387, 472	LAWES, Henry (1596-1662)	500
GREATOREX, Henry W. (1811-58)	505	LE JEUNE, George F. (1842-1904)	109, 196
GREATOREX, Thomas (1758-1831)	178	LOUD, Geo. H. (1859-1908)	300
GREGORIAN CHANT	207, 255, 400, 499, 503	<i>Lünebergisches Gesangbuch</i> (1686)	449
GRUBER, Franz (1787-1863)	468	LUTHER, Martin (1483-1546)	39, 147, 151
HANDEL, George Frederick (1685-1759)	14, 37, 85, 483	LWOFF, Alexis T. (1799-1870)	160
HARINGTON, Henry (1727-1816)	257	<i>Lyra Davidica</i> (1708)	81
<i>Harmonia Anglicana</i> (c. 1742)	157	MACDONALD, Archibald ()	288
<i>Harmoniae hymnorum scholae Gorlicensis</i> (1599)	91, 268	MAINZER, Joseph (1801-51)	53, 160
HARTIG'S, X. L., <i>Vollständige Sammlung</i> (c. 1829)	6	MAKER, Frederick C. (1844—)	75, 263, 290, 430, 481
HARRISON, Ralph (1748-1810)	28, 135	MANN, Arthur H. (1850—)	62, 199, 245
HASSLER, Hans Leo (1564-1612)	76	MARSH, Simeon B. (1798-1875)	217
HASTINGS, Thomas (1784-1872)	103, 216	MARTIN, George W. (1828-81)	306
HATTON, John (-1793)	159, 173, 346	MASON, Lowell (1792-1872)	37, 51, 144, 158, 167, 180, 185, 215, 251, 255, 269, 291, 310, 335, 385, 391, 394, 420, 425, 507
HAVEGAL, William H. (1793-1870)	389, 428	MATTHEWS, Timothy R. (1826—)	52, 409
HAYDN, Franz Joseph (1732-1809)	8, 146, 289, 356, 454	<i>Meiningsches Gesangbuch</i> (1693)	139
HAYDN, J. Michael (1737-1806)	97, 118, 324	MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, J. L. Felix (1809-47)	42, 64, 90, 220, 271, 461, 487
HAYNE, Leighton G. (1836-83)	179, 275	MERRICK & TATTERSALL'S <i>Psalms</i> (1794)	155
HAYNES, William (1829-1901)	241	MESSITER, Arthur H. (1831-1903)	475
HEMY, Henri F. (1818-88)	32, 149	MILLER, Edward (1731-1807)	25, 70
HERMANN, Nicolaus (c. 1485-1561)	23	MONK, William H. (1823-89)	17, 94, 138, 156, 189, 286, 366, 368, 417, 437, 474
HEWS, George (1806-73)	154	MOORE, Henry M. W. (1862-1901)	436
HILES, Henry (1826-1904)	326, 376	MORLEY, Thomas (1845-1891)	299, 429
HODGES, Edward (1796-1876)	314	MORLEY, William (-1721)	504
HODGES, John S. B. (1830—)	436	MORNINGTON, GARRETT WELLESLEY, EARL OF (1735-81)	320, 498
HOLBROOK, Joseph P. (1822-88)	225, 301	Mozart, Johann C. W. A. (1756-91)	243, 301, 319
HOLMES, Henry J. E. (1852—)	497	NÄGEL, Johann G. (1768-1836)	269
HOPKINS, Edward J. (1818-1901)	4, 115, 120, 205, 226, 352, 378, 412, 441, 473, 479, 496	NEANDER, Joachim (1650-80)	334, 407
HORSLEY, William (1774-1858)	331	NEEFE, Christian G. (1748-98)	165
HULLAH, John P. (1812-84)	246	NEUMARK, Georg (1821-81)	233
HUSBAND, Edward (1848-1908)	200	NEW VERSION, SUPPLEMENT TO THE (1708)	1
<i>Hymn Tunes, Easy</i> (1851)	33	NICOLAI, Philip (1556-1608)	105
ILSLEY, Frank G. (1831-87)	35, 49	NORRIS, Thomas (-1790)	494
IRONS, Herbert S. (1834-1905)	266, 384	OAKELEY, Herbert S. (1830-1903)	108, 367, 390
ISAAC, Heinrich (-c. 1510)	372	OLD CHANT	501
JACKSON, Robert (1840—)	133	OLIVER, Henry K. (1800-85)	435
JACKSON, Thomas (1715-81)	20, 248	OUSELEY, Frederick A. G. (1825-89)	361
JONES, Darius E. (1815-81)	294	PALESTRINA, Giovanni P. da (c. 1515-94)	80
JONES', <i>Relics of the Welsh Bards</i> (1784)	378	<i>Parish Choir, The</i> (1851)	16
JONES, William (1726-1800)	36, 125	PARKER, Edwin P. (1836—)	325
JOSEPH, Georg (c. 1657)	364	PARKER, Horatio W. (1863—)	296, 392
JUDE, William H. (1851—)	222	PEACE, Albert L. (1844—)	63, 223, 236
<i>Katholisches Gesangbuch</i> , Vienna (c. 1774)	156, 366	PEARSALL, Robert L., de (1795-1856)	284
KETTLE, Charles E. (1833-95)	287, 327	<i>Pensum Sacrum</i> , Melody from (1648)	128
KINGSLEY, George (1811-84)	136		
KLUG'S, Joseph, <i>Geistliche Lieder</i> , Leipzig (1539)	39, 121, 151		

Index of Composers and Sources

PEREGRINUS, Tonus	492	STEGGALL, Charles H. (1826-1905).....	187, 359
PERRY, E. Cooper (1856—).....	153	SULLIVAN, Arthur (1842-1900).....	44, 83, 87, 89, 112
PLAYFORD's <i>Psalms</i> (1671).....	250	163, 195, 240, 253, 297, 304, 306, 439, 476, 485	
PLEVEL, Ignaz J. (1757-1831).....	10, 357, 393	SUPPLEMENT TO THE NEW VERSION (1708)...	1
PRAETORIUS, Michael (1571-1621).....	469	TALLIS, Thomas (1520-85).....	13, 362, 427
<i>Praxis Pietatis Melica</i>	18, 19, 99, 388	TAYLOR, Virgil C. (1817-84).....	11
<i>Psalms of David</i> , "Newtown" in (1635)...	250	TESCHNER, Melchior (17th C.).....	60
<i>Psalms</i> , Edinburgh, <i>The cl</i> (1615).....		THOMMEN's, J., <i>Christenschatz</i> (1745).....	443
.....	114, 175, 227, 463	TILLEARD, James (1827-76).....	415
<i>Psalmodia Evangelica</i> , T. William's (1790)...	360	<i>Tochter Sion</i> , Cologne (1741).....	323
<i>Psalmodia Sacra</i> , Gotha (1715).....	34, 222	TOMER, William G. (1833-96).....	466
<i>Pseaumes octante trois</i> , Geneva (1551).....	279, 395, 406, 508	TOURS, Berthold (1838-97).....	171, 471
RANDALL, John (1715-99).....	495	TROYTE, Arthur H. D. (1811-57).....	239
REDHEAD, Richard (1820-1901)....	15, 67, 130, 311	TURLE, James (1802-82).....	30, 489
REDNER, Lewis H. (1831-1908).....	46	TURTON, Thomas (1780-1864).....	358
REIMANN, J. Balthasar (1702-49).....	262	TYE, Christopher (-1572).....	258
REINAGLE, Alexander R. (1799-1877).....	21, 104, 403	URHAN, Chrétien (1790-1845).....	305
REINIGE, Paschasius (16th C.).....	68	VINCENT, Charles (1852—).....	264
REINHARDT MANUSCRIPT, Üttingen (1754)....	405	VULPIUS, Melchior (1560-1616).....	270
RIMBAULT, Edward F. (1816-76).....	305	WADE's, J. F., <i>Cantus Diversi</i> (1751).....	41, 119, 272
ROBINSON, John (1682-1762).....	493, 505	WALLACE, William V. (1814-65).....	113
SAFFORD, Charles L. (1870—).....	148, 313, 456, 460	WALCH, James (1837-1901).....	100, 386
SCHWIN, Johann H. (1586-1630).....	318	WALTON, J. G. (1821—).....	32, 149
SCHOLEFIELD, Clement C. (1839-1904).....	371	WARD, Samuel A. (1847-1903).....	43, 193
SCHUBERT, Franz (1797-1828).....	27	WATSON, Lawrence W. (1860—).....	168
SCHULTHEIS, Wilhelm (1816-79).....	101, 259	WEBB, George J. (1803-87).....	172, 283
SCHULZ, Johann A. P. (1747-1800).....	7	WEBER, Samuel (1740-1816).....	218, 348, 453
SCHUMANN, Robert A. (1810-56).....	256, 274, 316, 333, 365	WEBER, Carl M. F. von (1786-1826).....	237, 381
SCOTCH MELODY, OLD.....	335	WELSH MELODY.....	378, 462
SHERWIN, William F. (1826-88).....	132, 375	WERNER's, J. G., <i>Choralbuch</i> (1815).....	353
SHRUBSOLE, William (1760-1806).....	98	WESLEY, Samuel S. (1810-76).....	140
SICILIAN MELODY.....	155	WHEALL, William (1690-1727).....	126
SMART, Henry T. (1813-79).....	3, 5, 47, 84, 93, 170, 282, 298, 307, 497	WILKINSON, Walter O. (1852—).....	278
SMITH, H. Percy (1825-98).....	317	WILLIAMS, Aaron (1731-76).....	321
SMITH, Isaac (c. 1735-1800).....	249, 343, 422	WILLIAM's, T., <i>Psalmodia Evangelica</i> (1790) 360	
SMITH, Samuel (1821—).....	169, 458	WILLIS, R. Storrs (1819-1900).....	46, 106
SOMERVELL, Arthur (1863—).....	188	WILSON, Hugh (1766-1824).....	431
SOUTHGATE, Thomas B. (1814-68).....	24	WOODBURY, Isaac B. (1819-58).....	418
SPIESS's, J. M., <i>David's Harffen-Spiel</i> (1745) 389		WOODMAN, Jonathan C. (1813-94).....	143
SPOHR, Louis (1784-1859).....	267	WOODMAN, Raymond Huntington (1861—) 201	
SPRATT, Ann B. (1829—).....	252	WOODWARD, Richard (1744-77).....	494, 502
STAINER, John (1840-1901)....	186, 355, 373, 421, 509	WRIGHT, T. (1763-1825).....	330
STANLEY, Samuel (1767-1822).....	509	ZEUNER, Charles (1795-1857).....	12
STEBBINS, George C. (1846—).....	377	ZUNDEL, John (1815-82).....	340

The Lord of the Kingdom

1

God, Our Father

HANOVER 10. 10. 11. 11.

Supplement to the New Version, 1708

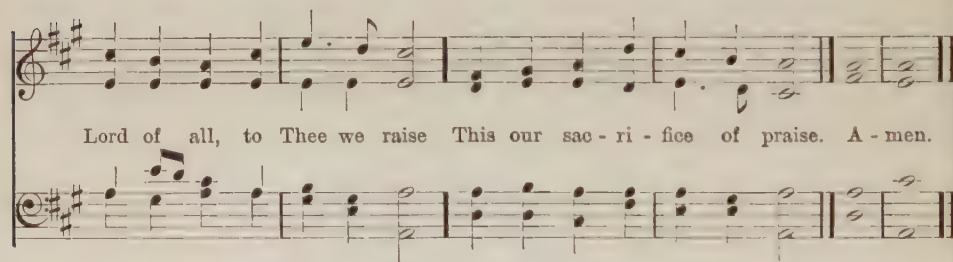
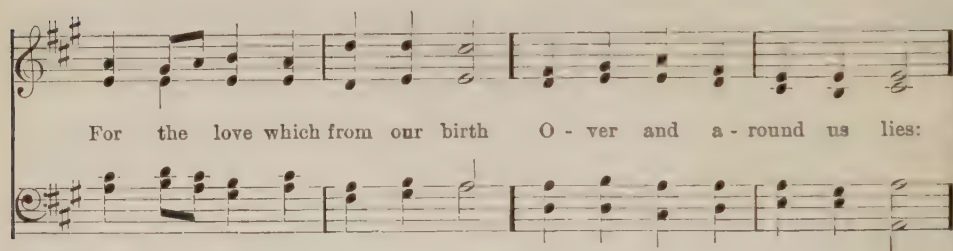
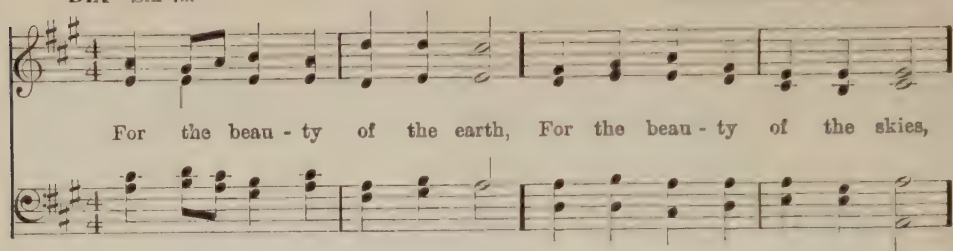
The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, with the Bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The score consists of three systems of music, each with two staves. The lyrics are: 'O wor - ship the King all glo - rious a - bove, O grate - ful - ly sing His power and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise. A - men.'

O wor - ship the King all glo - rious a - bove, O grate - ful - ly
sing His power and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise. A - men.

- 1 O WORSHIP the King all glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise!
- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end.
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

DIX Six 7s.

Arr. fr. Conrad Kocher, 1838



1 **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
 For the beauty of the skies,
 For the love which from our birth
 Over and around us lies:
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
 Of the day and of the night,
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
 Sun and moon and stars of light:
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
 For the heart and brain's delight,
 For the mystic harmony

Linking sense to sound and sight:
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our sacrifice of praise.

4 For the joy of human love,
 Brother, sister, parent, child,
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 For all gentle thoughts and mild:
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine
 To our race so freely given,
 Graces human and divine,
 Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise
 This our sacrifice of praise.

God, Our Father

SERAPHIM 4. 4. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Henry Smart, 1813-79

An - gels ho - ly, High and low - ly, Sing the prais - es of the Lord!

Earth and sky, all liv - ing na - ture, Man, the stamp of thy Cre -

a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord! A - men.

1 ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Breeze that floats with genial gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purpled-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5 Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

6 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver!
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John Stuart Blackie, 1840

The Lord of the Kingdom

HEBER 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1868

God is love, by Him up - hold - en Hang the glo - rious orbs of light,

In their language, glad and gold - en, Speak - ing to us day and night

Their great sto - ry, God is love, and God is might. A - men.

1 **G**OD is love, by Him upholden
 Hang the glorious orbs of light,
 In their language, glad and golden,
 Speaking to us day and night
 Their great story,
 God is love, and God is might.

2 And the teeming earth rejoices
 In the message from above,
 With ten thousand thousand voices
 Telling back, from hill and grove,
 Her glad story,
 God is might, and God is love.

3 With these anthems of creation,
 Mingling in harmonious strife,
 Christian songs of Christ's salvation,

To the world with blessings rife,
 Tell their story,
 God is love, and God is life.

4 Through that precious love He sought us,
 Wandering from His holy ways,
 With that precious life He bought us
 Then let all our future days
 Tell this story:
 Love is life—our lives be praise.

5 Up to Him let each affection
 Daily rise, and round Him move;
 Our whole lives, one resurrection
 To the life of life above;
 Their glad story,
 God is life, and God is love.

God, Our Father

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Henry Smart, 1866

God the Lord a king re-main-eth, Robed in His own glo-rious light;

God hath robed Him, and He reign-eth; He hath gird-ed Him with might.

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! God is King in depth and height. A-men.

1 GOD the Lord a king remaineth,
 Robed in His own glorious light;
 God hath robed Him, and He reigneth;
 He hath girded Him with might.
 Alleluia!
 God is King in depth and height.

2 In her everlasting station
 Earth is poised, to swerve no more:
 Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation
 From all time where thought can soar.
 Alleluia!
 Lord, Thou art for evermore.

3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
 Ocean floods have lift their roar;
 Now they pause where they have drifted,

Now they burst upon the shore.
 Alleluia!
 For the ocean's sounding store.

4 With all tones of waters blending,
 Glorious is the breaking deep;
 Glorious, beauteous without ending,
 God who reigns on heaven's high steep.
 Alleluia!
 Songs of ocean never sleep.

5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
 Are the perfect verity;
 Of Thine high eternal dwelling
 Holiness shall inmate be.
 Alleluia!
 Pure is all that lives with Thee.

ELLACOMBE C. M.

Hartig's Vollständige Sammlung, Mainz c. 1829

With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud Ad - dress the Lord on high!

O - ver the heavens He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.

He sends His showers of bless - ing down To cheer the plains be - low;

He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val - leys grow. A - men.

1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud
 Address the Lord on high!
 Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
 He sends His showers of blessing down
 To cheer the plains below;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.

2 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year;
 He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.

3 He sends His word and melts the snow,
 The fields no longer mourn;
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.
 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey His mighty word:
 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord!

God, Our Father

WIR PFLÜGEN 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

Johann A. P. Schulz, 1747-1800

We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and watered

By God's almighty hand; He sends the snow in winter, The warmth to swell the grain,

REFRAIN.
The breezes and the sun-shine, And soft re-fresh-ing rain. *All good gifts a-round us*

Are sent from heav'n above; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all His love! A-men.

1 **W**E plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
*All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love!*

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,

He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

CREATION L. M. D.

Arr. fr. Franz Joseph Haydn, 1798

The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,

And span-gled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame. Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.

Th'un-wea - ried sun from day to day Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis-play,

And pub-lish-es to ev - 'ry land The work of an al-might-y hand. A-men.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though nor real voice, nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine:
 "The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison, 1712

CANTATE DOMINO L. M. D.

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;

To us His gra - cious gifts be - long, To Him our songs of love and praise:

Unison For He is Lord of heav'n and earth, Whom an - gels serve and saints a - dore,

Harmony.

Unison. The Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, To whom be praise for ev - er - more. A - men.

Harmony.

- 1 SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise;
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise:
*For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.*
- 2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name for it is fair:
- 3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,

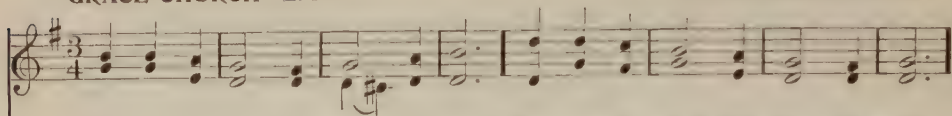
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His name, for it is true:

- 4 For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love His blest employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His name, for it is joy:
- 5 For life below with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That nobler life which after this
Shall ever shine, and never die:
*Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.*

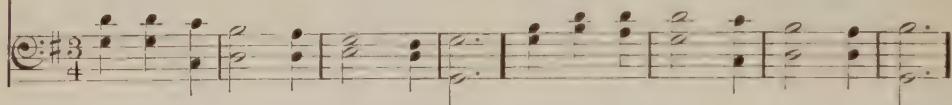
John S. B. Monsell, 1863

GRACE CHURCH L. M.

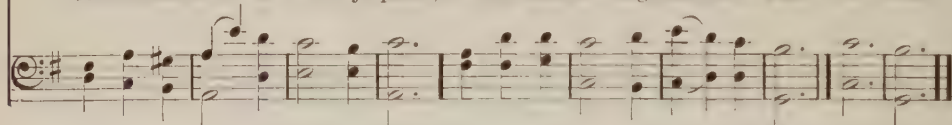
Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1815



Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;



Centre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - men.



- 1 **L**ORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!
- 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee;
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

God, Our Father

LOUVAN L. M.

Virgil C. Taylor, 1847

O Source di - vine and Life of all, The Fount of be - ing's wondrous sea!

Thy depth would ev'ry heart ap - pal That saw not love supreme in Thee. A - men.

1 O SOURCE divine and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

2 We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood:
We know Thee truly but in this,—
That Thou bestowest all our good.

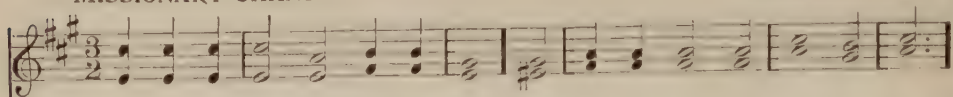
3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.

4 Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only Guide.

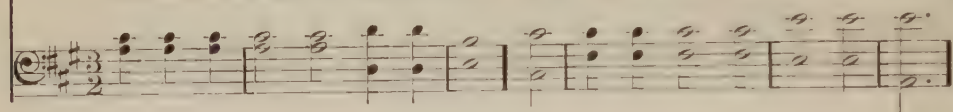
5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law.

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

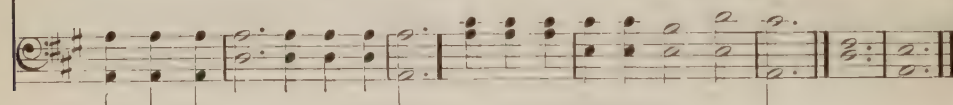
Charles Zeuner, 1832



The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth; and all ye heav'ns, re-joice!



From world to world the joy shall ring, "The Lord om-nip-o- tent is King!" A - men.



- 1 THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth; and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"
- 2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?
- 3 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.
- 4 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"
- 5 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.
- 6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

TALLIS'S CANON L. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1560

O God, Thou Giv - er of all good, Thy chil - dren live by

dai - ly food; And dai - ly must the prayer be said,

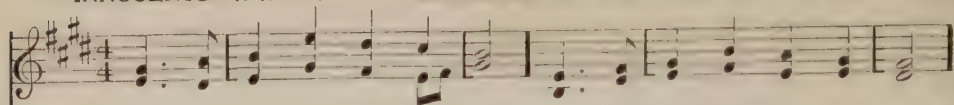
"Give us this day our dai - ly bread." A - men.

- 1 **O** GOD, Thou Giver of all good,
Thy children live by daily food;
And daily must the prayer be said,
"Give us this day our daily bread."
- 2 The life of earth and seed is Thine;
Suns glow, rains fall, by power divine;
Thou art in all; not even the powers
By which we toil for bread are ours.
- 3 What large provision Thou hast made!
As large as is Thy children's need;
How wide Thy bounteous love is spread!
Wide as the want of daily bread.
- 4 Since every day by Thee we live,
May grateful hearts Thy gifts receive;
And may the hands be pure from stain
With which our daily bread we gain.

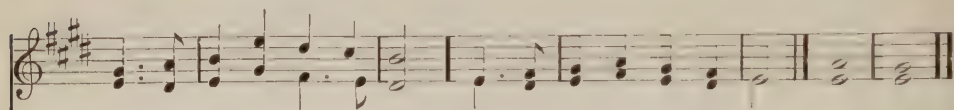
The Lord of the Kingdom

INNOCENTS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from an old French melody, xiii C., and G. F. Handel



Let us with a glad - some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind;



For His mer-cies aye en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure. A - men.



1 **L**ET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
Who by all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light.

3 He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run;
'Th' hornèd moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

4 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery.

5 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

REDHEAD No. 45 7. 7. 7. 7.

Old French melody, xii Century arr. by R. Redhead, 1853

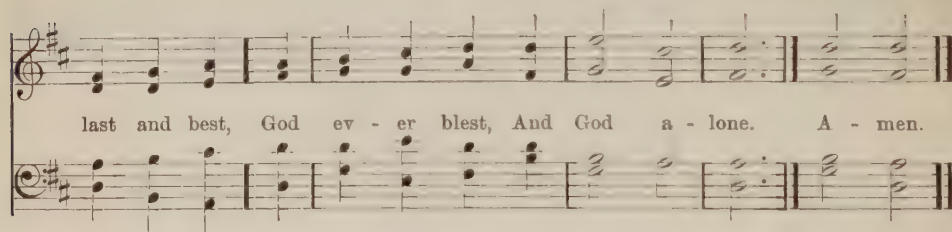
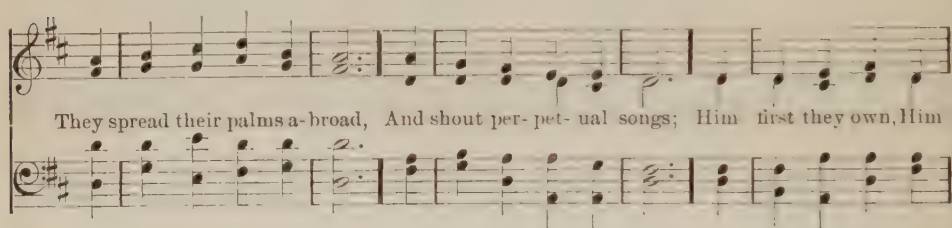
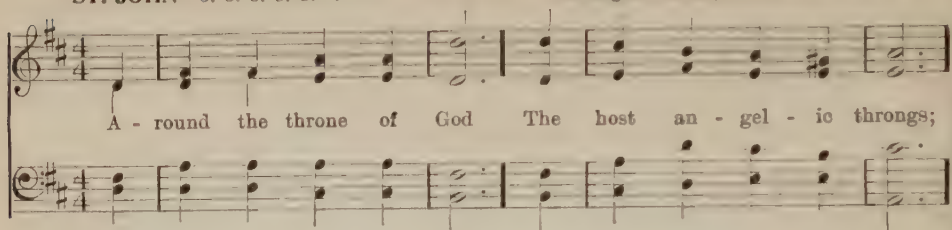
The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment in G major (one sharp) and 7/8 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves, treble and bass. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with chords in the bass. The lyrics 'Life of a - ges, rich - ly poured, Love of God, un - spent and free,' are placed below the first staff. The second system also has two staves. The melody continues in the treble staff, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics 'Flow - ing in the prophet's word, And the peo - ple's lib - er - ty! A - men.' are placed below the second staff.

Life of a - ges, rich - ly poured, Love of God, un - spent and free,

Flow - ing in the prophet's word, And the peo - ple's lib - er - ty! A - men.

- 1 **L**IFE of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!
- 2 Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind;—
- 3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;—
- 4 Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong,
From the sacred limits back.
- 5 Life of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!

ST. JOHN 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Old English melody, *The Parish Choir* 1851

- 1 **A**ROUND the throne of God
The host angelic throngs;
They spread their palms abroad,
And shout perpetual songs;
Him first they own,
Him last and best,
God ever blest,
And God alone.

- 2 "O holy, holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King!
Thy majesty adored
Let all creation sing;
Who wast, and art,
And art to be;
Nor time shall see
Thy sway depart."

- 3 "Great are Thy works of praise,
O God of boundless might;
All just and true Thy ways,
Thou King of saints, in light:

Let all above,
And all below,
Conspire to show
Thy power and love."

- 4 "Who shall not fear Thee, Lord,
And magnify Thy name?
Thy judgments, sent abroad,
Thy holiness proclaim:
Nations shall throng
From every shore,
And all adore
In one loud song."

- 5 While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise:
His glory own,
First, last, and best,
God ever blest,
And God alone.

HERBERT 10. 4. 6. 6. 6. 6. 10. 4.

William H. Monk, 1823-89

Let all the world in ev-'ry cor-ner sing My God and King!

The heavens are not too high; His praise may thith-er fly:

The earth is not too low; His prais-es there may grow.

Let all the world in ev-'ry cor-ner sing My God and King! A-men.

1 **L**ET all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

The heavens are not too high;

His praise may thither fly:

The earth is not too low;

His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing

My God and King!

2 Let all the world in every corner sing

My God and King!

The Church with psalms must shout;

No door can keep them out:

But, above all, the heart

Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing

My God and King!

NUN DANKET 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6.

J. Crüger's *Praxis Pietatis Melica*, 1649

Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voice - es,

Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world rejoices;

Who, from our mother's arms, Hath blessed us on our way

With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to-day. A - men.

1 NOW thank we all our God
 With heart and hands and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His world rejoices;
 Who, from our mother's arms,
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;

And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

3 All glory be to God
 For all He hath created,
 From us whom He so high
 Among His works enstated,
 To praise Him while we live,
 And on His will attend,
 Until we there arrive,
 Where song shall have no end.

Martin Rinkart, 1586-1649; vv. 1 and 2, tr.

Catherine Winkworth, 1858; v. 3, tr. the *Vattendon Hymnal*, 1899

HAST DU DENN, JESU 14. 14. 4. 7. 8.

Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1668

Praise to the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre - a - tion! O my soul

praise Him, for He is Thy health and sal - va - tion. All ye who hear, Now to His

tem-ple draw near, Join me in glad ad - o - ra - tion! A - men.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation!
All ye who hear,
Now to His temple draw near,
Join me in glad adoration!
- 2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen
How thy desires e'er have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?
- 3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee!
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee.
- 4 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again:
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

JACKSON C. M.

Thomas Jackson, 1715-81

Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some bound-less thing,

The might-y works, or might-ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King! A - men.

1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing,
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King!

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound His power abroad!
 Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
 And the performing God!

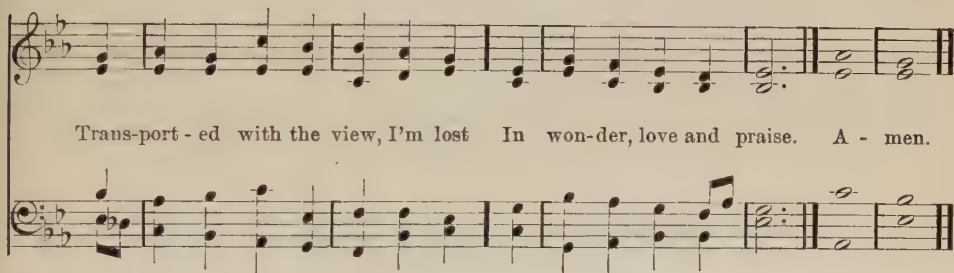
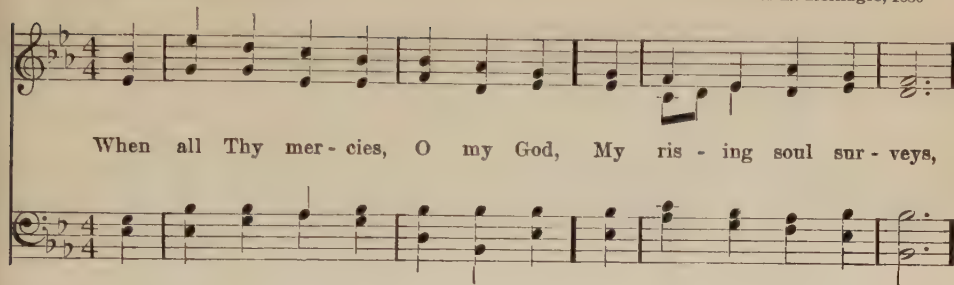
3 His very word of grace is strong
 As that which built the skies;
 The voice that rolls the stars along
 Speaks all the promises.

4 Infinite strength and equal skill
 Shine through the worlds abroad;
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder, God.

5 But the sweet beauties of Thy grace
 Our softer praises move;
 Pity divine in Jesus' face
 We see, adore, and love.

ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1836



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.</p> | <p>4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renewed my face;
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.</p> |
| <p>2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.</p> | <p>5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.</p> |
| <p>3 When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.</p> | <p>6 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue :
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.</p> |
| <p>7 Through all eternity, to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For, O, eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise!</p> | |

ST. ANNE C. M.

Ascribed to William Croft, 1708

Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home! A - men.

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

HERMANN C. M.

Alt. from Nicolaus Hermann. 1554



O God, my strength and for - ti - tude, Of force I must love Thee;



Thou art my cas - tle and de - fence In my ne - ces - si - ty. A - men.



1 O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

4 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 My God, my rock, in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth;
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health!

5 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 I sore beset with pain and grief,
Did pray to God for grace;
And He forthwith heard my complaint
Out of His holy place.

6 He brought me forth to open place,
That so I might be free;
And kept me safe, because He had
A favor unto me.

7 Thou teachest me Thy saving health,
Thy right hand is my tower;
Thy love and gentleness also
Do still increase my power.

BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate, 1855

Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through; Thine eye com -

mands with pier - ing view My ris - ing and my rest - ing hours,

My heart and flesh, with all their powers. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD Thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790

O bless - ed God, to Thee I raise My voice in thank - ful
hymns of praise; And when my voice shall si - lent be,
My si - lence shall be praise to Thee. A - men.

1 O BLESSED God, to Thee I raise
My voice in thankful hymns of praise;
And when my voice shall silent be,
My silence shall be praise to Thee.

2 For voice and silence both impart
The filial homage of my heart,
And both alike are understood
By Thee, Thou Parent of all good;—

3 Whose grace is all unsearchable,
Whose care for me no tongue can tell,
Who lov'st my loudest praise to hear
And lov'st to bless my voiceless prayer.

BENEDIC ANIMA 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

John Goss, 1869

Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib - ute bring;

Ran - som'd, heal'd, re - stor'd, for - giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?

Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King. A - men.

1 **P**RAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
 To His feet thy tribute bring;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who, like me, His praise should sing?
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise the everlasting King!

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him, still the same for ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Glorious in His faithfulness!

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us,
 Well our feeble frame He knows;
 In His hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes;
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Widely as His mercy flows!

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
 Ye behold Him face to face;
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
 Dwellers all in time and space,
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

God, Our Father

SCHUBERT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Schubert by William W. Gilchrist, 1895

O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,

What time the temp - est ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene:

Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,

To end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing Thou! A - men.

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1 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
 Who evermore hast been,
 What time the tempest rages,
 Our dwelling-place serene:
 Before Thy first creations,
 O Lord, the same as now,
 To endless generations
 The everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
 On sunny hills that lie,
 Or grasses in the meadows
 That blossom but to die;

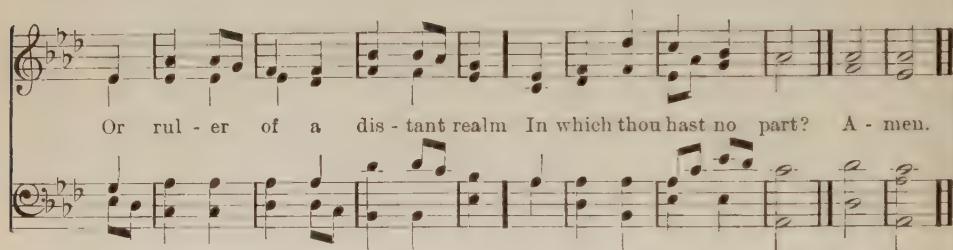
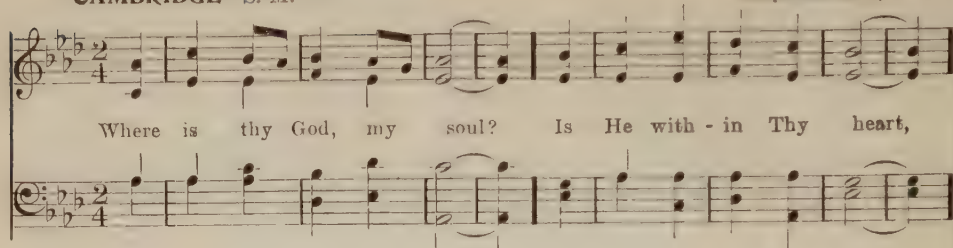
A sleep, a dream, a story
 By strangers quickly told,
 An unremaining glory
 Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
 Whose light grows never pale,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail;
 On us Thy mercy lighten,
 On us Thy goodness rest,
 And let Thy Spirit brighten
 The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1860

CAMBRIDGE S. M.

Ralph Harrison, 1784



- 1 **W**HERE is thy God, my soul?
Is He within thy heart,
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?
- 2 Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun,
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?
- 3 Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page,
Or does His Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?
- 4 O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart;
O great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.
- 5 Giver of holy words,
Bestow Thy sacred power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.
- 6 In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

God, Our Father

SIENNA S. M.

J. H. Deane, 1824-1881

O ev - er - last - ing Light, Giv - er of dawn and day, Dis - pell - er

of the an - cient night In which cre - a - tion lay! A - men.

- 1 **O** EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!
- 2 O everlasting Rock,
Sole refuge in distress,
My fort when foes assail and mock,
My rest in weariness!
- 3 O everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs,
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
To Thee my spirit clings.
- 4 O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too.
- 5 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me in spite of foes at length
To joy, and light, and day.
- 6 O everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above:
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

The Lord of the Kingdom

WESTMINSTER C. M.

James Turle, 1835

My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thy ma - jes - ty how bright!

How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light! Amen.

- 1 **M**Y God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!
- 2 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!
- 3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 4 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
With me, Thy sinful child.
- 5 O then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee for Thyself,
And for Thy glory's sake!

God, Our Father

BEATITUDO C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1875

Thou, Lord, art love, and ev - 'ry - where Thy name is bright - ly shown,

Be - neath, on earth, Thy foot - stool fair, A - bove, in heav'n, Thy throne. A - men.

1 **T**HOU, Lord, art love, and everywhere
Thy name is brightly shown,

Beneath, on earth, Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven, Thy throne.

2 Thy word is love; in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace;
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The gospel shows Thy face.

3 Thy ways are love; though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind, through darkness, to their end
In everlasting light.

4 Thy thoughts are love; and Jesus is
The living voice they find:
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the eternal Mind.

5 Thy chastisements are love; more deep
They stamp the seal divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

6 Thy heaven is the abode of love;
O blessed Lord, that we
May there, when time's deep shades remove,
Be gathered home to Thee!

ST. CATHERINE Six 8s.

H. F. Hemy and J. G. Walton, 1874

Thou hid-den Love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,

I see from far Thy beau-teous light, In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose;

My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest till it finds rest in Thee. A - men.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden Love of God, whose height, 3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows, That strives with Thee my heart to share?
I see from far Thy beauteous light, Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
Only I sigh for Thy repose; The Lord of every motion there;
My heart is pained, nor can it be Then shall my heart from earth be free,
At rest till it finds rest in Thee. When it has found repose in Thee.
- 2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought 4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
My mind to seek her peace in Thee; To save me from low-thoughted care;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not, Chase this self-will through all my heart,
No peace my wandering soul shall see; Through all its latent mazes there;
O when shall all my wanderings end, Make me Thy duteous child, that I,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend! Ceaseless, may "Abba, Father!" cry.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

STELLA Six 8s.

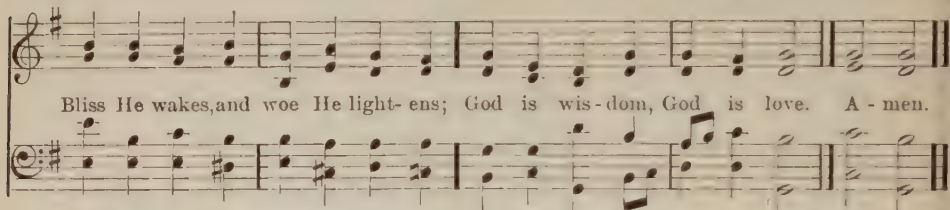
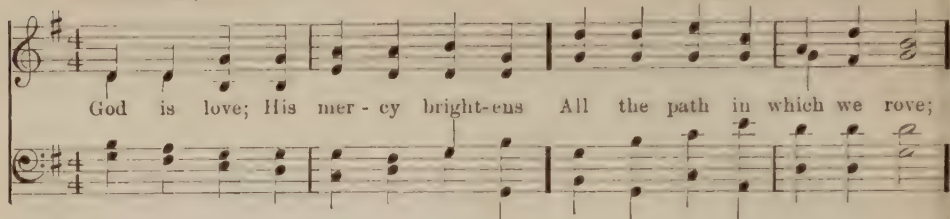
Old English melody, in *Easy Hymn Tunes* 1851

The musical score is written for a six-part setting (Six 8s). It features a treble and bass staff for each of the six parts. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is an old English tune. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: 'Thou art, O God, the Life and Light Of all this won - drous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are but re - flec - tions caught from Thee: Wher - e'er we turn, Thy glo - ries shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine. A - men.'

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God, the Life and Light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,—
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

STUTTGART 8. 7. 8. 7.

Psalmody Sacra, Gotha, 1715



1 GOD is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

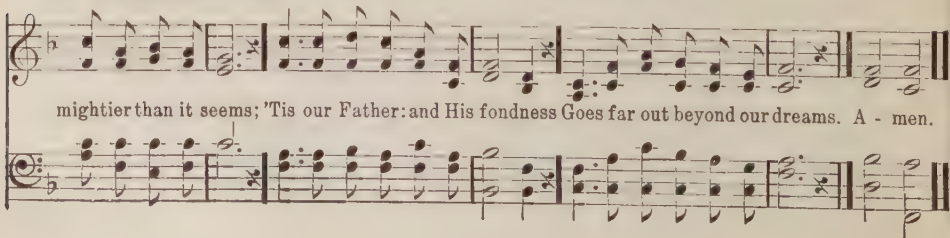
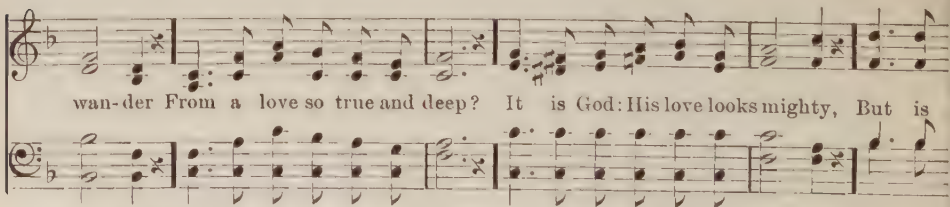
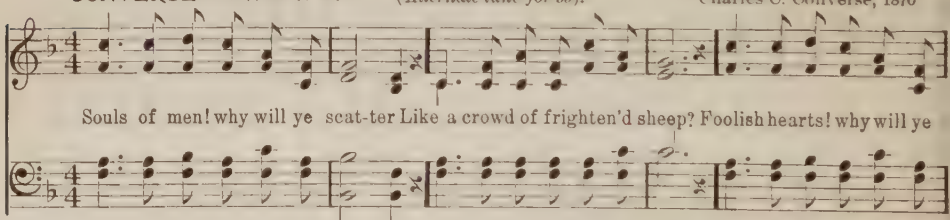
4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring, 1825

CONVERSE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

(Alternate tune for 35).

Charles C. Converse, 1870



ILSLEY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Frank G. Ilesley, 1831-87

Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of fright-en'd sheep?

Fool-ish hearts! why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?

It is God: His love looks might - y, But is might - ier than it seems;

'Tis our Fa - ther: and His fond-ness Goes far out be - yond our dreams. A - men.

1 SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?
It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

2 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss:
For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

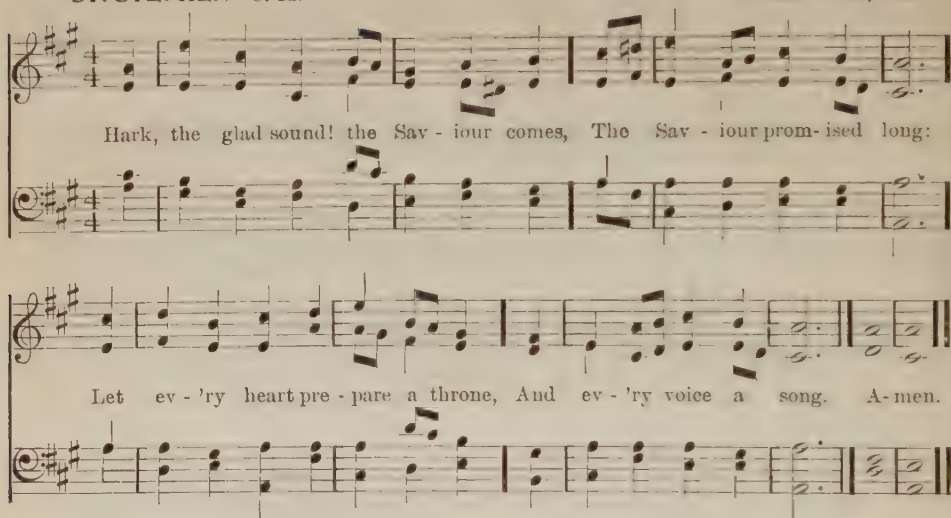
The Lord of the Kingdom

36

Jesus Christ

ST. STEPHEN C. M.

William Jones, 1789.



Hark, the glad sound! the Sav - iour comes, The Sav - iour prom - ised long:

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song. A - men.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from the thick films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge, 1735.

ANTIOCH C. M.

T. Hawkes's *Collection of Tunes*, 1833

Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King, Let ev-ry
heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing! And
And heav'n and na-ture
heav'n and na-ture sing! And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing! A-men.
sing! And heav'n and na-ture sing!

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come:

Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing!

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:

Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy!

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground!
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738

All praise to Thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Clothed in a
 garb of flesh and blood, Choos - ing a man - ger
 for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine a - lone. A - men.

1 **A**LL praise to Thee, eternal Lord,
 Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood,
 Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
 While worlds on worlds are Thine alone!

2 Once did the skies before Thee bow;
 A virgin's arms contain Thee now;
 Angels who did in Thee rejoice
 Now listen for Thine infant voice.

3 A little child, Thou art our guest,
 That weary ones in Thee may rest;
 Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
 That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
 To make us children of the light,
 To make us in the realms divine
 Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.

5 All this for us Thy love hath done;
 By this to Thee our love is won;
 For this we tune our cheerful lays,
 And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

VOM HIMMEL HOCH C. M.

Melody attributed to Luther; *Geistliche Lieder*, Leipzig, 1539

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes! Who is it in yon man-ger lies?

Who is this child so young and fair? The blessed Christ-Child li-eth there. A - men.

1 **G**IVE heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?

Who is this child so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-Child lieth there.

2 Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou must choose Thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed?

3 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

4 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

5 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more their silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song,—

6 "Glory to God in highest heaven.
Who unto man His Son hath given!"
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth.

AVISON 11. 11. 12. 11. With Refrain

William A. Mühlenberg, 1826

Charles Avison, 1710-1770

REFRAIN.

Shout the glad ti - dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing!..... Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes

si - ah is King.
 { 1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the
 2. Tell how He com - eth, from na - tion to na - tion; The heart - cheer - ing
 3. Mortals, your hom - age be grate - ful - ly bring - ing, And sweet let the

High - est, how low - ly His birth; The brightest arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He
 news let the earth ech - o round: How free to the faith - ful He of - fers sal - va - tion, How
 glad - some ho - san - na a - rise! Ye an - gels, the full al - le - lu - ia be sing - ing! One

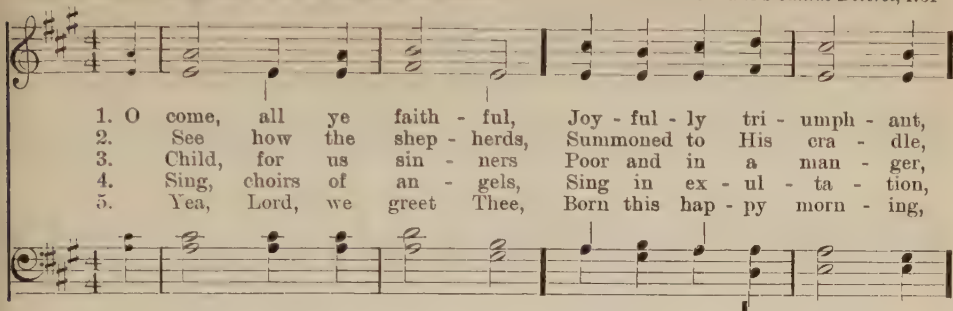
Repeat 1st Refrain. After last verse.

stoops to redeem thee, He reigns up - on earth.
 His peo - ple with joy e'er - last - ing are crowned. } Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing!.....
 cho - rus resound thro' the earth and the skies!

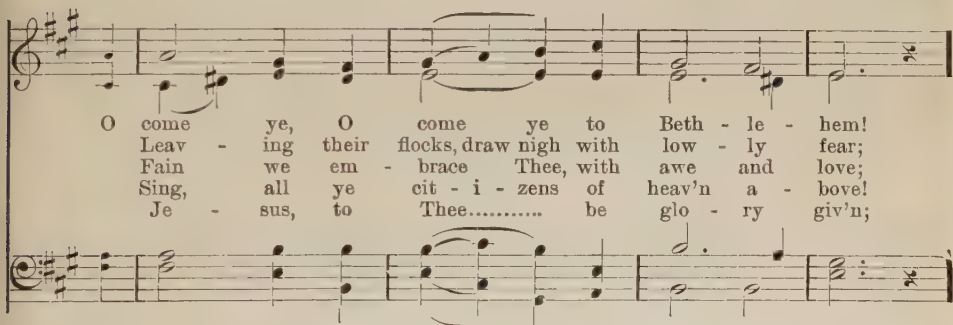
Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King. A - men.

ADESTE FIDELES Irregular

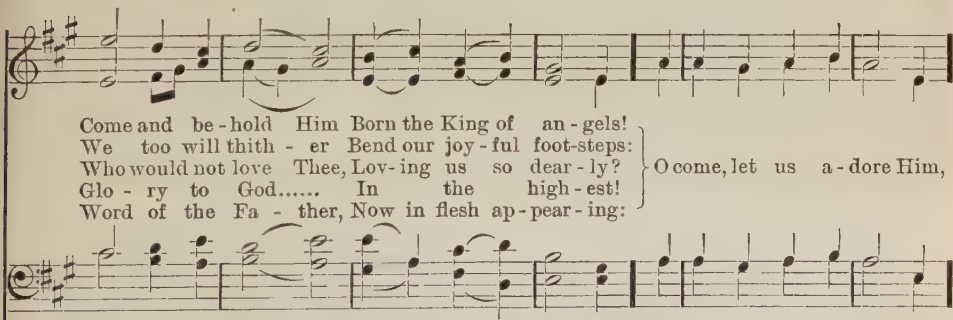
Anon. (Latin, 17th or 18th C.) tr. F. Oakeley and others

Anon J. F. Wade's *Cantus Diversi*, 1751


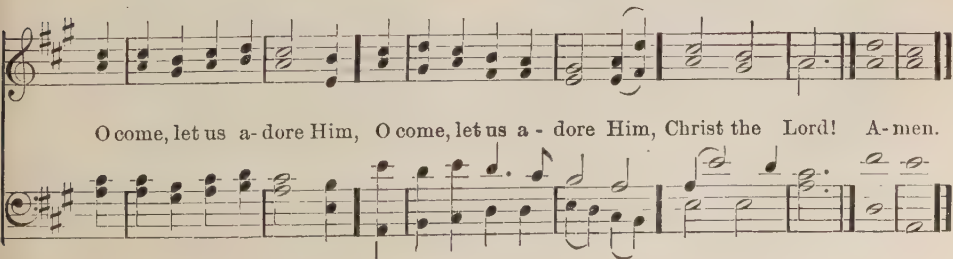
1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful - ly tri - umph - ant,
 2. See how the shep - herds, Summoned to His cra - dle,
 3. Child, for us sin - ners Poor and in a man - ger,
 4. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
 5. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing,



O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem!
 Leav - ing their flocks, draw nigh with low - ly fear;
 Fain we em - brace Thee, with awe and love;
 Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n a - bove!
 Je - sus, to Thee..... be glo - ry giv'n;



Come and be - hold Him Born the King of an - gels!
 We too will thith - er Bend our joy - ful foot-steps:
 Who would not love Thee, Lov - ing us so dear - ly? } O come, let us a - dore Him,
 Glo - ry to God..... In the high - est!
 Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing:



O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord! A - men.

MENDELSSOHN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840
by William H. Cummings, 1850

Hark how all the wel-kin rings, "Glo-ry to the King of kings, Peace on earth, and
mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!" Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
Join the tri-umph of the skies; U-ni-vers-al na-ture, say, "Christ the Lord is
born to-day!" U-ni-vers-al na-ture, say, "Christ the Lord is born to-day!" A-men.

1 **H**ARK how all the welkin rings,
"Glory to the King of kings,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
Universal nature, say,
"Christ the Lord is born to-day!"

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
O to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart!

Charles Wesley, 1739, 43; v. 2, lines 7 and 8 alt.

NOTE.—In 1753 George Whitefield altered the first two lines to—

"Hark the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!"

MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

Let fol - ly praise that fan - cy loves, I praise and love that Child
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word, Whose hand no deed de - filed.
I praise Him most, I love Him best, All praise and love is His;.....
While Him I love, in Him I live, And can - not live a - miss. A - men.

1 **L**ET folly praise that fancy loves,
I praise and love that Child
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no
word,
Whose hand no deed defiled.
I praise Him most, I love Him best,
All praise and love is His;
While Him I love, in Him I live,
And cannot live amiss.

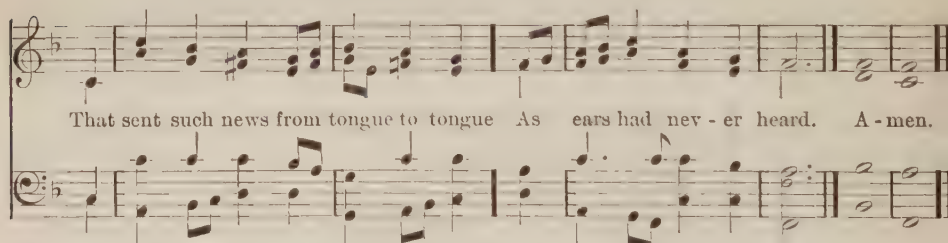
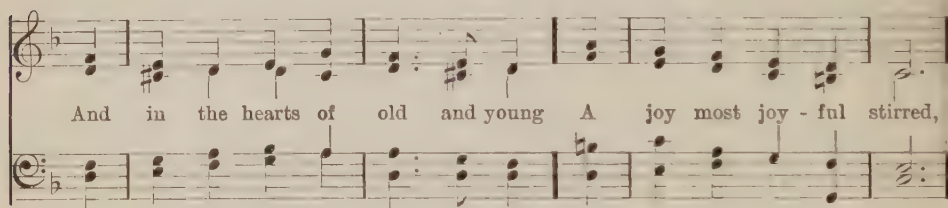
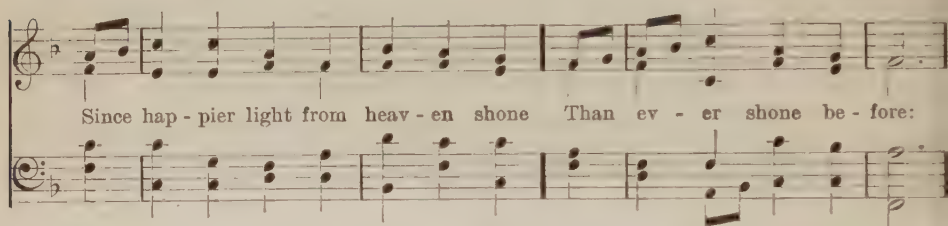
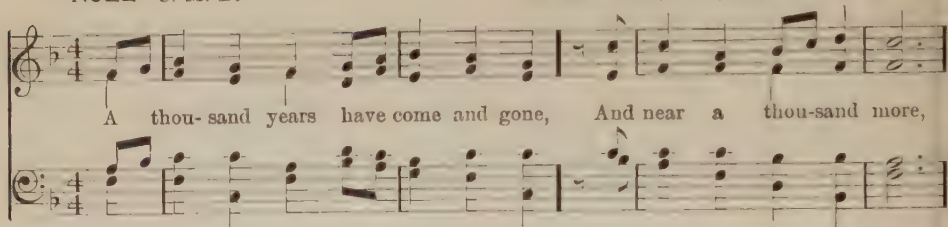
3 Though young yet wise, though small yet
strong,
Though man yet God He is;
As wise He knows, as strong He can,
As God He loves to bless:
His knowledge rules, His strength defends,
His love doth cherish all;
His birth our joy, His life our light,
His death our end of thrall.

2 Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme, 4
Man's most desired light,
To love Him life, to leave Him death,
To live in Him delight.
He mine by gift, I His by debt,
Thus each to other due,
First Friend He was, best Friend He is,
All times will try Him true.

4 Alas, He weeps, He sighs, He pants!
Yet do His angels sing;
Out of His tears, His sighs and throbs,
Doth bud a joyful spring.
Almighty Babe, whose tender arms
Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
Direct me when I die.

NOEL C. M. D.

Traditional Air, arr. by Arthur Sullivan, 1874



1 **A** THOUSAND years have come and gone,
 And near a thousand more,
 Since happier light from heaven shone
 Than ever shone before:
 And in the hearts of old and young
 A joy most joyful stirred,
 That sent such news from tongue to tongue
 As ears had never heard.

2 Then angels on their starry way
 Felt bliss unfelt before,
 For news that men should be as they,
 To darkened earth they bore;
 So toiling men and spirits bright
 A first communion had,
 And in meek mercy's rising light
 Were each exceeding glad.

3 And we are glad, and we will sing,
 As in the days of yore;
 Come all, and hearts made ready bring,
 To welcome back once more
 The day when first on wintry earth
 A summer change began,
 And dawning in a lowly birth,
 Uprose the Light of man.

4 For trouble such as men must bear
 From childhood to fourscore,
 He shared with us, that we might share
 His joy for evermore;
 And twice a thousand years of grief,
 Of conflict, and of sin,
 May tell how large the harvest sheaf
 His patient love shall win.

CAROL C. M. D.

R. Storrs Willis, 1849

It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an-gels bending
near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-
gracious King!" The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the an-gels sing. A - men.

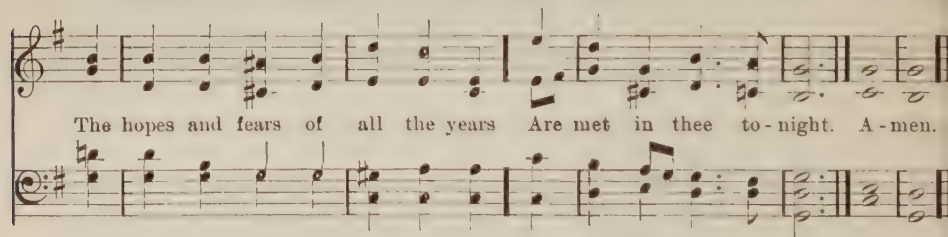
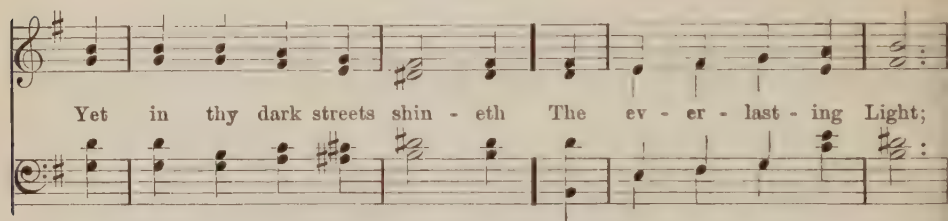
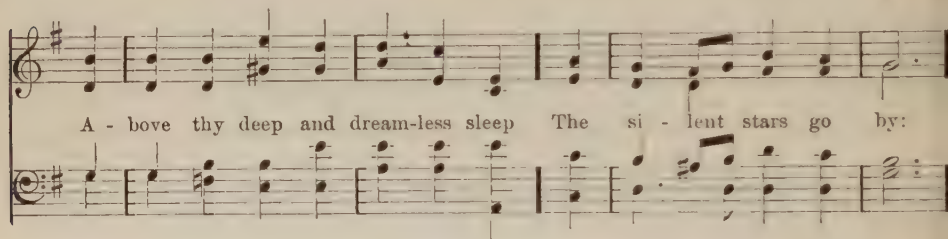
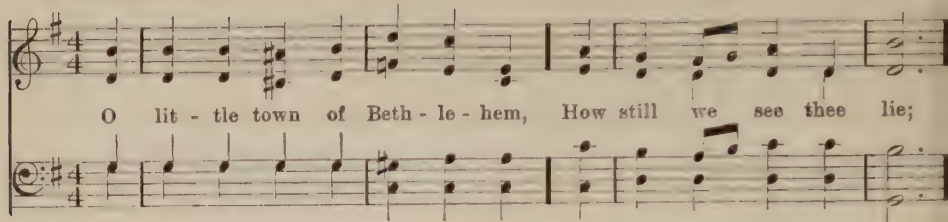
- 1 IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
All still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world,
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er it's Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

- And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!
- 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!
- 5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears, 1850

ST. LOUIS 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

Louis H. Redner, 1868



1 **O** LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessing of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Henry Smart, 1866

An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;

Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth:

Come and wor - ship, come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King! A - men.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King!

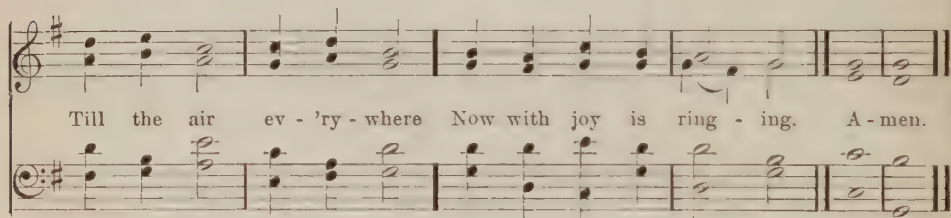
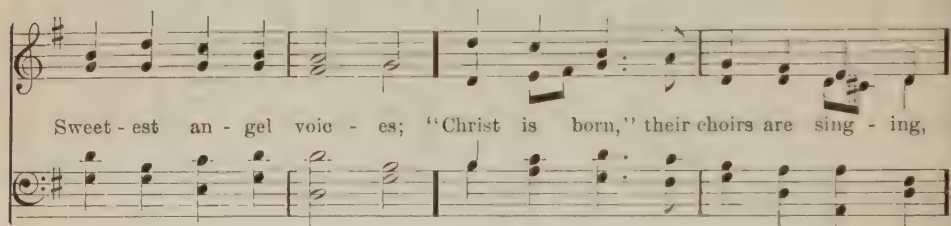
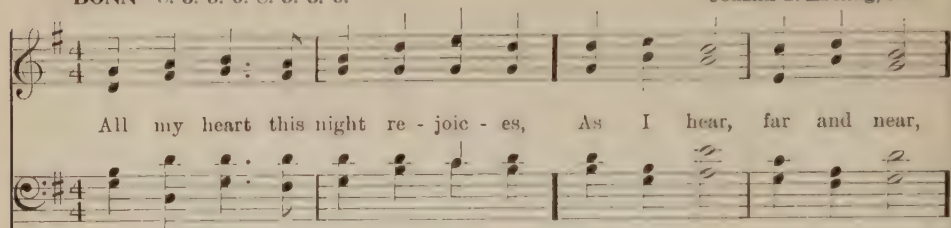
2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the infant Light:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King!

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
 Brighter visions beam afar;
 Seek the great Desire of nations;
 Ye have seen His natal star:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King!

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In His temple shall appear:
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new born King!

BONN 8. 3. 3. 6. 8. 3. 3. 6.

Johann G. Ebeling, 1666



1 **A**LL my heart this night rejoices,
 As I hear,
 Far and near,
 Sweetest angel voices;
 "Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
 Till the air
 Everywhere
 Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
 Soft and sweet
 Doth entreat,
 "Flee from want and danger;
 Brethren come, from all doth grieve you
 You are freed,
 All you need
 I will surely give you."

3 Come then, let us hasten yonder;
 Here let all,
 Great and small,
 Kneel in awe and wonder.

Love Him who with love is yearning;
 Hail the Star
 That from far
 Bright with hope is burning!

4 Hither come, ye poor and wretched;
 Know His will
 Is to fill
 Every hand outstretchèd;
 Here are riches without measure,
 Here forget
 All regret,
 Fill your hearts with treasure.

5 Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee;
 Keep Thou me
 Close to Thee,
 Cast me not behind Thee.
 Life of life, my heart Thou stillest
 Calm I rest
 On Thy breast,
 All this void Thou fillest.

DANIA 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with refrain.

Frank G. Ilsley, 1887

From the east-ern mountains, Press-ing on, they come, Wise men in their wis-dom,
To His hum-bles home; Stirred by deep de - vo - tion, Hast-ing from a - far,
REFRAIN.
Ev - er journ'ying on-ward, Guid-ed by a star. *Light of life that shin-eth*
Ere the worlds be-gan, Draw Thou near, and light-en Ev-ry heart of man. A-men.

1 FROM the eastern mountains,
Pressing on, they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.
Light of life that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.

2 Thou who in a manger,
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar

Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

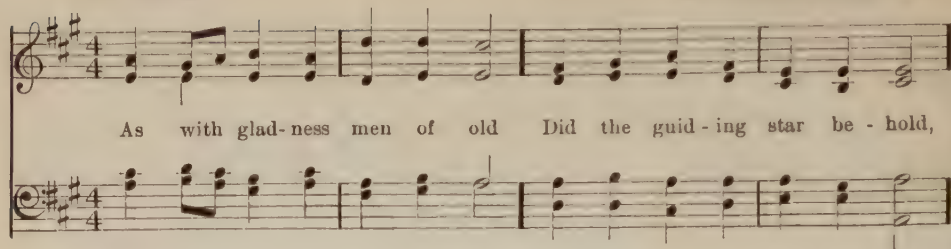
3 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray;
Throw Thy radiance o'er them;
Guide them on their way.
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

4 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

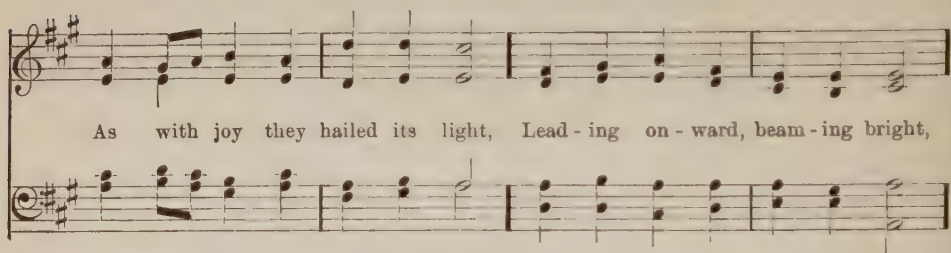
Godfrey Thring, 1873

DIX Six 7s.

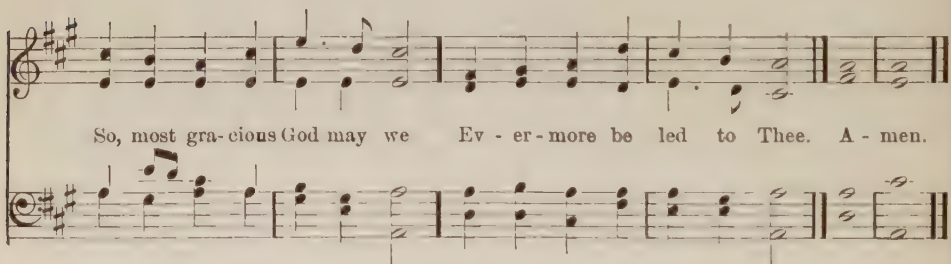
Arr. fr. Conrad Kocher, 1838



As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,



As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,



So, most gra-cious God may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-men.

1 **A**S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

WESLEY 11. 10. 11. 10.

Lowell Mason, 1830

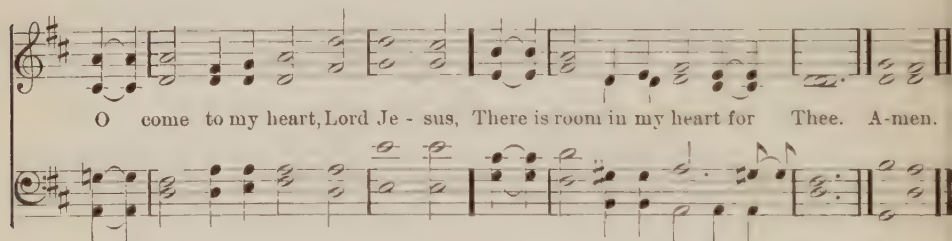
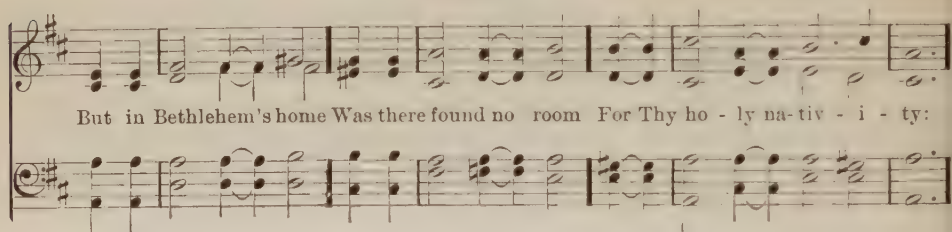
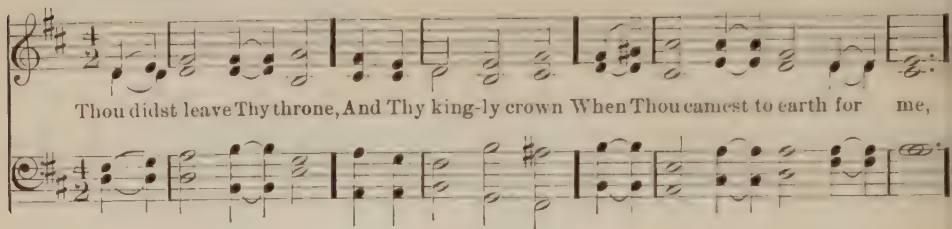
The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the first line of the hymn, the second system contains the second line, and the third system contains the third line. The music is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
dark - ness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a -
dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid! A - men.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gem of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

MARGARET Irregular

Timothy R. Matthews, 1876



1 **T**HOU didst leave Thy throne,
 And Thy kingly crown
 When Thou camest to earth for me,
 But in Bethlehem's home
 Was there found no room
 For Thy holy nativity:
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang
 When the angels sang,
 Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
 But of lowly birth
 Cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
 And in great humility:
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest,
 And the bird its nest,
 In the shade of the cedar tree;
 But Thy couch was the sod,

O Thou Son of God,
 In the deserts of Galilee:
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord,
 With the living word
 That would set Thy children free;
 But with mocking scorn,
 And with crown of thorn,
 They bore Thee to Calvary:
 O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches shall ring,
 And her choir shall sing,
 At thy coming to victory,
 Let Thy voice call me home,
 Saying, "Yet there is room,
 There is room at My side for thee."
 And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
 When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864

MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1841

O Child of low - ly man - ger birth, On whose low cry the a - ges wait,

Lead us Thy way, and ev - ry day Guide us to see what made Thee great. A - men.

- 1 O CHILD of lowly manger birth,
On whose low cry the ages wait,
Lead us Thy way, and every day
Guide us to see what made Thee great.
- 2 O Jesus, Youth of Nazareth,
Preparing for the bitter strife,
Wilt Thou impart to every heart
Thy perfect purity of life?
- 3 O Christ whose words make dear the fields
And hillsides green of Galilee,
Grant us to find, with reverent mind,
The truth Thou saidst should make us free.
- 4 O suffering Lord on Calvary,
Whom love led on to mortal pain,
We know Thy cross is not a loss
If we Thy love shall truly gain.
- 5 O Master of abundant life
From natal morn to victory's hour,
We look to Thee; heed Thou our plea,
Teach us to share Thy ageless power.

ST. AËLRED 8. 8. 8. 3.

John B. Dykes, 1862

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine
anx - ious serv - ants keep, But Thou wast wrapped in
guile - less sleep, Calm and still..... A - men.

1 **F**IERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,—
"Peace, be still!"

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank like a little child to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still!"

ST. SOPHRONIUS 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

Arthur H. Brown, 1868

Fierce was the wild bil - low, Dark was the night,

Oars la - bored heav - i - ly, Foam glim - mered white;

Trem - bled the mar - i - ners, Per - il was nigh;

Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I," A - men.

1 **F**IERCE was the wild billow,
 Dark was the night,
 Oars labored heavily,
 Foam glimmered white;
 Trembled the mariners,
 Peril was nigh;
 Then said the God of God,
 "Peace! It is I."

2 Ridge of the the mountain-wave,
 Lower thy crest!
 Wail of Euroclydon,
 Be thou at rest!

Sorrow can never be,
 Darkness must fly,
 Where saith the Light of Light,
 "Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
 Come Thou to me;
 Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over life's sea;
 Thou, when the storm of death
 Roars, sweeping by,
 Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
 "Peace! It is I."

FILIIUS DEI C. M. D.

Alfred R. Gaul, 1859

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;

It tri-umphed o'er dis-ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave.

To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal-sied and the lame,

The lep-er with his taint-ed life, The sick with fe-vered frame. A-men.

- 1 **T**HINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.
- 2 And-lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light:

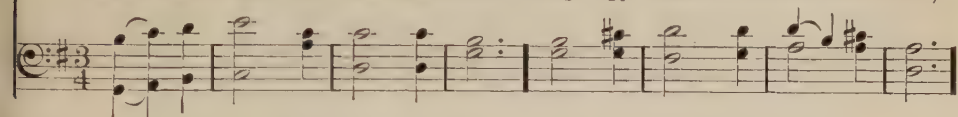
- And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.
- 3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath;
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

ARMSTRONG 7. 7. 5. 7. 7. 5.

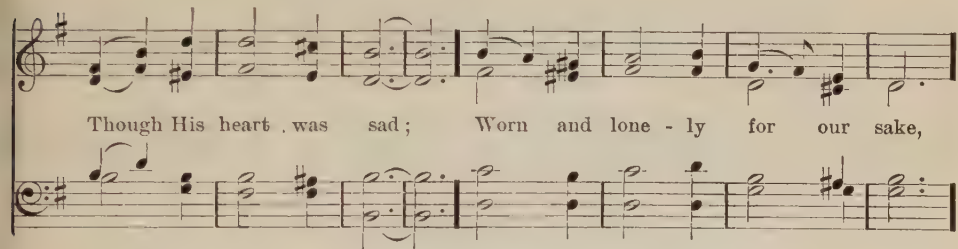
George W. Chadwick, 1888



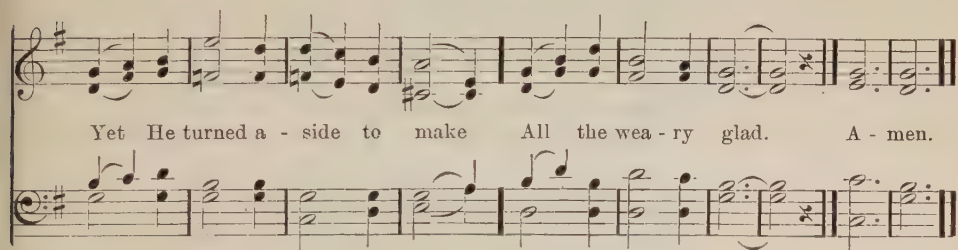
When the Lord of love was here, Hap - py hearts to Him were dear,



Though His heart was sad; Worn and lone - ly for our sake,



Yet He turned a - side to make All the wea - ry glad. A - men.



1 **W**HEN the Lord of love was here,
Happy hearts to Him were dear,
Though His heart was sad;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet He turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

2 Meek and lowly were His ways,
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.

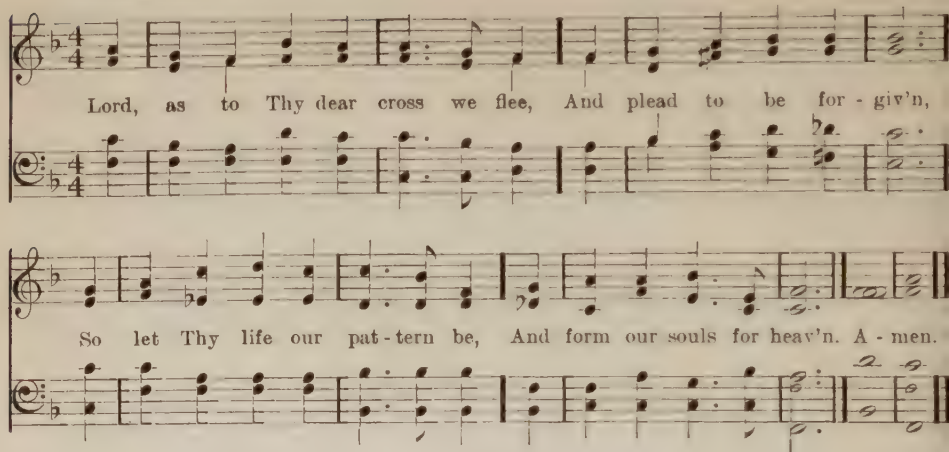
3 When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.

4 Fill us with Thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire,
With the Father's life:
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

5 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love.
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Coffman, 1875



- 1 **L**ORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.
- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

ST. DROSTANE L. M.

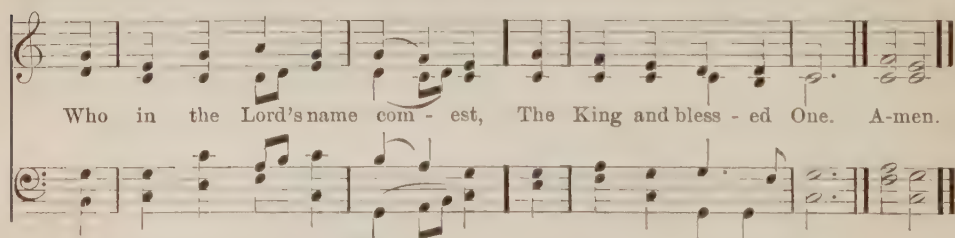
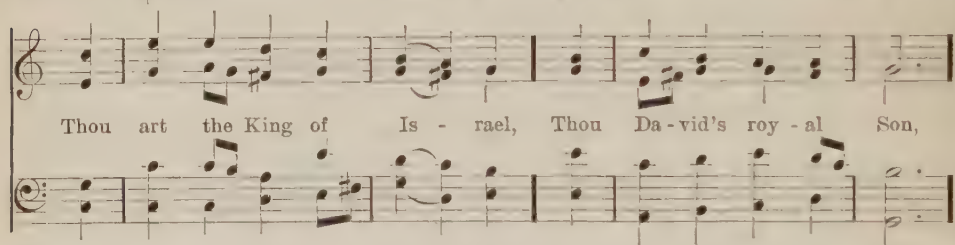
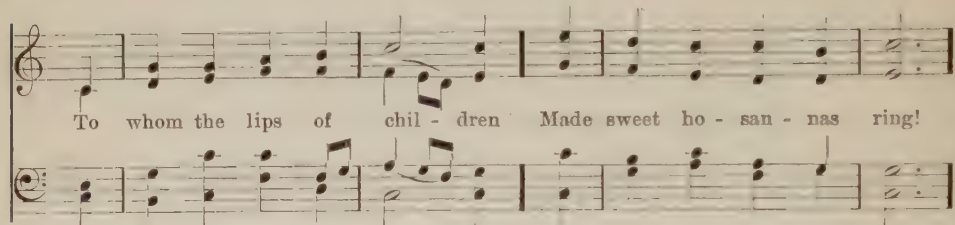
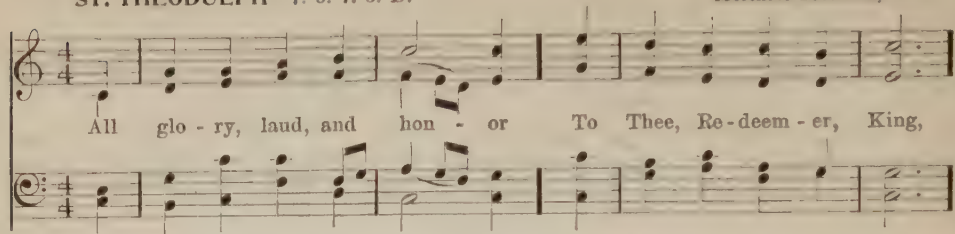
John B. Dykes, 1862

Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho -
 san - na cry; Thine hum - ble beast pur - sues his road
 With palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed. A - men.

- 1 **R**IDE on! ride on in majesty!
 Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
 Thine humble beast pursues his road
 With palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes
 To see th' approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
 The Father on His sapphire throne
 Expects His own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die!
 Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
 Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign!

ST. THEODULPH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Melchior Teschner, 1615



1 **A**LL glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,—
The King and blessed One.

2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

3 To Thee before Thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the praise we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

Theodulph of Orleans, c. 820;
tr. J. M. Neale, 1854, 1858, v. 1 line 1 & v. 3 alt.

ST. ANSELM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph Barnby, 1839

O how shall I re - ceive Thee, How meet Thee on Thy way, Blest
Blest hope...

hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, My soul's de - light and stay?

O Je - sus, Je - sus, give me Now by Thine own pure light,

To know what-e'er is pleas - ing And wel - come in Thy sight. A - men.

1 **O** HOW shall I receive Thee,
How meet Thee on Thy way,
Blest hope of every nation,
My soul's delight and stay?
O Jesus, Jesus, give me
Now by Thine own pure light,
To know what-e'er is pleasing
And welcome in Thy sight.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart to praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare:

Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
I to Thy name the service
Of all my powers will bring.

3 Ye, who with guilty terror
Are trembling, fear no more:
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes, He comes, who sinners
Shall with the children place,
The children of His Father,
The heirs of life and grace.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653; tr. Arthur T. Russell, 1851

ORCHARD. Six 7s.

Arthur H. Mann, (1850-)

Go to dark Geth-se-ma-ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's pow'r;

Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see, Watch with Him one bit-ter hour;

Turn not from His griefs a-way, Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray. A-men.

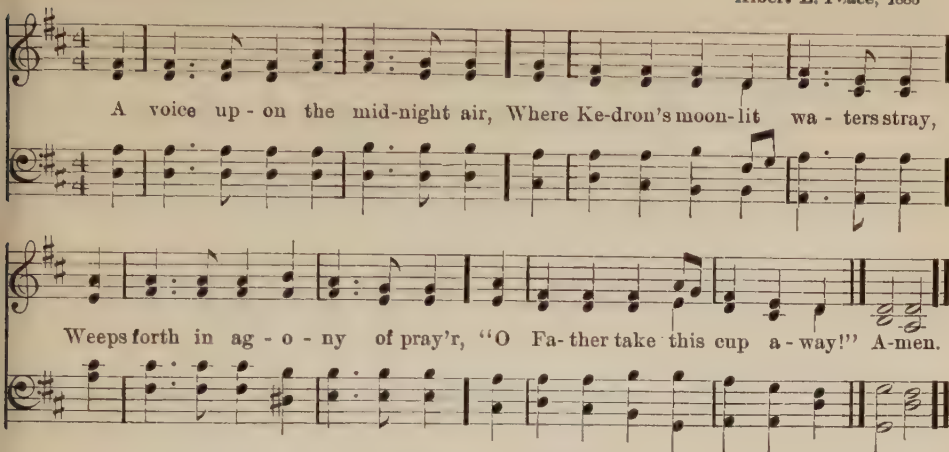
1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see;
 Watch with Him one bitter hour;
 Turn not from His griefs away;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 See Him at the judgment-hall,
 Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;
 See Him meekly bearing all;
 Love to man His soul sustained.
 Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
 Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete;
 "It is finished!" hear Him cry;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

CRUX CRUELIS L. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885



A voice up - on the mid-night air, Where Ke-dron's moon-lit wa - ters stray,
Weeps forth in ag - o - ny of pray'r, "O Fa-ther take this cup a - way!" A-men.

1 **A** VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
"O Father, take this cup away!"

2 Ah! Thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in Thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
"O God, take not this cup away!"

3 O Lord of sorrow, meekly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

4 Great Chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

5 O King of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne;
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms and is Thine own.

6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of Thy love.

CYPRUS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. fr. J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809-47

When my love to Christ grows weak, When for warm - er faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee, Gar - den of Geth - se - ma - ne! A - men.

1 **W**HEN my love to Christ grows weak,
When for warmer faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsesame!

2 There I walk amidst the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades,
Meet my Saviour, friendless, lone,
See Him weep, and hear Him groan.

3 There I watch the agony,
That He underwent for me;
And with pitying love confess,
Ne'er was sorrow like to His.

4 When my love for Christ grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe.

5 There with trembling awe I see
Jesus tortured on the tree,
Hear the scoffers' savage cries,
While for them, for me, He dies.

6 Yes, for me He toiled and bled,
Bowed in death His gracious head;
And to Him my soul shall give
Love and reverence while I live.

STRENGTH AND STAY 11. 10. 11. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1875

My Lord, my Mas - ter, at Thy feet a - dor - ing, I see Thee

bowed be - neath Thy load of woe; For me, a sin - ner,

is Thy life-blood pour-ing; For Thee, my Sav-iour, scarce my tears will flow. A-men.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,
I see Thee bowed beneath Thy load of woe;
For me, a sinner, is Thy life-blood pouring;
For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.
- 2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee;
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came:
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame!
- 3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain:
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
When I am wronged how quickly I complain!
- 4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?
- 5 O Victim of Thy love! O pangs most healing!
O saving death! O wounds that I adore!
O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee kneeling,
I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1861



There's not a grief, how - ev - er light, Too light for sym - pa - thy;



There's not a care, how - ev - er slight, Too slight to bring to Thee. A-men.



1 **T**HERE'S not a grief, however light,
Too light for sympathy;

There's not a care, however slight,
Too slight to bring to Thee.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
For He who bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There's not a secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine,
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's woes without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

REDHEAD 47 7. 7. 7. 7.

Richard Redhead, 1853

When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,

When we mourn the lost, the dear, Gra - cious Son of Ma - ry, hear. A - men.

1 **W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
 Thou hast shed the human tear;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
 For our own departed souls,
 When our final doom is near,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

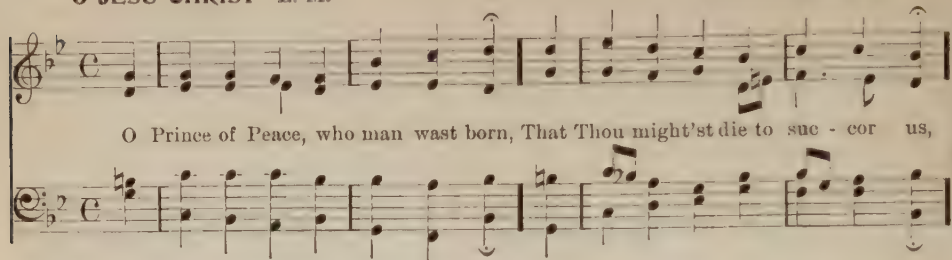
4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
 Thou the blood of life hast shed,
 Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
 With the thought of all its sin,
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
 Though the sins were not Thine own;
 Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

O JESU CHRIST L. M.

Paschasius Reinige, 1587



1 O PRINCE of Peace, who man wast born
That Thou might'st die to succor us,
My foolish tears do not Thou scorn,
But be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

2 Forgive my fears, my wretched moan;
For me it was Thou wroughtest thus;
Thou madest God and man at one;
So be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

3 For all Thou would'st make friend of foe,
Yet will my sin torment me thus;
My heavy guilt hath laid me low;
But be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

4 Give courage now to meet my strife;
Let me not lie in languor thus;
Raise me again to better life,
And be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

5 And when to die it is my day,
Thou, on the cross that died'st for us,
Leave me not then in that hard fray,
But be my comfort, Christ Jesus.

HESPERUS L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866

Lord Je - sus, when we stand a - far And gaze up -

on Thy ho - ly cross, In love of Thee, and

scorn of self, O may we count the world as loss. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee, and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss.
- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.
- 3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below,
- 4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

ROCKINGHAM OLD L. M.

Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790

When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of
glo-ry died, My rich-est gain I count but loss,
And pour con-tempt on all my pride. A-men.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

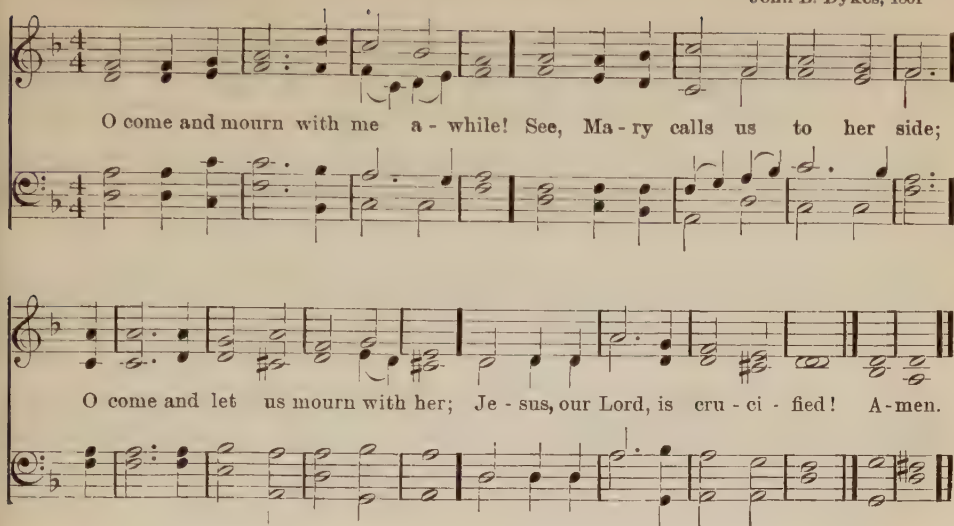
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ST. CROSS L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1861



O come and mourn with me a - while! See, Ma - ry calls us to her side;

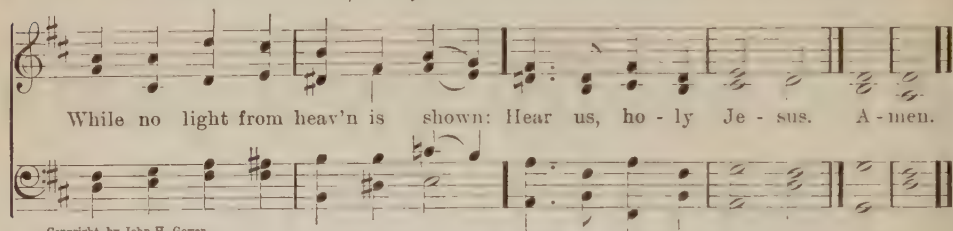
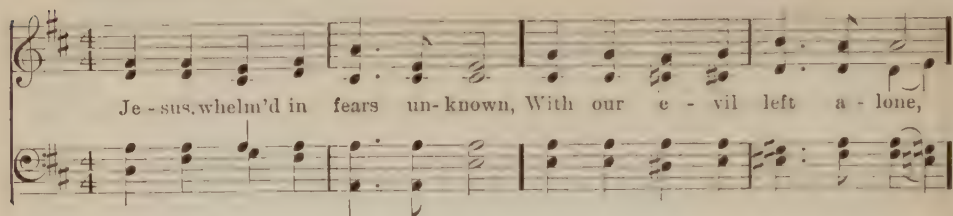
O come and let us mourn with her; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied! A - men.

- 1 O COME and mourn with me awhile!
See, Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 3 Found guilty of excess of love,
It was Thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 6 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love:
For He, our Lord, is crucified!

Frederick W. Faber, 1849; last line of each verse alt.

GOWER'S LITANY 7. 7. 7. 6.

John H. Gower, 1890



Copyright, by John H. Gower.

1 JESUS, whelm'd, in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,

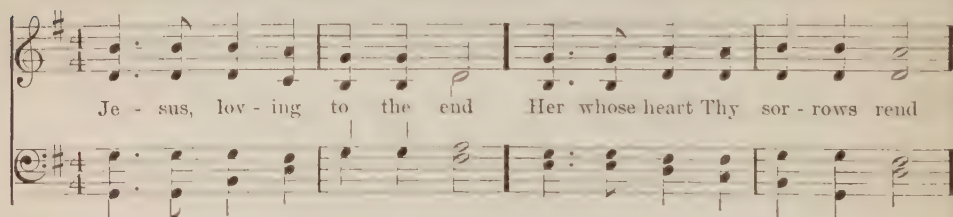
In the darkness be our stay:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

Thomas B. Pollock, 1870

THE SEVEN WORDS 7. 7. 7. 6.

Arr. by Arthur Sullivan, 1874



1 JESUS, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,

And enjoy Thy tender care:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

Thomas B. Pollock, 1870

NIGHTFALL 11. 11. 11. 5.

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast Thou of - fend - ed, That man to

judge Thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,

Slower.
by Thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed! A - men.

1 **A**H, holy Jesus, how hast Thou offended,
That man to judge Thee hath in hate pretended?
By foes derided, by Thine own rejected,
O most afflicted!

2 Who was the guilty? who brought this upon Thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone Thee;
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied Thee,
I crucified Thee.

3 For me, kind Jesus, was Thine incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and Thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish and Thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

4 Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay Thee,
I do adore Thee, and will ever pray Thee
Think on Thy pity and Thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

ST. CHRISTOPHER 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker, 1881

Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,

The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land,

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,

From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day. A - men.

1 **B**ENEATH the cross of Jesus
 I fain would take my stand,
 The shadow of a mighty rock
 Within a weary land,
 A home within the wilderness,
 A rest upon the way,
 From the burning of the noontide heat,
 And the burden of the day.

2 Upon that cross of Jesus
 Mine eye at times can see
 The very dying form of One
 Who suffered there for me;

And from my smitten heart with tears
 Two wonders I confess,—
 The wonders of His glorious love
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow
 For my abiding-place;
 I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face,—
 Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss,
 My sinful self my only shame,
 My glory all the cross.

PASSION CHORALE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Hans Leo Hassler, 1601;
Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1719

O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown!
How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn! A - men.

1 O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown!
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place,
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

ST. OLAVE Six 6s.

Joseph Barnby, 1838-96

Thy life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed, That I might ran-som'd be,

And quicken'd from the dead: Thy life was giv'n for me; What have I giv'n for Thee? A - men.

1 **T**HY life was given for me,
 Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
 That I might ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead:
 Thy life was given for me;
 What have I given for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
 In weariness and woe,
 That through eternity
 Thy glory I might know:
 Long years were spent for me;
 Have I spent one for Thee?

3 And Thou hast brought to me
 Down from Thy home above
 Salvation full and free,
 Thy pardon and Thy love;
 Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
 What have I brought to Thee? .

4 O let my life be given,
 My years for Thee be spent,
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent!
 Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
 I give myself to Thee.

Jesus Christ

RATHBUN 8. 7. 8. 7.

Ithamer Conkey, 1851

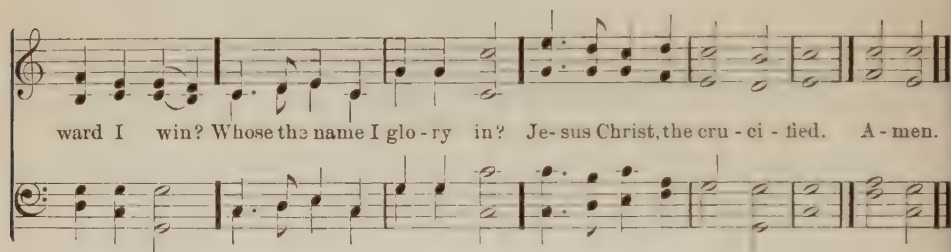
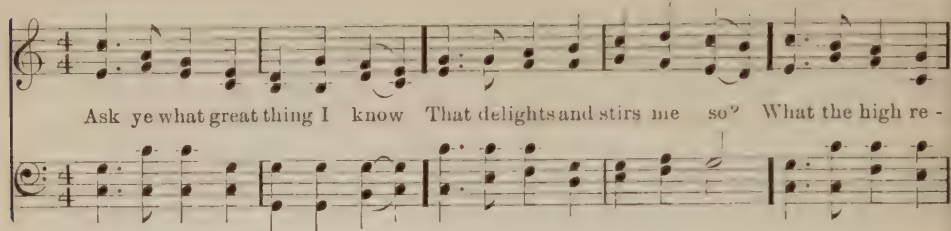
In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime. A - men.

- 1 **I**N the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime,
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

ESSEX Five 7s.

Thomas Clark, 1805



1 **A**SK ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

2 Who is He that makes me wise
To discern where duty lies?
Who is He that makes me true,
Duty, when discerned, to do?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right,
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so:
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,—
Jesus Christ, the crucified.

VICTORY 8. 8. 8. with alleluia.

Arr. fr. Giovanni Palestrina, 1588

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;

The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

- 1 **T**HE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!
- 2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!
- 3 The three sad days have quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!
- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!
- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

EASTER HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7. with alleluia

Arr. from *Lyra Davidica*, 1708

"Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day," Al - le - lu - ia!

Sons of men and an - gels say; Al - le - lu - ia!

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!

Sing, ye heav'ns and earth re - ply. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

1 "CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"

Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heavens and earth reply.

2 Lives again our glorious King:
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Dying once, He all doth save:
 Where thy victory, O grave?

3 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won;

Death in vain forbids Him rise;
 Christ has opened Paradise.

4 Soar we now, where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 King of glory, Soul of bliss,
 Everlasting life is this,
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

ST. ALBINUS 7. 8. 7. 8. 4.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852

Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can, O death, no more ap - pal me; Je - sus

lives! by this I know From the grave He will re - call me. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

1 JESUS lives! thy terrors now
 Can, O death, no more appal me;
 Jesus lives! by this I know
 From the grave He will recall me.
 Alleluia!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
 Entrance into life immortal;
 This shall calm my trembling breath
 When I pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for me He died;
 Then must I, to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart and act abide,
 Praise to Him and glory giving.
 Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! my heart knows well
 Nought from me His love shall sever;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
 Part me now from Christ forever.
 Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
 Over all the world is given;
 I shall go where He is gone,
 Live and reign with Him in heaven.
 Alleluia!

FORTUNATUS Five 11s.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

“Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say: Hell to-day is vanquish'd; heav'n is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv-ing, God for-ev-er-more! Him their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore. “Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say. A-men.

- 1 “WELCOME, happy morning!” age to age shall say:
 Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.
 Lo! the Dead is living, God forevermore!
 Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.
 “Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.
- 2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
 All good gifts return with her returning King;
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
 Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
 Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
 Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
 Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
 Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.
 “Welcome, happy morning!” age to age shall say.
- 4 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
 All that now is fallen, raise to life again;
 Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
 Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee.
 Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

Venantius H. O. Fortunatus (c. 530-609) arr. tr. John Ellerton, 1868

LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart, 1836

The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth tell it out a - broad;

The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God!

From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - men.

1 **T**HE day of resurrection!
 Earth tell it out abroad;
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God!
 From death to life eternal,
 From this world to the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light,

And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail!" and hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain!

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
 Let earth her song begin,
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein;
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend,
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus viii C.; tr. John M.
 Neale, 1862: v. I, line 1 alt.

CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Handel, 1728

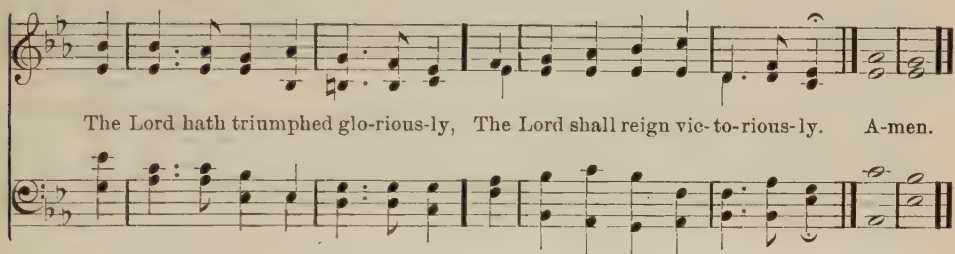
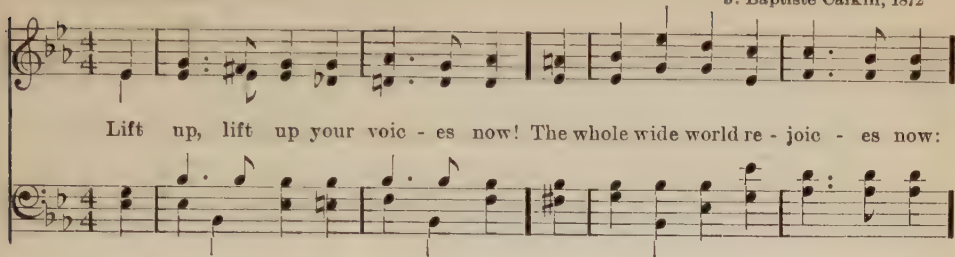
I say to all men, far and near, That
He is ris'n a - gain; That He is with us, now and here,
And ev - er shall re - main, And ev - er shall re - main. A - men.

- 1 I SAY to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again;
That He is with us, now and here,
And ever shall remain.
- 2 And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.
- 3 Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a fatherland;
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.
- 4 The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.
- 5 The way of darkness that He trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to His word
Shall reach His Father's home.

G. F. P. von Hardenberg, 1802;
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872



- 1 **L**IFT up, lift up your voices now!
The whole wide world rejoices now:
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
The Lord shall reign victoriously.
- 2 In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard:
Majestic from the spoilt tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.
- 3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe,
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.
- 4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.
- 5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light:
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

ST. KEVIN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

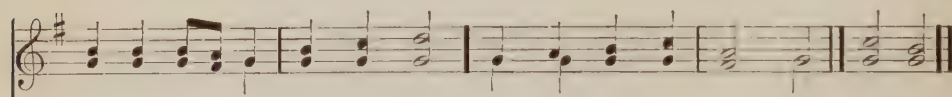
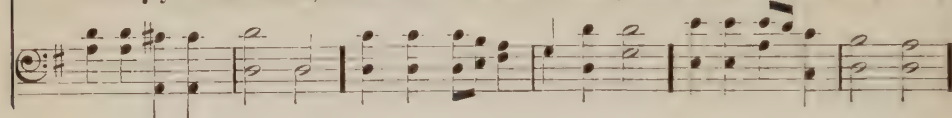
Arthur Sullivan, 1872



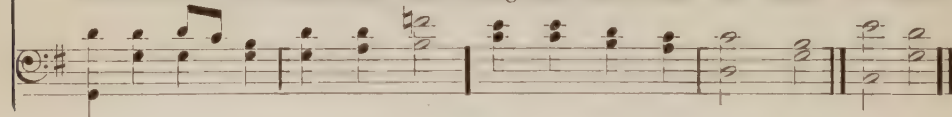
Come ye faithful, raise the strain Of triumphant gladness! God hath brought His Is-ra-el



In- to joy from sad-ness, Loosed from Pha-raoh's bitter yoke Jacob's sons and daugh-ters,



Led them with un- moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A - men.



1 COME ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness,
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Felice de Giardini, 1769

Rise, glo - rious Con - qu'ror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies!

As - sume Thy right! And where in ma - nya fold The clouds are back - ward rolled,

Pass through the gates of gold, And reign in light! A - men.

1 **R**ISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
 Into Thy native skies!
 Assume Thy right!
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward rolled,
 Pass through the gates of gold,
 And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
 Cherubic legions swell
 The radiant train;
 Praises all heaven inspire;
 Each angel sweeps His lyre,
 And claps His wings of fire,
 Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God!
 No feet but Thine have trod
 The serpent down.

Blow the full trumpets, blow!
 Wider yon portals throw!
 Saviour triumphant, go
 And take Thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah, hail!
 And let Thy name prevail
 From age to age;
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage.

5 And then was heard afar
 Star answering to star:
 "Lo, these have come,
 Followers of Him who gave
 His life their lives to save;
 And now their palms they wave,
 Brought safely home."

ST. PATRICK 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

He is gone: a cloud of light Has re-ceived Him from our sight;

High in heaven where eye of men Fol-lows not, nor an-gels' ken,

Through the veils of time and space Passed in-to the ho-liest place,—

All the toil, the sor-row done, All the bat-tle fought and won. A-men.

1 **H**E is gone: a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight;
High in heaven where eye of men
Follows not, nor angels' ken,
Through the veils of time and space
Passed into the holiest place,—
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone: and we remain
In this world of sin and pain;
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do;
We can still His path pursue,
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

3 He is gone: we heard Him say,
"Good that I should go away,"
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be:
No, His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

4 He is gone: toward their goal
World and church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast;
Still His words before us range
Through the ages, as they change,
Whereso'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

MENDELSSOHN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840
by William H. Cummings, 1850

Hail the day that sees Him rise Rav-ished from our wish-ful eyes! Christ, a-while to

mor-tals giv'n Re-as-cends His na-tive heav'n. There the pompous triumph waits:

"Lift your heads, e-ter-nal gates, Wide un-fold the radiant scene, Take the King of

glo-ry in! Wide un-fold the radiant scene, Take the King of glo-ry in!" A-men.

1 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given
Re-ascends His native heaven.
There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in!"

2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love,
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race!

3 Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.
Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1739, arr.

The Lord of the Kingdom

PRÆTORIUS C. M.

Harmoniae hymnorum scholae Gorticensis, 1599

The gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pened wide,

The King of glo - ry is gone in Un - to His Fa-ther's side. A-men.

- 1 THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds:
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we sojourn here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;
- 5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Jesus Christ

CORONA C. M.

Elizabeth R. Barker, (1829-)

The head that once was crowned with thorns Is crowned with glo - ry now;

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;

A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light,

3 The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given,—
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,—
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,—
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

BETHANY (Smart) 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart, 1867

See, the Conqu'ror mounts in tri-umph! See the King in roy-al state

Rid-ing on the clouds, His char-iot, To His heav'n-ly pal-ace gate!

Hark! the choirs of an-gel voic-es Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,

And the por-tals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heav'n-ly King. A-men.

1 **S**EE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph!
 See the King in royal state
 Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
 To His heavenly palace gate!
 Hark! the choirs of angel voices
 Joyful alleluias sing,
 And the portals high are lifted
 To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?
 Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He has gained the victory;

He who on the cross did suffer,
 He who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature
 In the clouds to God's right hand;
 There we sit in heavenly places,
 There with Thee in glory stand:
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels,
 Man with God is on the throne;
 Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
 We by faith behold our own.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

CORONÆ 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

William H. Monk, 1871

Look, ye saints! the sight is glo-rious: See the Man of sor-rows now;

From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to him shall bow:

Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow. A-men.

- 1 **L**OOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious: 2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
 See the Man of sorrows now; Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 From the fight returned victorious, In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 Every knee to Him shall bow: While the vault of heaven rings:
 Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Crowns become the Victor's brow. Crown the Saviour King of kings.

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His name:
 Crown Him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 O what joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him,
 King of kings, and Lord of lords!

DIADEMATA S. M. D.

George J. Elvey, 1868

Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne:

Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,

And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne:
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love:
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

DARWALL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

John Darwall, 1770

Re - joice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King a - dore, Mor -

tals, give thanks, and sing, And tri-umph ev - er - more: Lift up your heart,

lift up your voice; Re - joice; a - gain I say, re - joice. A - men.

1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King;
 Your Lord and King adore,
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

2 His Kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven,
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

3 He all His foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy,
 And every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11.

Arr. fr. J. Michael Haydn, 1737-1806

Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His
won-der-ful name; The name all vic-to-rious, of Je-sus ex-tol;
His king-dom is glo-rious, and rules o-ver all. A-men.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh—His presence we have.
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son.
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

MILES' LANE C. M.

William Shrubsole, 1779

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A - men.

- 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,

- Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord af all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1779, 80: v. 1, line 4. alt.
v. 4, recast, v. 5, added, John Rippon, 1787

CORONATION C. M.

(Alternate Tune)

Oliver Holden, 1793

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord..... of all. A-men.

NUN DANKET ALL C. M.

Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1653

Slowly and majestically

Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en-thron'd Up - on our Sov-'reign's brow;
His head with ra - dant glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow. A-men.

1 **M**AJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon our Sovereign's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

2 No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6 Since from His bounty I receive,
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Samuel Stennett, 1787; verse 1, line 2 alt.
The original is: "Upon His awful brow."

ORTONVILLE C. M.

(Alternate Tune)

Thomas Hastings, 1837

Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en-thron'd Up - on our Sov-'reign's brow; His head with radiant
glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow. A - men.

SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860

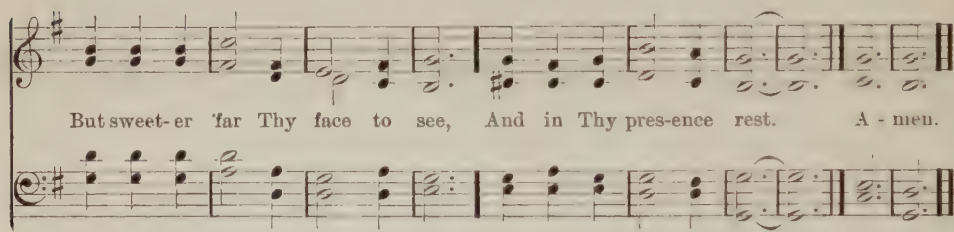
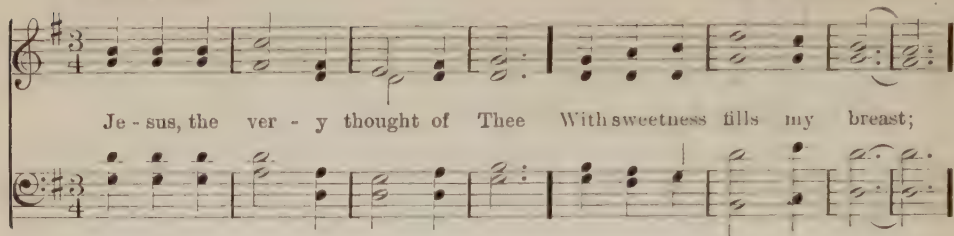
Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - dant form of Thine;

The veil of sense hangs dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine. A - men.

- 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.
- 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.

LAMBETH C. M.

Wilhelm Schulthes, 1871

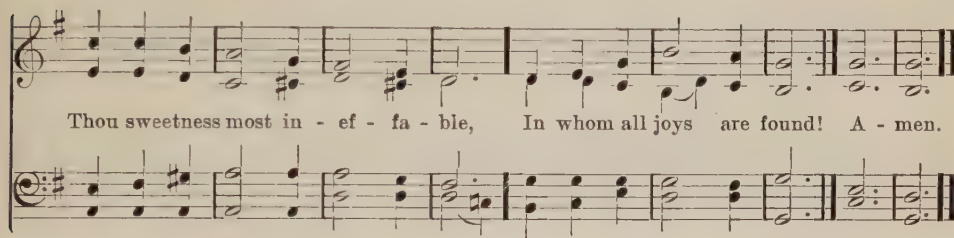
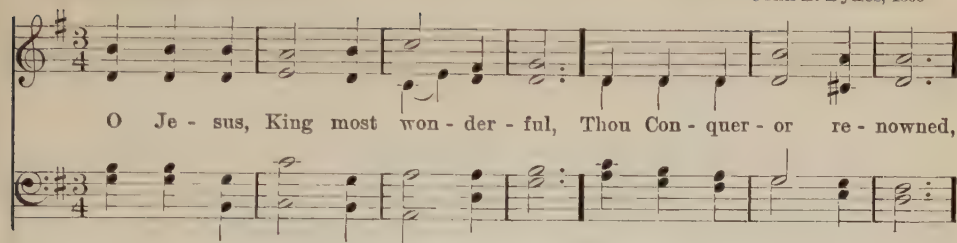


- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, (1091-1153);
tr. Edward Caswail, 1849

ST. AGNES C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1866



1 **O** JESUS, King most wonderful,
 Thou Conqueror renowned,
 Thou sweetness most ineffable,
 In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine,
 Then earthly vanities depart,
 Then kindles love divine.

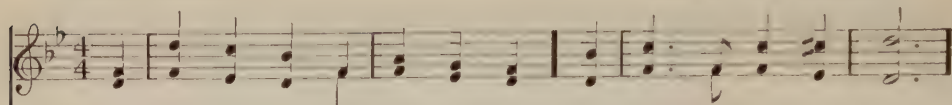
3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
 Thou Fount of life and fire,
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire!

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
 And ever Thee adore;
 And seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine own.

HOLY CROSS C. M.

Adapted fr. Thos. Hastings, 1832



Je - sus, I love Thy charm-ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;



Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heav'n should hear. A - men.



1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
 'Tis music to mine ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust;
 Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
 In Thee doth richly meet;
 Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

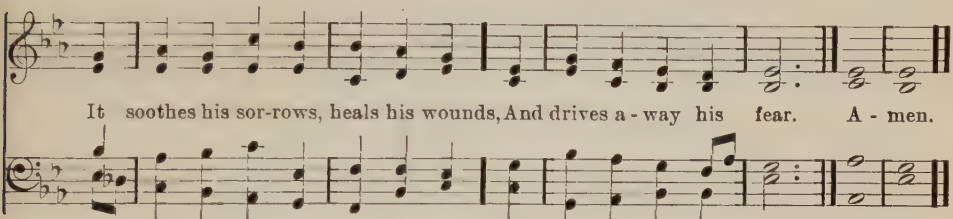
4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there,—
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1836



How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!



It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A - men.

1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

NICOLAI 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 8. 4. 4. 8.

Philip Nicolai, 1599

{ How bright - ly shines the Morn - ing Star! What ray di - vine streams
Bright beam of God which scat - ters night, And guides the wan-d'ring

from a - far! God's glo - ry there is shin - ing. } Je - sus,
soul a - right, Which aft - er truth is pin - ing!}

God's Word, truth re - veal - ing, Sor - row heal - ing, Soothe our sigh -

ing, Dry our tears, and end our dy - ing. A - men.

1 **H**OW brightly shines the Morning Star!
What ray divine streams from afar!
God's glory there is shining.
Bright beam of God, which scatters night,
And guides the wandering soul aright,
Which after truth is pining!
Jesus, God's Word, truth revealing,
Sorrow healing,
Soothe our sighing,
Dry our tears, and end our dying.

2 My comfort here, my joy above,
Man's Son, Son of the Father's love,
Enthroned in highest heaven,
With my whole heart Thy praise I sing;
To Thee, our Prophet, Priest and King,

Be endless honors given.
Saviour, to Thee, trusting, clinging,
Come I bringing
Soul and spirit,
Thee, my portion, to inherit.

3 Aid me, my God, to sing Thy praise,
Thine ageless love, Thy matchless grace,
In Christ, our Lord, appearing.
When such a gift God gave for thee,
When such a brother true is He,
Why still my soul be fearing?
Choose Him, know Him, greatest, dearest,
Best and nearest,
To befriend thee
'Gainst all foes who may offend thee.

SCHÖNSTER HERR JESU 5. 6. 8. 5. 5. 8.

German, arr. by R. Storrs Willis, 1850

Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,

O Thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish,

Thee I will hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown. A - men.

1 FAIREST Lord Jesus,
 Ruler of all nature,
 O Thou of God and man the Son!
 Thee will I cherish,
 Thee will I honor,
 Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
 Fairer still the woodlands,
 Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
 Jesus is fairer,
 Jesus is purer,
 Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
 Fairer still the moonlight,
 And all the twinkling, starry host;
 Jesus shines brighter,
 Jesus shines purer,
 Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Anon. (German, xvii C. or earlier,) tr. Anon. 1850

LAUDES DOMINI Six 6s.

Joseph Barnby, 1865

When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r

To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.

1 WHEN morning gilds the skies,
 My heart awaking cries,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Alike at work and prayer
 To Jesus I repair:
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

2 When evil thoughts molest,
 With this I shield my breast,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 The powers of darkness fear,
 When this sweet chant they hear,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 In want and bitter pain,
 None ever said in vain,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 The night becomes as day,
 When from the heart we say,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 In heaven's eternal bliss
 The loveliest strain is this,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 The fairest graces spring,
 In hearts that ever sing,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Let earth's wide circle round
 In joyful notes resound,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Let air and sea and sky,
 From depth to height, reply,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 Be this, while life is mine,
 My canticle divine,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!
 Be this th' eternal song
 Through all the ages on,
 May Jesus Christ be praised!

EDINA 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Herbert S. Oakley, 1868

Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, List - en while we sing, Hearts and voic - es

rais - ing Prais - es to our King; All we have we of - fer, All we hope to

be, Bod - y, soul and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A - men.

1 SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
 Listen while we sing,
 Hearts and voices raising
 Praises to our King;
 All we have we offer,
 All we hope to be,
 Body, soul and spirit,
 All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer
 Christ, we draw to Thee,
 Deep in adoration
 Bending low the knee;
 Thou for our redemption
 Cam'st on earth to die,
 Thou, that we might follow,
 Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
 Are Thy mercies here;
 True and everlasting
 Are the glories there,
 Where no pain nor sorrow,
 Toil nor care is known,
 Where the angel-legions
 Circle round Thy throne.

4 Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
 Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God,
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
 Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won.

LOVE DIVINE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

George F. Le Jeune, 1872

Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down;

Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:

Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art;

Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart. A - men.

(Alternate tune:—Beecher No. 340)

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down;
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown:
 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love Thou art;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley, 1747

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Mediaeval French Melody xii C.

Unison.

Je - sus! name of won - drous love, Name all oth - er names a - bove,

Un - to which must ev - 'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

- 1 JESUS! name of wondrous love,
Name all other names above,
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.
- 2 Jesus! name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall His people save."
- 3 Jesus! name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.
- 4 Jesus! only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 5 Jesus! name of wondrous love,
Human name of God above:
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

GOUNOD 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Charles F. Gounod, 1872

One there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:

They, who once His kind - ness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A - men.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They, who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

- 2 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

- 3 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

CONSTANCE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arthur Sullivan, 1875

I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
For I am His, and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er. A - men.

1 I'VE found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven:
Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No: I am His for ever.

SERENITY C. M.

Arr. fr. W. V. Wallace, 1814-1865

Im - mor - tal Love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow - ing free,
 For - ev - er shared, for - ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea! A - men.

- 1 IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
 Forever flowing free,
 Forever shared, forever whole,
 A never-ebbing sea!
- 2 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down;
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For Him no depths can drown.
- 3 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.
- 4 The healing of His seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain;
 We touch Him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.
- 5 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame;
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His name.
- 6 Our Lord and Master of us all,
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

YORK C. M.

The cl Psalmes Edinburgh, 1615

Blow, winds of God, a - wake and blow The mists of earth a - way!

Shine out, O Light di - vine, and show How wide and far we stray! A - men.

- 1 **B**LOW, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!
- 2 Thou judgest us; Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.
- 3 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.
- 4 Who hates, hates Thee, who loves becomes
Therein to Thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.
- 5 So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.
- 6 Alone, O Love ineffable,
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869

O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once ap-pear'dst in

hum-blest guise be - low, Sin to re - buke, to break the cap-tive's chain,

To call Thy breth - ren forth from want and woe,— A - men.

1 O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
 Who once appear'dst in humblest guise below,
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
 To call Thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

2 Thee would I sing: Thy truth is still the light
 Which guides the nations groping on their way,
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes, Thou art still the life; Thou art the way
 The holiest know,— light, life, and way of heaven;
 And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
 Toil by the truth, life, way that Thou hast given.

VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

John B. Dykes, 1863

p I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
mf Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
cres.
p I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,
cres.
cres. I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary and worn and sad,
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy days be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.

BLAIRGOWRIE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John B. Dykes, 1872

I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,

Whose pre - cious blood re - deemed me At such tre - men - dous cost;

Thy right - eous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be

My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea. A - men.

1 I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

3 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange, deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

4 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. fr. J. Michael Haydn, (1737-1806)

O One with God the Fa-ther In ma-jes-ty and might, The Brightness of His
glo-ry, E-ter-nal Light of light, O'er this our home of dark-ness Thy
rays are streaming now; The shadows flee be-fore Thee, The world's true Light art Thou. A-men.

1 **O** ONE with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The Brightness of His glory,
Eternal Light of light,
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before Thee,
The world's true Light art Thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes.
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee, our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

ST. THOMAS 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

J. F. Wade's, *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

Je - sus came, the heav'ns a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;

Je - sus came for man's re - demp - tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

1 JESUS came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to heart rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glad our hearts, and dries our tears:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing
Till the dawn of endless day.

ST. RAPHAEL 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1862

Je - sus, ho - liest, tend'rest, dear - est, Love - liest, low - liest, most sub - lime!

Glo - rious King of kings, yet near - est To Thy peo - ple through all time,

Still a - bid - ing Might - y in each age, each clime! A - men.

1 JESUS, holiest, tenderest, dearest,
 Loveliest, lowliest, most sublime!
 Glorious King of kings, yet nearest
 To Thy people through all time,
 Still abiding
 Mighty in each age, each clime!

2 Change, so potent through the ages,
 Hath put forth no power on Thee;
 Sages have supplanted sages,
 Thrones have been and ceased to be;
 Still Thou teachest,
 Still abides Thy sovereignty.

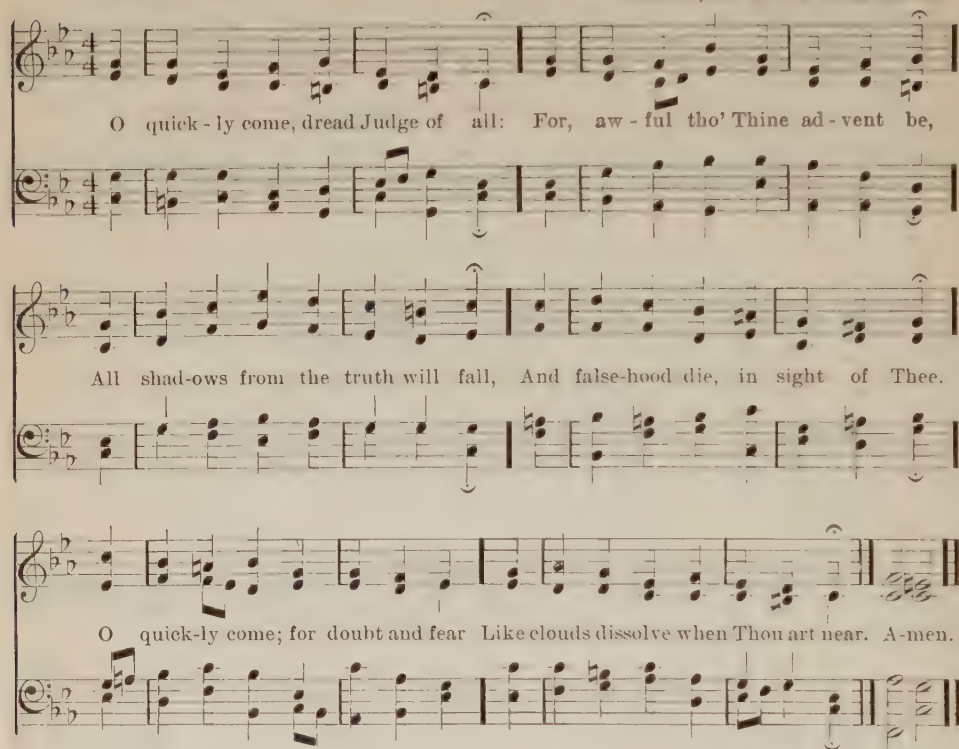
3 Ages pass, but Thou maintainest
 Thy sweet sway, Lord Jesus, now;
 Freedom grows, but still Thou reignest;

Light spreads round, still shinest Thou:
 Souls most lofty
 To Thy gracious sceptre bow.

4 Never was our Helper nearer
 In the strife with sin and wrong,
 Never was our Brother dearer,
 Never was our King more strong;
 Never held'st Thou
 Fuller sway o'er life and song.

5 Still the same but more victorious,
 With a wider, deeper sway;
 Lord than yesterday more glorious,
 King more mighty than to-day;
 Thus for ever!
 More our life, our strength, our stay!

VATER UNSER Six 8s.

Geistliche Lieder, Leipzig, 1539;
Harmony arr. fr. J. S. Bach, 1685-1750


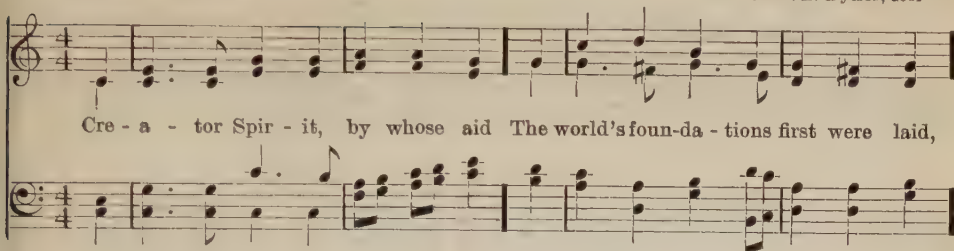
O quick-ly come, dread Judge of all: For, aw-ful tho' Thine ad-vent be,
All shad-ows from the truth will fall, And false-hood die, in sight of Thee.
O quick-ly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near. A-men.

- 1 **O** QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all:
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee.
O quickly come; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.
- 2 O quickly come, great King of all:
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin.
O quickly come; for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.
- 3 O quickly come, true Life of all:
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found.
O quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.
- 4 O quickly come, sure Light of all:
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day.
O quickly come; for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

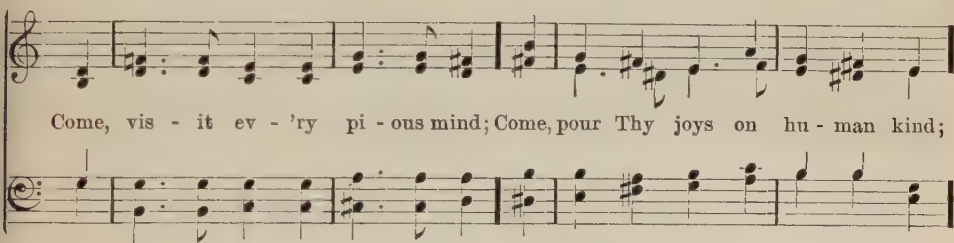
The Holy Spirit

MELITA Six 8s.

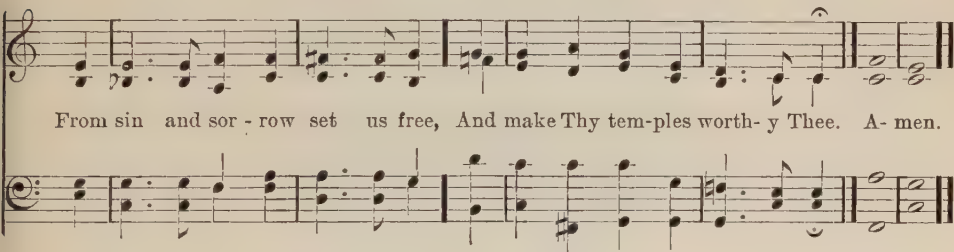
John B. Dykes, 1861



Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by whose aid The world's foun-da - tions first were laid,



Come, vis - it ev - 'ry pi - ous mind; Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind;



From sin and sor - row set us free, And make Thy tem-ples worth - y Thee. A - men.

1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Thou Strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth com-
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe, [mand;
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow:

2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

4 And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Anon, x C. or earlier (Latin);
tr. John Dryden, 1693

ST. CUTHBERT 8. 6. 8. 4.

John B. Dykes, 1861

Our blest Re-deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare - well,

A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be-queathed With us to dwell. A - men.

- 1 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Gra-cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee, we co - vet most

Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heav'n-ly love. A - men.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge— all things— empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

6 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

ST. STEPHEN C. M.

William Jones, 1789

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - men.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys,
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

BEDFORD C. M.

William Wheall, c. 1723

En - dur - ing Soul of all our life, In whom all be - ings blend,

Un - chang - ing Peace 'mid storm and strife, Our Par - ent, Home, and End, — A - men.

- 1 **E**NDURING Soul of all our life,
In whom all beings blend,
Unchanging Peace 'mid storm and strife,
Our Parent, Home, and End,—
- 2 Through Thee the worlds, with all they bear,
Their mighty courses run;
Through Thee the heavens are passing fair,
And splendor clothes the sun.
- 3 The thoughts that move the heart of man
And lift his soul on high,
The skill that teaches him to plan
With wondrous subtlety,—
- 4 These are Thy thoughts, almighty Mind;
This skill is Thine, O Lord,
Who dost by hidden influence bind
All powers in sweet accord.
- 5 No noble work was e'er begun
Which came not first from heaven;
No living deed was ever done
Without Thine impulse given.
- 6 O fill us now, Thou living Power,
With energy divine;
Thus shall our wills from hour to hour
Become not ours, but Thine.

MERCY 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. fr. Louis M. Gottschalk, 1854

Ho - ly Spir - it, truth di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;

Word of God, and in - ward light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight. A - men.

1 **H**OLY Spirit, truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine,
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, right divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

6 Holy Spirit, joy divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
"Spring, O Well, for ever spring!"

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

The Holy Spirit

HERR JESU CHRIST L. M.

Melody from *Pensum Sacrum*
(Görlitz, 1648). Adapted by J. S. Bach

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, My sin - ful mal - a - dies re - move;

Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide, O'er ev - 'ry tho't and step pre - side. A - men.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
My sinful maladies remove;
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose my way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God;
Lead me to Christ, the living way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray.
- 4 Lead me to means of grace, where I
May own my wants and seek supply;
Lead to Thyself, the Spring from whence
To fetch all quickening influence.
- 5 Thus I, conducted still by Thee,
Of God a child beloved shall be;
Here to His family pertain,
Hereafter with Him ever reign.

STOBEL 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Old German Melody in Havergal's
Old Church Psalmody, 1847

Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from a - bove

Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred gifts im - part

To glad - den each sad heart: O come to - day. A - men.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless,
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

REDHEAD 76 Six 7s.

Richard Redhead, 1853

Gra-cious Spir - it, dwell with me: I my - self would gra - cious be;

And, with words that help and heal, Would Thy life in mine re - veal;

And, with act-ions bold and meek, Would for Christ my Sav- iour speak. A - men.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell within me:
 I myself would gracious be;
 And, with words that help and heal,
 Would Thy life in mine reveal;
 And, with actions bold and meek,
 Would for Christ my Saviour speak,

3 Silent Spirit, dwell with me:
 I myself would quiet be,
 Quiet as the growing blade,
 Which through earth its way hath made
 Silently, like morning light,
 Putting mists and chills to flight.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me:
 I myself would truthful be;
 And, with wisdom kind and clear,
 Let Thy life in mine appear;
 And, with actions brotherly,
 Speak my Lord's sincerity.

4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me:
 I myself would mighty be,
 Mighty so as to prevail
 Where unaided man must fail;
 Ever by a mighty hope,
 Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me:
 I myself would holy be;
 Separate from sin, I would
 Choose and cherish all things good,
 And whatever I can be,
 Give to Him who gave me Thee.

Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10.

Frederick C. Atkinson, c. 1870

Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from earth; through

all its puls-es move; Stoop to my weak-ness, might-y as Thou art,

And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - men.

1 **S**PIRIT of God, descend upon my heart;
 Wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;
 Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
 And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies,
 No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
 No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
 But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
 Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
 To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
 Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

4 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
 One holy passion filling all my frame,—
 The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
 My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

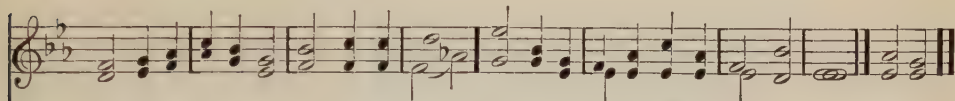
George Croly, 1854

BREAD OF LIFE 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

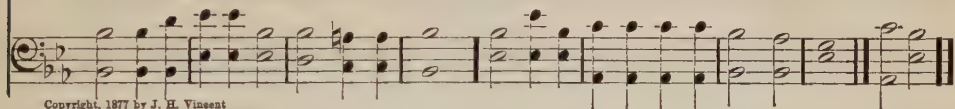
William F. Sherwin, 1877



Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea.



Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O liv-ing Word. Amen.



Copyright, 1877 by J. H. Vincent

1 **B**REAK Thou the bread of life
 Dear Lord, to me,
 As Thou didst break the loaves
 Beside the sea.
 Beyond the sacred page
 I seek Thee, Lord;
 My spirit pants for Thee,
 O living Word!

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
 To me, to me,
 As Thou didst bless the bread
 By Galilee;
 Then shall all bondage cease,
 All fetters fall,
 And I shall find my peace,
 My all in all.

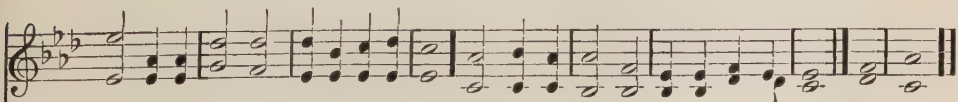
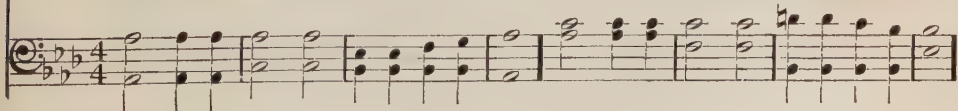
Mary A. Lathbury, 1880

ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10. (*Alternate tune for 131*)

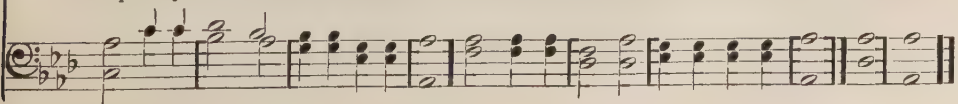
Edward J. Hopkins, 1869



Spir - it of God, de-scend upon my heart; Wean it from earth; thro' all its pulses move;

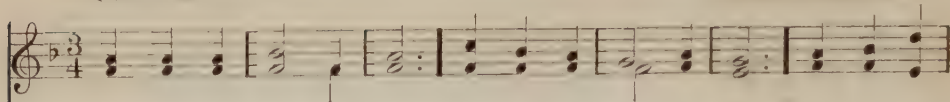


Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - men.



TRENTHAM S. M.

Robert Jackson, 1894



Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new, That I may



love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do. A - men.



1 **B**REATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

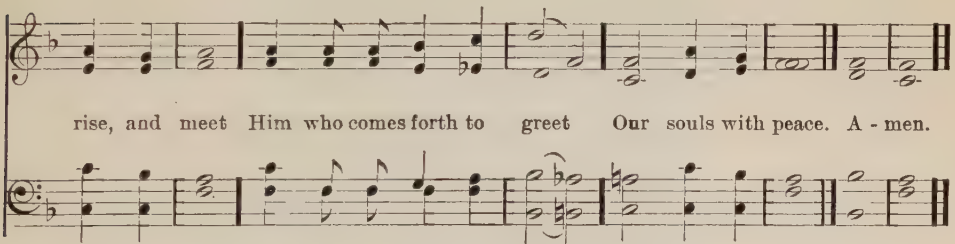
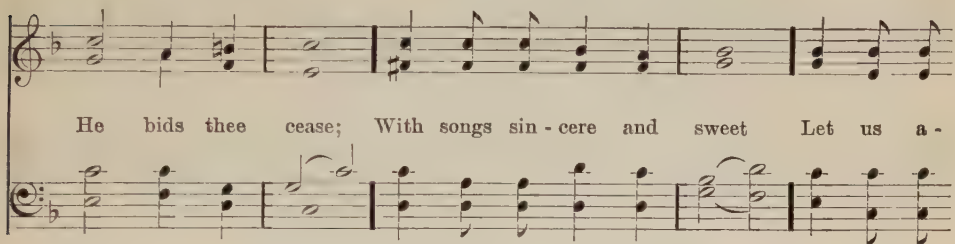
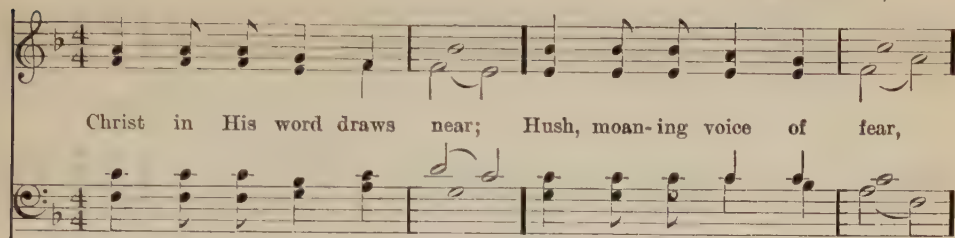
2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glow with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

KIRBY BEDON 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Edward Bunnett, 1887



1 CHRIST in His word draws near;
 Hush, moaning voice of fear,
 He bids thee cease;
 With songs sincere and sweet
 Let us arise, and meet
 Him who comes forth to greet
 Our souls with peace.

2 Rising above thy care,
 Meet Him as in the air,
 O weary heart:
 Put on joy's sacred dress;
 Lo, as He comes to bless,
 Quite from thy weariness
 Set free thou art.

3 For works of love and praise
 He brings thee summer days,
 Warm days and bright;
 Winter is past and gone,
 Now He, salvation's Sun,
 Shineth on every one
 With mercy's light.

4 From the bright sky above,
 Clad in His robes of love,
 'Tis He, our Lord!
 Dim earth itself grows clear,
 As His light draweth near:
 O let us hush and hear
 His holy word.

WARRINGTON L. M.

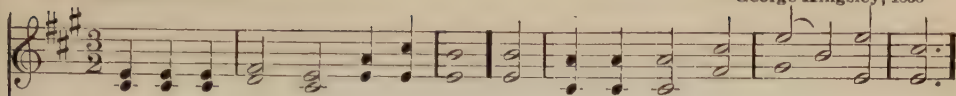
Ralph Harrison, 1784

The heav'ns declare Thy glo-ry, Lord; In ev-'ry star Thy wisdom shines; But when our
eyes be-hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair-er lines. A-men.

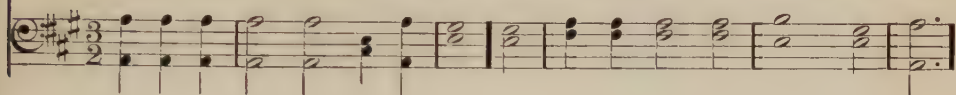
- 1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

WARE L. M.

George Kingsley, 1838



God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun - sels known,



Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines. A - men.



- 1 GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known,
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name,
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains,
The weary rest from all his pains,
The captive feel his bondage cease,
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875

Lamp of our feet, where - by we trace Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav'ller's way; A - men.

1 **L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read,
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son:—
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

4 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must unseal.

5 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

SPRINGTIME C. M.

William H. Monk, 1823-89



The Spir - it breathes up - on the word, And brings the truth to sight;



Pre-cepts and prom - is - es af - ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light. A - men.



1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

MUNICH 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Meinungisches Gesang-Buch, 1693

O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,

O Truth un-changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky,

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

1 **O** WORD of God incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky,
 We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our foot-steps,
 Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket,
 Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of purest gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light, as of old.
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

The Kingdom of God

140

The Church

AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864

The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

1 **T**HE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

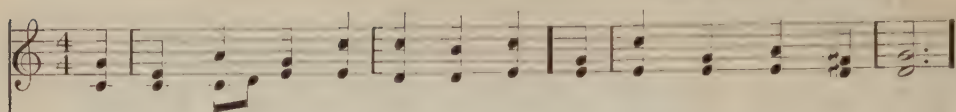
3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With Father, Spirit, Son,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

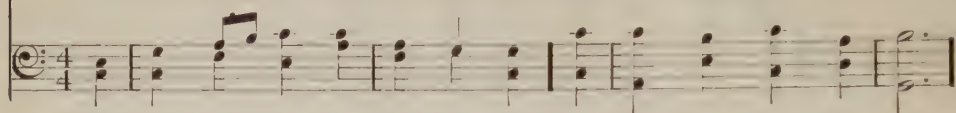
Samuel J. Stone, 1866; (text of 1872)

ST. ANNE C. M.

Ascribed to William Croft, 1708



O where are kings and em-pires now Of old that went and came?



But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet, A thou-sand years the same. A-men.



1 O WHERE are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875

Cit - y of God, how broad and far Out-spread thy walls sub-lime!

The true thy char-tered free - men are Of ev - 'ry age and clime. A - men.

1 CITY of God, how broad and far
 Out-spread thy walls sublime!
 The true thy chartered freemen are
 Of every age and clime.

2 One holy Church, one army strong,
 One steadfast high intent,
 One working band, one harvest-song,
 One King omnipotent!

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
 From man's primeval youth!
 How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of freedom, love and truth!

4 How gleam thy watchfires through the night
 With never-fainting ray!
 How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
 To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands:
 Unharm'd upon th' eternal Rock
 Th' eternal city stands.

STATE STREET S. M.

Jonathan C. Woodman, 1844

I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood. A - men.

- 1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love!

The fel - low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove. A - men.

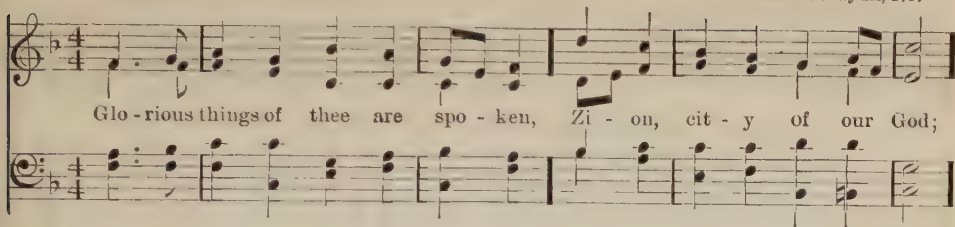
- 1 **B**lest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Lord of our life and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our
night and Hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy
Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - men.

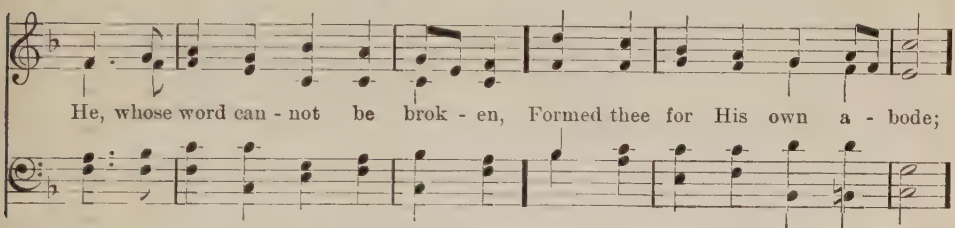
- 1 **L**ORD of our life and God of our salvation,
Star of our night and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.
- 2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.
- 3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevai-leth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.
- 4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
Send us, O Saviour.
- 5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

AUSTRIAN HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

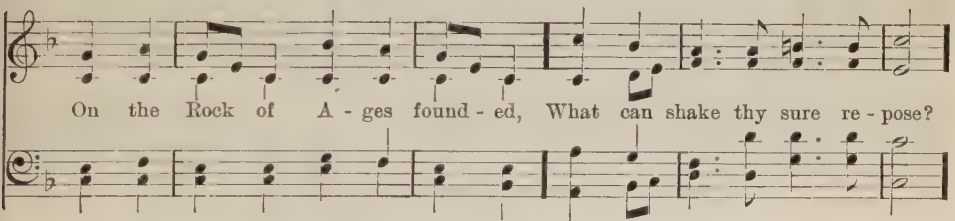
Franz J. Haydn, 1797



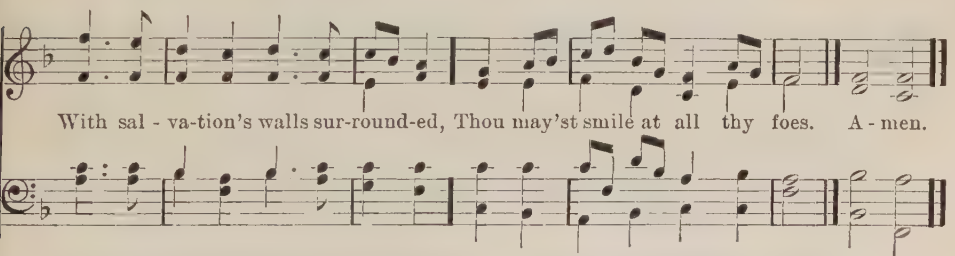
Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;



He, whose word can - not be brok - en, Formed thee for His own a - bode;



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A - men.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage,
 Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near;
 Thus deriving from their banner,
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.
 'Tis His love His people raises
 Over self to reign as kings:
 And as priests, His solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

John Newton, 1779

EIN' FESTE BURG 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 7.

Martin Luther, 1529

{ A might - y for-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing; }
 { Our help - er He a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing; }

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and

pow'r are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual. A - men.

1 **A** MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our helper He amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing;
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work us woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And, armed with cruel hate,
 On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing:
 Dost ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He;
 Lord Sabaoth His name,
 From age to age the same,
 And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us:
 The prince of darkness grim—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo, his doom is sure,
 One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
 No thanks to them, abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through Him who with us sideth:
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is for ever.

RUDOLFSTADT Six 10s.

Old German melody arr. by Charles L. Safford, 1909

E - ter-nal Ruler of the ceaseless round Of circling planets singing on their way,
 Guide of the nations from the night profound In - to the glo - ry of the per-fect day,
 Rule in our hearts that we may ever be Guided and strengthen'd and up-held by Thee. A - men.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
 Of circling planets singing on their way,
 Guide of the nations from the night profound
 Into the glory of the perfect day,
 Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
 Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.
- 2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
 The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son;
 Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
 Into our hearts, that we may be as one,
 As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;
 As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.
- 3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
 One in our love of all things sweet and fair;
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,
 One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
 One in the power that makes Thy children free
 To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.
- 4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armor, Lord,
 Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;
 Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
 We ask no victories that are not Thine:
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
 Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

ST. CATHERINE Six 8s.

Henry F. Hemy and J. G. Walton, 1874

Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire and sword,

O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo - rious word!

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death. A - men.

- 1 FAITH of our fathers, living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.
- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, should die for thee:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.
- 3 Faith of our fathers, we will strive
To win all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then indeed be free:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.
- 4 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM Six 8s.

Joseph Barnby, 1871

God of the liv - ing, in whose eyes Un - veiled Thy whole cre -

a - tion lies, All souls are Thine;— we must not say

Slower.

That those are dead who pass a - way; From this our world of

flesh set free, We know them liv - ing un - to Thee. A - men.

- 1 **G**OD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,
All souls are Thine;— we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.
- 2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their
All Thine, and yet most truly ours; [powers,
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.
- 3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair

Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree:
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

- 4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.
- 5 O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee.

NUN FREUT EUCH 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Melody by Martin Luther in Joseph Klug's
Geistliche Lieder, Wittenberg, 1535

{ We come un - to our fa - thers' God, Their Rock is our sal - va - tion; }
 { Th'e - ter - nal arms, their dear a - bode, We make our hab - i - ta - tion; }

We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought, We seek Thee as Thy
 saints have sought In ev - 'ry gen - e - ra - tion. A - men.

- 1 WE come unto our fathers' God,
 Their Rock is our salvation;
 Th' eternal arms, their dear abode
 We make our habitation;
 We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
 We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
 In every generation.
- 2 The fire divine, their steps that led,
 Still goeth bright before us;
 The heavenly shield, around them spread,
 Is still high holden o'er us;
 The grace those sinners that subdued,
 The strength those weaklings that renewed,
 Doth vanquish, doth restore us.
- 3 The cleaving sin that brought them low
 Are still our souls oppressing,
 The tears that from their eyes did flow
 Fall fast, our shame confessing;
 As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
 So our strong prayer ascends on high,
 And bringeth down Thy blessing.
- 4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
 Their song to us descendeth;
 The Spirit who in them did sing
 To us His music lendeth:
 His song in them, in us, is one;
 We raise it high, we send it on,—
 The song that never endeth.
- 5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
 The same sweet theme endeavor;
 Unbroken be the golden chain!
 Keep on the song for ever!
 Safe in the same dear dwelling place,
 Rich with the same eternal grace,
 Bless the same boundless Giver.

SARUM 10. 10. 10. 4.

Joseph Barnby 1869

For all Thy saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by

faith be - fore the world con - fess'd, Thy name, O Je - sus,

be for ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- 1 **F**OR all Thy saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest. Alleluia!
- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia!
- 3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!
- 4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

The Home

VESALIUS 11. 10. 11. 10.

E. Cooper Perry, (1856-)

O hap - py home, where Thou art loved the dear - est, Thou lov - ing

Friend and Sav - iour of our race, And where a - mong the guests there nev - er

com - eth One who can hold such high and hon - or'd place! A - men.

- 1 **O** HAPPY home, where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honored place!
- 2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessed hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!
- 3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!
- 4 O happy home, where each one serves Thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee!
- 5 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free,
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee,—
- 6 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessed home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,—
Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

HOLLEY L. M.

George Hews, 1835

Thou gra-cious Pow'r, whose mer-cy lends The light of

home, the smile of friends, Our fam-'lies in Thine

arms en-fold As Thou didst keep Thy folk of old. A-men.

1 **T**HOU gracious Power, whose mercy lends
 The light of home, the smile of friends,
 Our families in Thine arms enfold
 As Thou didst keep Thy folk of old.

2 For all the blessings life has brought,
 For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
 For all we mourn, for all we keep,
 The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

3 The noontide sunshine of the past,
 These brief, bright moments fading fast,
 The stars that gild our darkening years,
 The twilight ray from holier spheres,

4 We thank Thee, Father; let Thy grace
 Our loving circles still embrace,
 Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
 Thy peace be with us evermore.

SICILIAN MARINERS 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Sicilian Melody
Merrick and Tattersall's *Psalms*, 1794

Lord of life and King of glo - ry, Who didst deign a child to be,
Cra-dled on a moth-er's bo - som, Throned up - on a moth - er's knee,
For the children Thou hast giv-en We must an - swer un - to Thee. A-men.

For Mothers

- 1 **L**ORD of life and King of glory,
Who didst deign a child to be,
Cradled on a mother's bosom,
Throned upon a mother's knee,
For the children Thou hast given
We must answer unto Thee.
- 2 Since the day the blessed Mother
Thee, the world's Redeemer, bore,
Thou hast crowned us with an honor
Women never knew before;
And that we may bear it meetly
We must seek Thine aid the more.
- 3 Grant us, then, pure hearts and patient,
That in all we do or say
Little souls our deeds may copy,
And be never led astray;
Little feet our steps may follow
In a safe and narrow way.
- 4 When our growing sons and daughters
Look on life with eager eyes,
Grant us then a deeper insight
And new powers of sacrifice,
Hope to trust them, faith to guide them,
Love that nothing good denies.
- 5 May we keep our holy calling
Stainless in its fair renown,
That when all the work is over
And we lay the burden down,
Then the children Thou hast given
Still may be our joy and crown.

The City

HURSLEY L. M.

*Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, 1774;
arr. by William H. Monk, 1861*

Where cross the crowd-ed ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
A - bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man. A - men.

- 1 WHERE cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.
- 2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.
- 3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.
- 4 The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.
- 5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;
- 6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the City of our God.

The Nation.

AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Harmonia Anglicana c. 1743

My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring. A - men.

1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

DORT 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832

God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand Thro' storm and
 night: When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might. A - men.

- 1 GOD bless our native land;
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night:
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayers shall rise
 To God above the skies,
 On Him we wait;
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State.
- 3 Not for this land alone,
 But be God's mercies shown
 From shore to shore;
 And may the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family
 The wide world o'er.

Charles, T. Brooks, c. 1833;
 John S. Dwight, 1844;
 William E. Hickson, 1886

DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, (-1793)

O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand Our ex-iled fa-thers
crossed the sea; And when they trod the win-try strand,
With pray'r and psalm they wor-shipped Thee. A-men.

- 1 **O** GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.
- 2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1841

Look from the sphere of end - less day, O God of mer - cy and of might;

In pit - y look on those who stray, Be - night - ed, in this land of light. A - men.

- 1 **L**OOK from the sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might;
 In pity look on those who stray,
 Benighted, in this land of light.
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
 In crowded mart by stream or sea,
 How many of the sons of men
 Hear not the message sent from Thee!
- 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
 The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
 A wandering flock, and bring them all
 To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
 Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
 To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
 And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
 On which with sorrowing eyes we gaze,
 Shall grow with living waters green,
 And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782

Judge e - ter - nal, throned in splen-dor, Lord of lords and King of kings,
 With Thy liv - ing fire of judg-ment Purge this land of bit - ter things;
 So-lace all its wide do-min-ion With the heal-ing of Thy wings. A - men.

- 1 JUDGE eternal, throned in splendor,
 Lord of lords and King of kings,
 With Thy living fire of judgment
 Purge this land of bitter things;
 Solace all its wide dominion
 With the healing of Thy wings.
- 2 Still the weary folk are pining
 For the hour that brings release,
 And the city's crowded clangor
 Cries aloud for sin to cease;
 And the homesteads and the woodlands
 Plead in silence for their peace.
- 3 Crown, O God, Thine own endeavor;
 Cleave our darkness with Thy sword;
 Feed the faint and hungry heathen
 With the richness of Thy Word;
 Cleanse the body of this nation
 Through the glory of the Lord.

GOWER'S RECESSIONAL Six 8s.

John H. Gower, 1903

God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung bat - tle line,

Organ.

Ped.

Beneath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine:

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get, lest we for - get. A - men.

Copyright, by John H. Gower

1 GOD of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine:
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart:
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far-called our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law:
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard;
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard:
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling, 1897

SAFE HOME 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

A - rise, O Lord of hosts; Be jeal - ous for Thy name, And

drive from out our coasts The sins that put to shame: O Lord, stretch forth Thy

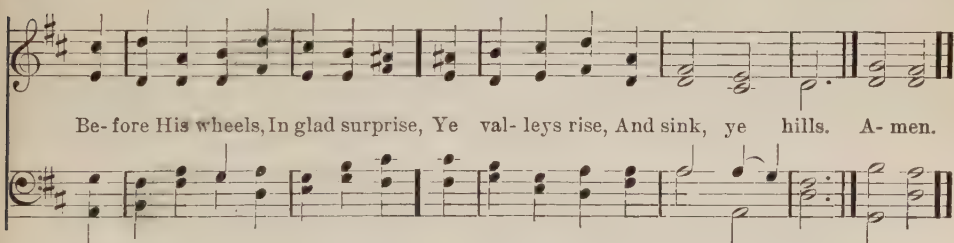
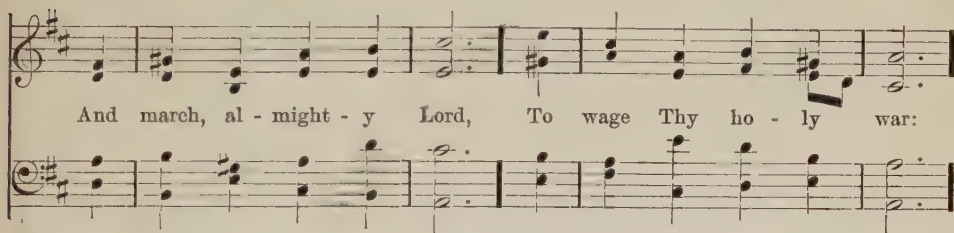
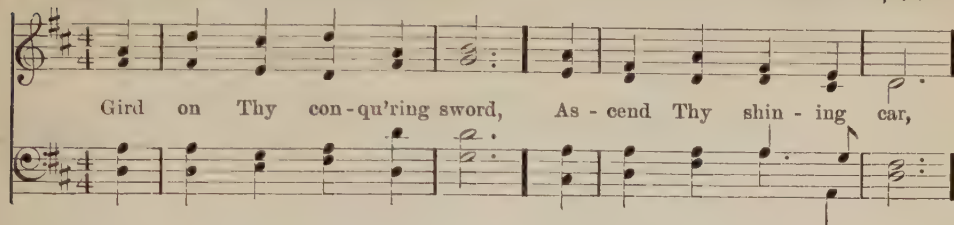
might - y hand, And guard and bless our fa - ther - land. A - men.

- 1 **A**RISE, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.
- 2 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.
- 3 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.
- 4 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.
- 5 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

The World

CROFT'S 148th 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

William Croft, 1709



1 **G**IRD on Thy conquering sword,
 Ascend Thy shining car,
 And march, almighty Lord,
 To wage Thy holy war:
 Before His wheels,
 In glad surprise,
 Ye valleys rise,
 And sink, ye hills.

3 Before Thine awful face
 Millions of foes shall fall,
 The captives of Thy grace,—
 That grace which conquers all:
 The world shall know,
 Great King of kings,
 What wondrous things
 Thine arm can do.

2 Fair Truth, and smiling Love,
 And injured Righteousness,
 Among Thy suppliants move,
 And seek from Thee redress:
 Thou in their cause
 Shalt prosperous ride,
 And far and wide
 Dispense Thy laws.

4 Here to my willing soul
 Bend Thy triumphant way;
 Here every foe control,
 And all Thy power display:
 My heart, Thy throne,
 Blest Jesus, see,
 Bows low to Thee,—
 To Thee alone.

MEIRINGEN 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

Christian G. Neefe, 1777

O North, with all thy vales of green, O South, with all thy palms,
From peo - pled town and fields be - tween Up - lift the voice of psalms; Raise
an - cient East, the an - them high, And let the youth - ful West re - ply. A - men.

1 O NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled town and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

2 Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-belovèd Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun;
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3 O Father, haste the promised hour
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
Beneath the ample sky;
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul;

4 When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall seek to pattern theirs;
And He who conquered death shall win
The nobler conquest over sin.

RUSSIAN HYMN 11. 10. 11. 9.

Alexis T. Lwoff, 1833

God the All-ter-ri-ble! King, who or-dain-est Great winds Thy clar-ions, the

light-nings Thy sword, Show forth Thy pit-y on high where Thou

reign-est; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A-men.

- 1 **G**OD the All-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 2 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 3 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 4 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Lowell Mason, 1829

From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - men.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

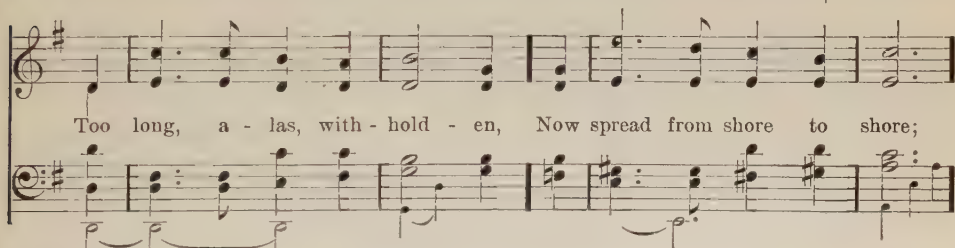
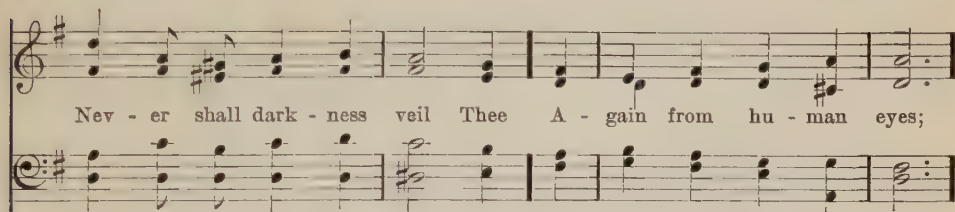
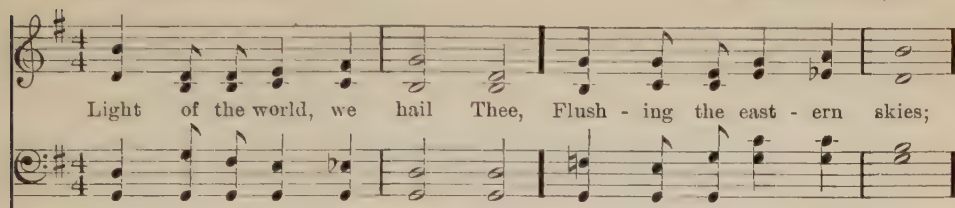
3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1819

SALVE DOMINE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Lawrence W. Watson, 1909



1 **L**IGHT of the world we hail Thee,
 Flushing the eastern skies;
 Never shall darkness veil Thee
 Again from human eyes;
 Too long, alas, withholden,
 Now spread from shore to shore;
 Thy light, so glad and golden,
 Shall set on earth no more.

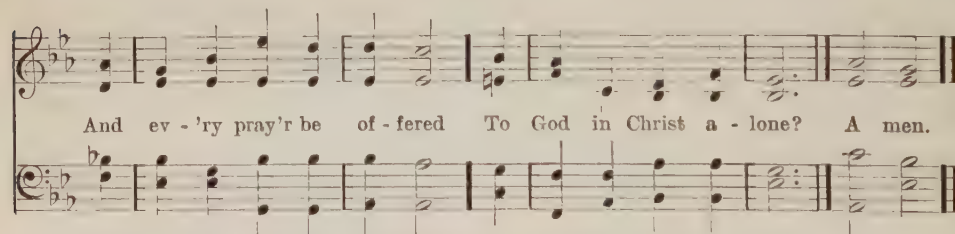
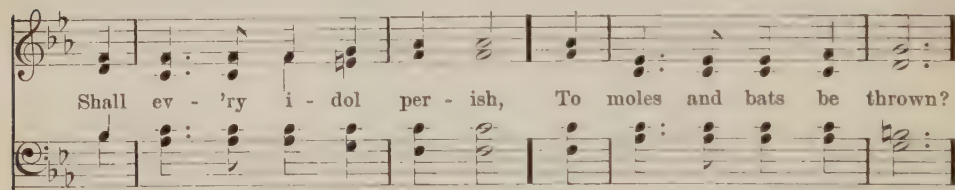
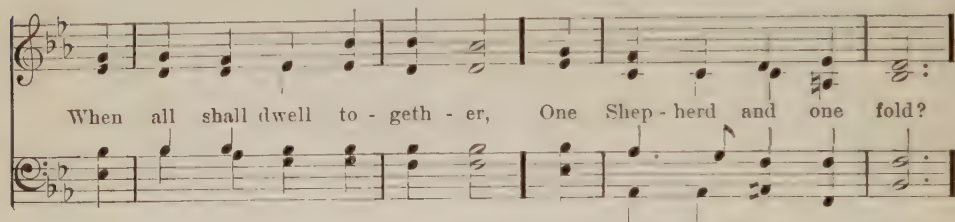
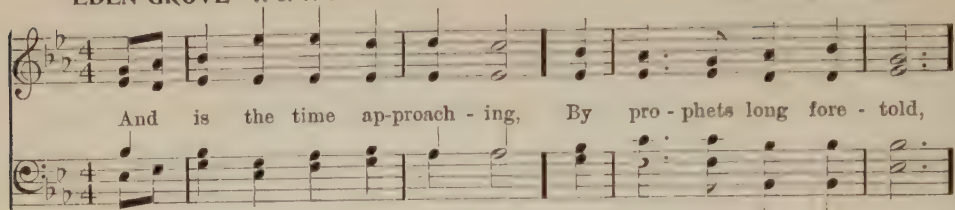
2 Light of the world, Thy beauty
 Steals into every heart,
 And glorifies with duty
 Life's poorest, humblest part;
 Thou robest in Thy splendor
 The simple ways of men,
 And helpst them to render
 Light back to Thee again.

3 Light of the world, before Thee
 Our spirits prostrate fall;
 We worship, we adore Thee,
 Thou Light, the life of all;
 With Thee is no forgetting
 Of all Thine hand hath made;
 Thy rising hath no setting,
 Thy sunshine hath no shade.

4 Light of the world, illumine
 This darkened land of Thine,
 Till everything that's human
 Be filled with what's divine;
 Till every tongue and nation,
 From sin's dominion free,
 Rise in the new creation
 Which springs from love and Thee.

EDEN GROVE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel Smith, 1874



1 **A**ND is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One Shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown?
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove, and pass away
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer?
Shall strife and tumult cease?
All earth His blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace!

4 O long-expected dawning
Come with thy cheering ray;
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray and hope and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick, 1859

LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Henry Smart, 1866

Each might-y pow'r of e - vil How doth the Lord as - sail?

'Gainst world and flesh and dev - il How doth the Lord pre - vail?

How doth the Strength su - per - nal Come down in - to the fight?

How dost Thou, King e - ter - nal, Win vic - t'ry for the right? A - men.

- 1 **E**ACH mighty power of evil
How doth the Lord assail?
'Gainst world and flesh and devil
How doth the Lord prevail?
How doth the Strength supernal
Come down into the fight?
How dost Thou, King eternal,
Win victory for the right?
- 2 Some mighty man Thou fillest
With holy hate of wrong;
Some tender soul Thou thrill'st
With yearnings sweet and strong:
This woe he must diminish,
This wrong he must o'erthrow,
This warfare he must finish,
This evil power lay low.

- 3 The strength by Thee conferrèd
To others he imparts;
The fire within him stirrèd
Doth kindle other hearts:
By glowing souls attended
He rushes on the foe;
The right is well defended,
The evil power laid low.
- 4 That army, Lord, Thou ledest,
That warfare Thou dost share;
That victory Thou speedest,
The Lord of hosts is there.
Then send the Spirit fervent,
The fire that never fails;
To lighten each true servant,
Until Thy cause prevails.

TOURS 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Berthold Tours, 1872

Hail to the Lord's A - nointed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!

Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!

He comes to break op - press - ion, To set the cap - tive free,

To take a - way trans - gress - ion, And rule in e - qui - ty. A - men.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

- 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,—
That name to us is love.

WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837

The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A - men.

1 THE morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;

While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hutton, (-1793)

Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc -

cess - ive jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from shore to shore,

Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - men.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice;
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872

Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide,

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-our died. A-men.

1 **F**LING out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
 The sun that lights its shining folds,
 The cross on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
 In anxious silence o'er the sign,
 And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonder of the love divine.

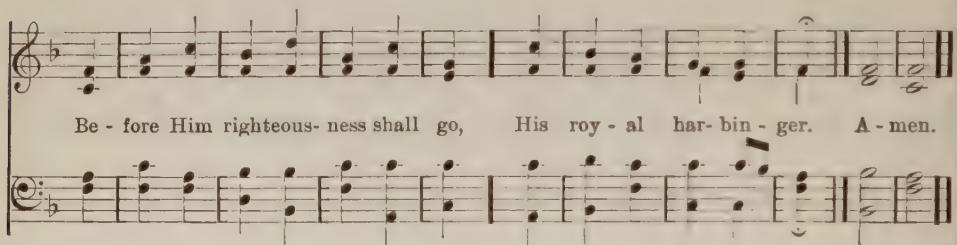
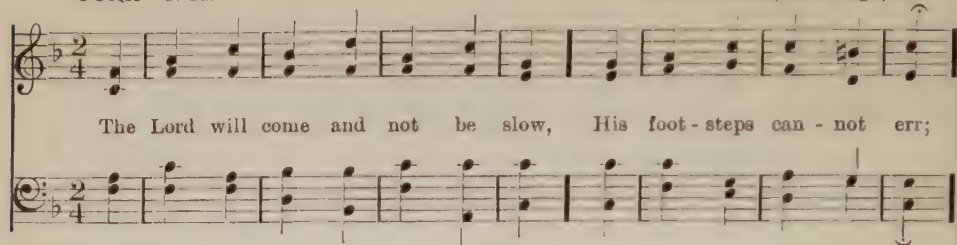
3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 And nations, crowding to be born,
 Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
 That sink and perish in the strife,
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem
 And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide,—
 Our glory only in the cross;
 Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
 Seaward and skyward, let it shine.
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that sign.

YORK C. M.

The cl Psalmes, Edinburgh, 1615

- 1 THE Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err;
Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 Mercy and truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
- 3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.
- 4 Rise, God; judge Thou the earth in might,
This wicked earth redress:
For Thou art He who shalt by right
The nations all possess.
- 5 For great Thou art, and wonders great
By Thy strong hand are done;
Thou in Thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

ST. PAUL C. M.

J. Chalmers's Collection, 1749

Thy king-dom come—on bend - ed knee The pass - ing. a - ges pray;

And faith-ful souls have yearn'd to see On earth that king-dom's day. A - men.

1 **T**HY kingdom come—on bended knee
 The passing ages pray;
 And faithful souls have yearned to see
 On earth that kingdom's day.

2 But the slow watches of the night
 Not less to God belong,
 And for the everlasting right
 The silent stars are strong.

3 And lo! already on the hills
 The flags of dawn appear;
 Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
 Proclaim the day is near:

4 The day in whose clear-shining light
 All wrong shall stand revealed,
 When justice shall be clothed with might,
 And every hurt be healed:

5 When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
 Shall walk the earth abroad,—
 The day of perfect righteousness,
 The promised day of God.

MIRFIELD C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1874

O God of truth, whose liv - ing word Up - holds what - e'er hath breath,

Look down on Thy cre - a - tion, Lord, En-slaved by sin and death. A - men.

- 1 **O** GOD of truth, whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.
- 2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.
- 3 We fight for truth, we fight for God,—
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.
- 4 Then, God of truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.
- 5 Still smite, still barn, till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew, come down,
Rest on us from above.
- 6 Yea, come: then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

Thomas Hughes, 1859

TOTTENHAM C. M.

Thomas Greateorex, c. 1825

Come let us join with faith - ful souls Our song of faith to sing,
One broth - er - hood in heart are we, And one our Lord and King. A-men.

- 1 COME let us join with faithful souls
Our song of faith to sing,
One brotherhood in heart are we,
And one our Lord and King.
- 2 Faithful are all who love the truth
And dare the truth to tell,
Who steadfast stand at God's right hand,
And strive to serve Him well.
- 3 And faithful are the gentle hearts,
To whom the power is given
Of every hearth to make a home,
Of every home a heaven.
- 4 O mighty host! no tongue can tell
The numbers of its throng;
No words can sound the music vast
Of its grand battle-song.
- 5 From step to step it wins its way
Against a world of sin;
Part of the battle-field is won,
And part is yet to win.
- 6 O Lord of hosts, our faith renew,
And grant us, in Thy love,
To sing the songs of victory
With faithful souls above.

ST. CECILIA 6. 6. 6. 6.

Leighton G. Hayne, 1863

Thy king - dom come, O Lord, Wide - cir - cling as the sun;

Ful - fil of old Thy word And make the na - tions one; A-men.

- 1 **T**HY kingdom come, O Lord,
Wide-circling as the sun;
Fulfil of old Thy word
And make the nations one;—
- 2 One in the bond of peace,
The service glad and free
Of truth and righteousness,
Of love and equity.
- 3 Speed, speed the longed-for time
Foretold by raptured seers—
The prophecy sublime,
The hope of all the years;—
- 4 Till rise at last, to span
Its firm foundations broad,
The commonwealth of man,
The city of our God.

LABAN S. M.

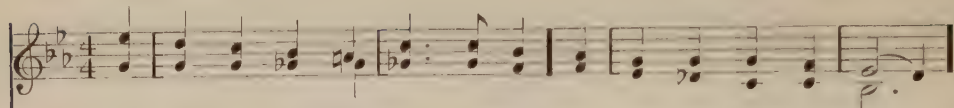
Lowell Mason, 1830

Come, king - dom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace and hope and joy a - broad, And wis - dom from a - bove. A-men.

- 1 COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love,
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
- 2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
Then raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless His own.

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1861



From Thee all skill and sci - ence flow, All pit - y, care and love,



All calm and cour - age, faith and hope;— O pour them from a - bove. A - men.



1 FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
 All pity, care and love,
 All calm and courage, faith and hope;—
 O pour them from above.

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
 As each and all shall need,
 To rise like incense, each to Thee,
 In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
 When pain and death shall cease,
 And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
 With health and light and peace;

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
 And ever green the sod,
 And man's rude work deface no more
 The Paradise of God.

ALFORD 7. 6. 8. 6. D.

John B. Dykes, 1875

Not in dumb re-sig-na-tion, We lift our hands on high;

Not like the nerve-less fa-tal-ist, Con-tent to do and die.

Our faith springs like the ea-gle's, Who soars to meet the sun,

And cries ex-ult-ing un-to Thee, "O Lord, Thy will be done." A-men.

1 NOT in dumb resignation,
 We lift our hands on high;
 Not like the nerveless fatalist,
 Content to do and die.
 Our faith springs like the eagle's,
 Who soars to meet the sun,
 And cries exulting unto Thee,
 "O Lord, Thy will be done."

2 When tyrant feet are trampling
 Upon the common weal,
 Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe
 Beneath the iron heel;

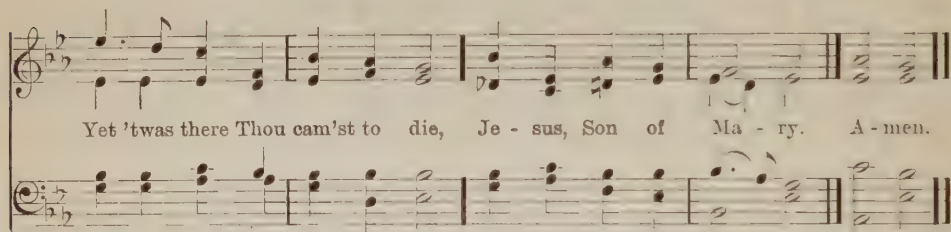
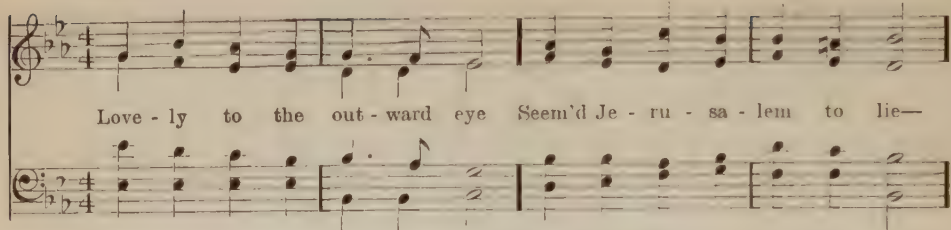
In Thy name we assert our right
 By sword, or tongue, or pen,
 And even the headsman's axe may flash
 Thy message unto men.

3 Thy will,— it bids the weak be strong;
 It bids the strong be just:
 No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
 No brow to seek the dust.
 Wherever man oppresses man
 Beneath the liberal sun,
 O Lord, be there, Thine arm made bare,
 Thy righteous will be done.

John Hay, 1891

AGNES 7. 7. 7. 6.

Edward Bunnett, 1877



1 **L**OVELY to the outward eye
Seemed Jerusalem to lie—
Yet 'twas there Thou cam'st to die,
Jesus, Son of Mary.

3 Yea, that whited city's pride,
And its splendors multiplied,
Meant but pain and piercèd side
To Thee, Son of Mary.

2 Far-brought stones and marble rare
Made its towers and circuits fair,
Yet Thy cross was waiting there,
Wearied Son of Mary.

4 And would all the crowded mart,
Wealth and splendid ease and art
Of our own world please Thy heart,
O Thou Son of Mary?

5 Would'st Thou call our boasting good,
If Thou saw'st our triumphs stood
On the wreck of brotherhood,
Loving Son of Mary?

6 Or would'st hold our wealth and pride
Cheap because of love denied
And Thy Spirit crucified,
Patient Son of Mary?

7 Jesus, pardon where we fall;
Jesus, our whole life enthrall;
Let Thy Spirit rule it all,
Blessèd Son of Mary.

SANCTUARY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John B. Dykes, 1871

Hail the glo - rious Gold - en Cit - y, Pic - tured by the seers of old!

Ev - er - last - ing light shines o'er it, Wondrous tales of it are told:

On - ly right - eous men and wo - men Dwell with - in its gleam - ing wall;

Wrong is ban - ished from its bord - ers, Jus - tice reigns supreme o'er all. A - men.

1 **H**AIL the glorious Golden City,
 Pictured by the seers of old!
 Everlasting light shines o'er it,
 Wondrous tales of it are told:
 Only righteous men and women
 Dwell within its gleaming wall;
 Wrong is banished from its borders,
 Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

2 We are builders of that city;
 All our joys and all our groans
 Help to rear its shining ramparts;
 All our lives are building-stones:

Whether humble or exalted,
 All are called to task divine;
 All must aid alike to carry
 Forward one sublime design.

3 And the work that we have builded,
 Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
 And in error and in anguish,
 Will not perish with our years:
 It will last and shine transfigured
 In the final reign of Right;
 It will merge into the splendors
 Of the City of the Light.

WESLEY 11. 10. 11. 10.

Lowell Mason, 1830

Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing! Joy to the
lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and
mourn-ing; Zi - on in tri-umph be - gins her mild reign. A - men.

- 1 **H**AIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.
- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

BLESSED HOME 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

John Stainer, 1875

Lift up your heads, re - joice, Re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh;

Now breathes a soft - er air, Now shines a mild - er sky;

The ear - ly trees put forth Their new and ten - der leaf; Hushed

is the moan - ing wind That told of win - ter's grief. A - men.

1 **L**IFT up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 Now breathes a softer air,
 Now shines a milder sky;
 The early trees put forth
 Their new and tender leaf;
 Hushed is the moaning wind
 That told of winter's grief.

2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 Now mount the laden clouds,
 Now flames the darkening sky;
 The early scattered drops
 Descend with heavy fall,
 And to the waiting earth
 The hidden thunders call.

3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 O note the varying signs
 Of earth, and air, and sky;
 The God of glory comes
 In gentleness and might,
 To comfort and alarm,
 To succor and to smite.

4 He comes, the wide world's King,
 He comes, the true heart's Friend,
 New gladness to begin,
 And ancient wrong to end;
 He comes, to fill with light
 The weary waiting eye:
 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh!

MORWELLHAM 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Charles H. Steggall, 1826-1905

O Ho - ly Cit - y seen of John, Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,
 With - in whose four-square walls shall come No night, nor need, nor pain,
 And where the tears are wiped from eyes That shall not weep a - gain! A - men.

1 **O** HOLY City seen of John,
 Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,
 Within whose four-square walls shall come
 No night, nor need, nor pain,
 And where the tears are wiped from eyes
 That shall not weep again!

2 Hark, how from men whose lives are held
 More cheap than merchandise,
 From women struggling sore for bread,
 From little children's cries,
 There swells the sobbing human plaint
 That bids thy walls arise!

3 O shame to us who rest content
 While lust and greed for gain
 In street and shop and tenement
 Wring gold from human pain,
 And bitter lips in blind despair
 Cry—"Christ hath died in vain!"

4 Give us, O God, the strength to build
 The City that hath stood
 Too long a dream, whose laws are love,
 Whose ways are brotherhood,
 And where the sun that shineth is
 God's grace for human good.

5 Already in the mind of God
 That City riseth fair,—
 Lo, how its splendor challenges
 The souls that greatly dare,—
 Yea, bids us seize the whole of life
 And build its glory there!

W. Russell Bowie, 1909

The World

RANGELEY 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. (*Alternate Tune for 187*)

Henry M. Dunham, 1909

O Ho - ly Cit - y seen of John, Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,

With - in whose four-square walls shall come No night, nor need, nor pain,

And where the tears are wip'd from eyes That shall not weep a - gain! A - men, A - men.

1 **O** HOLY City seen of John,
Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,
Within whose four-square walls shall come
No night, nor need, nor pain,
And where the tears are wiped from eyes
That shall not weep again!

3 O shame to us who rest content
While lust and greed for gain
In street and shop and tenement
Wring gold from human pain,
And bitter lips in blind despair
Cry— "Christ hath died in vain!"

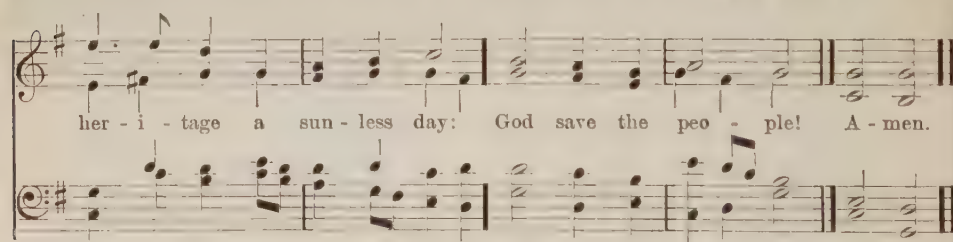
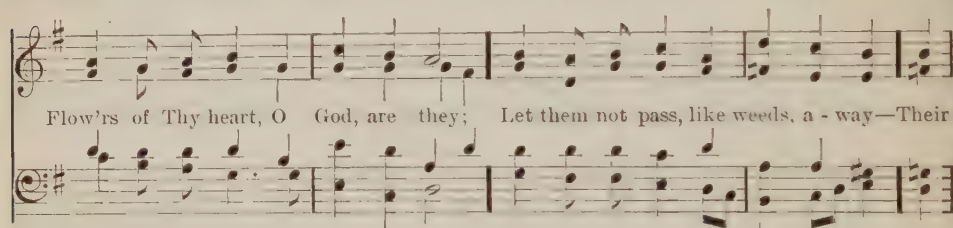
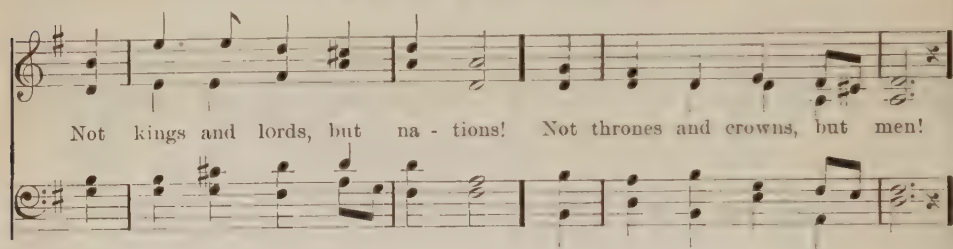
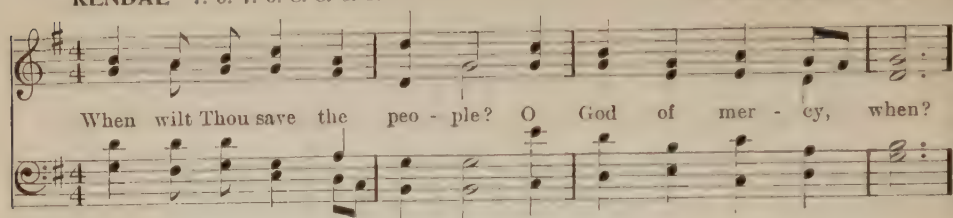
2 Hark, how from men whose lives are held
More cheap than merchandise,
From women struggling sore for bread,
From little children's cries,
There swells the sobbing human plaint
That bids thy walls arise!

4 Give us, O God, the strength to build
The City that hath stood
Too long a dream, whose laws are love,
Whose ways are brotherhood,
And where the sun that shineth is
God's grace for human good.

5 Already in the mind of God
That City riseth fair,—
Lo, how its splendor challenges
The souls that greatly dare,—
Yea, bids us seize the whole of life
And build its glory there!

KENDAL 7. 6. 7. 6: 8. 8. 5.

Arthur Somervell, 1905



1 **W**HEN wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 Not kings and lords, but nations!
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
 Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
 Their heritage a sunless day:
 God save the people!

2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
 Strength aiding still the strong?
 Is it Thy will, O Father,
 That man shall toil for wrong?

'No,' say Thy mountains; 'No,' Thy skies;
 Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 And songs ascend instead of sighs:
 God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 The people, Lord, the people,
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 God save the people; Thine they are,
 Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
 From vice, oppression, and despair,
 God save the people!

WALTHAM (Monk's) Six 7s.

William H. Monk, 1889

O thou, not made with hands, Not throned a - bove the skies,
 Not walled with shin - ing walls, Not framed with stones of price,
 More bright than gold or gem, God's own Je - ru - sa - lem! A - men.

1 O THOU, not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies,
 Not walled with shining walls,
 Not framed with stones of price,
 More bright than gold or gem,
 God's own Jerusalem!

3 Thou art where'er the proud
 In humbleness melts down,
 Where self itself yields up,
 Where martyrs win their crown,
 Where faithful souls possess
 Themselves in perfect peace.

2 Where'er the gentle heart
 Finds courage from above;
 Where'er the heart forsook
 Warms with the breath of love;
 Where faith bids fear depart,
 City of God, thou art.

4 Where in life's common ways
 With cheerful feet we go,
 Where in His steps we tread
 Who trod the ways of woe,
 Where He is in the heart,
 City of God, thou art.

5 Not throned above the skies,
 Not golden-walled afar,
 But where Christ's two or three
 In His name gathered are,
 Be in the midst of them,
 God's own Jerusalem!

BRAUN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Johann G. Braun, 1675

Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
 With lov - ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
 o - ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A - men.

1 CHRIST for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With loving zeal;
 The poor and them that mourn,
 The faint and overborne,
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
 Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With fervent prayer;
 The wayward and the lost,
 By restless passions tossed,
 Redeemed at countless cost
 From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With one accord;
 With us the work to share,
 With us reproach to dare,
 With us the cross to bear
 For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
 The world to Christ we bring
 With joyful song,—
 The new-born souls whose days,
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

The Consummation

PARADISE 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Joseph Barnby, 1866

O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that lov'd are blest;

Where loy - al hearts and true,

Where loy - - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A - men.

1 O PARADISE! O Paradise!
 Who doth not crave for rest?
 Who would not seek the happy land,
 Where they that loved are blest;
 Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold;
 Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
 I want to sin no more;
 I want to be as pure on earth
 As on thy spotless shore;
 Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

4 Lord Jesus, Light of Paradise,
 Shine on me my life long,
 In all earth's din cause me to hear
 Faint fragments of that song,
 Where loyal hearts and true,
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

REMEMBRANCE 7. 6. 7. 6.

Josiah Booth, 1896

My soul, there is a coun - try A - far be - yond the stars,
Where stands a wing - ed sen - try All skil - ful in the wars; A-men.

- 1 MY soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars;
- 2 There above noise and danger
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
- 3 He is thy gracious Friend,
And— O my soul awake!—
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
- 4 If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
- 5 Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure,
But One who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Henry Vaughan, 1650

The Consummation

ST. ALPHEGE 7. 6. 7. 6.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852

Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short - lived care;
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life, is there. A - men.

1 **B**RIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

3 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope.

4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

5 Then all the halls of Zion
For aye shall be complete,
And in the land of beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

6 Yes, God, my King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.

EWING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Alexander Ewing, 1853

For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;

For ve - ry love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep:

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - men.

(For a lower setting of this tune see 196)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep:
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.</p> | <p>3 That peace— but who may claim it?
 The guileless in their way,
 Who keep the ranks of battle,
 Who mean the things they say:
 And none shall there be jealous,
 And none shall there contend;
 Fraud, clamor, guile— what say I?
 All ill, all ill shall end.</p> |
| <p>2 New mansion of new people,
 Whom God's own love and light
 Promote, increase, make holy,
 Identify, unite,
 Thy loveliness oppresses
 All human thought and heart;
 And none, O peace, O Zion,
 Can sing thee as thou art.</p> | <p>4 And He whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known,
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own;
 The Crown He is to guerdon,
 The Buckler to protect,
 And He Himself the Mansion,
 And He the Architect.</p> |

HOMELAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arthur Sullivan, 1867

The home-land, O the home-land, The land of souls free-born!

No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:

I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;

There is no pain in the home-land, To which I'm drawing near. A-men.

1 **T**HE homeland, O the homeland,
 The land of souls free-born!
 No gloomy night is known there,
 But aye the fadeless morn:
 I'm sighing for that country,
 My heart is aching here;
 There is no pain in the homeland,
 To which I'm drawing near.

2 My Lord is in the homeland,
 With angels bright and fair;
 No sinful thing nor evil,
 Can ever enter there;

The music of the ransomed
 Is ringing in my ears,
 And when I think of the homeland,
 My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the homeland
 Are waiting me to come,
 Where neither death nor sorrow
 Invade their holy home:
 O dear, dear native country!
 O rest and peace above!
 Christ bring us all to the homeland
 Of His eternal love.

EWING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Alexander Ewing, 1853

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;
I know not, O I know not, What so - cial joys are there,
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare. A - men.

(For a higher setting of this tune see 194)

1 **J**ERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest;
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145;
tr. John M. Neale, 1851

The Consummation

URBS BEATA 7. 6. 7. 6. D. (*Alternate Tune for 196*)

George F. Le Jeune, 1887

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -

neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest; I know not, O I

know not, What so - cial joys are there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry,

REFRAIN.

Je - ru - sa - lem the

What light be - yond com - pare. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey

gold - en, Be - neath

blest, Beneath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. A - men.

Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!

In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A - men.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.
- 2 No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold, nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God Himself gives light;
There lust and lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen;

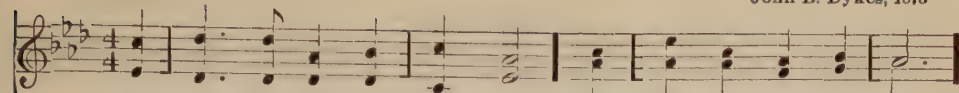
Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

- 4 Thy saints are crowned with glory great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice;
Most happy is their case;
For there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.
- 5 There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.
Ah, my sweet home Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see!

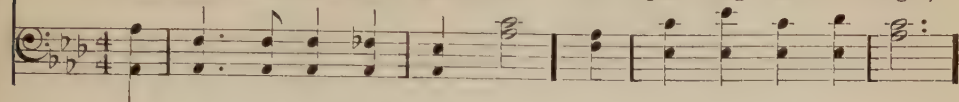
Based on a Latin original,
from a xvi C. MS. signed "F. B. P." arr.

ALFORD 7. 6. 8. 6. D.

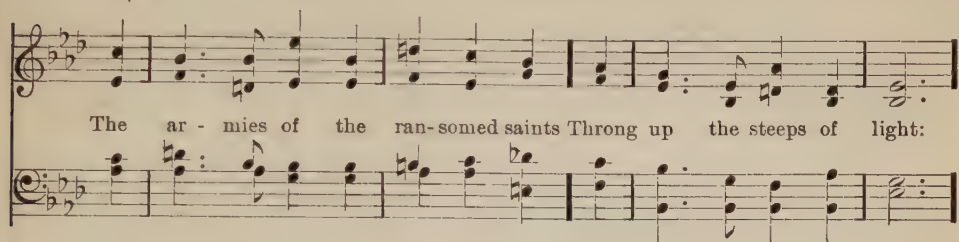
John B. Dykes, 1875



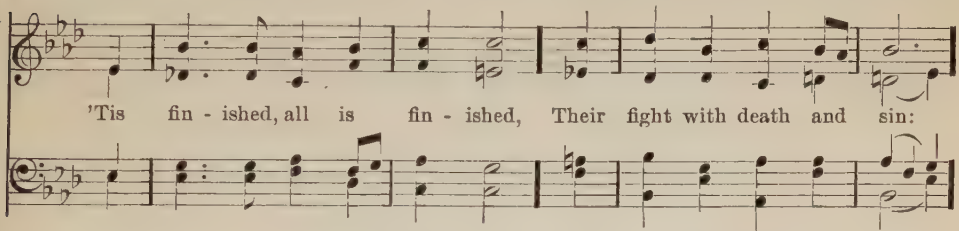
Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,



The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:



'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:



Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A - men.



1 **T**EN thousand times ten thousand
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light:
 'Tis finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin:
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in!

2 What rush of alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky!
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph night!

O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made!
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore;
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more!
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
 That brimmed with tears of late;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

Henry Alford, 1867

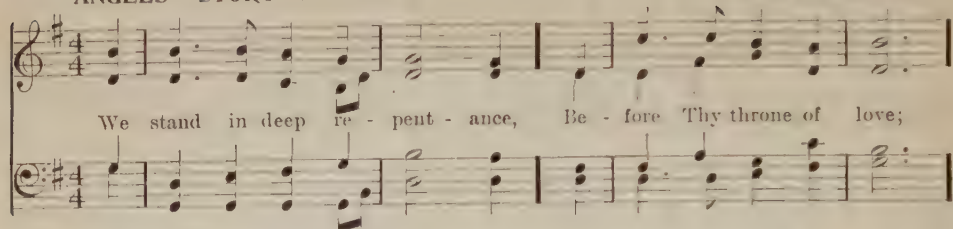
The Children of the Kingdom

199

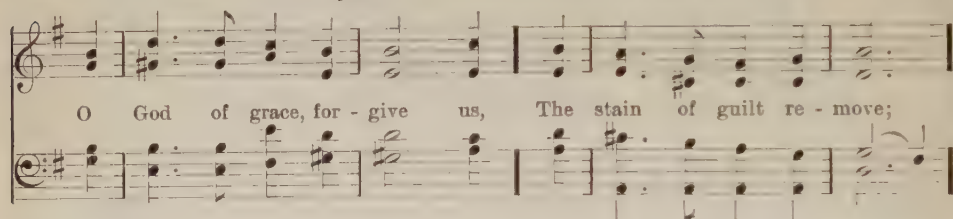
Repentance

ANGELS' STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

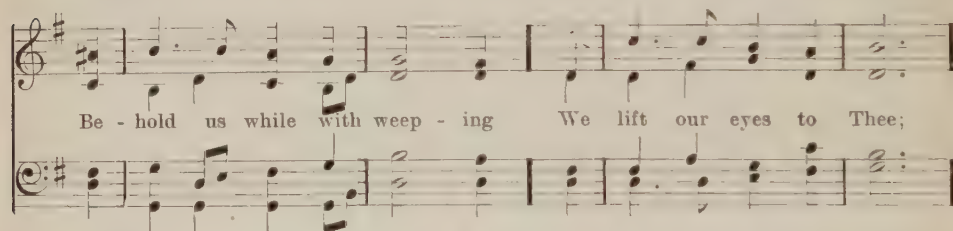
Arthur H. Mann, 1883



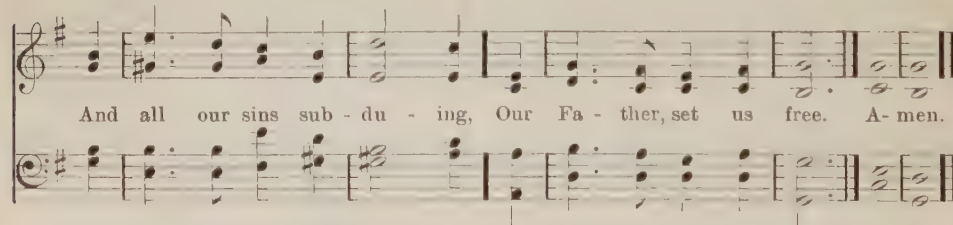
We stand in deep re - pent - ance, Be - fore Thy throne of love;



O God of grace, for - give us, The stain of guilt re - move;



Be - hold us while with weep - ing We lift our eyes to Thee;



And all our sins sub - du - ing, Our Fa - ther, set us free. A - men.

1 **W**E stand in deep repentance,
Before Thy throne of love;
O God of grace, forgive us,
The stain of guilt remove;
Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to Thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free.

2 O shouldst Thou, from us fallen,
Withhold Thy grace to guide,
Forever we should wander
From Thee, and peace, aside;

But Thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve Thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls— on Thee we cast them,
Our only refuge Thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow;
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon Thy loving breast,
And givest all Thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Ray Palmer, 1834

ST. HILDA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Justin H. Knecht, 1799
and Edward Husband, 1871

O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast closed door,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:
Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! A - men.

1 O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

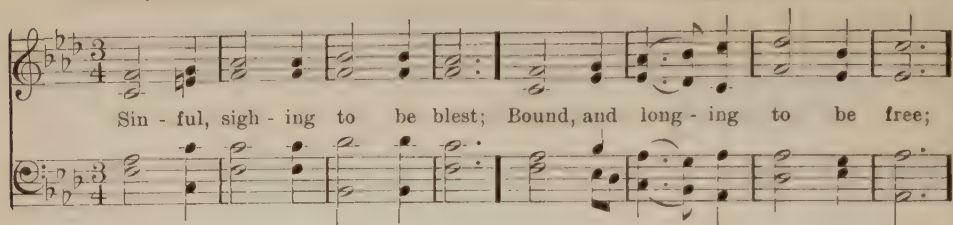
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:

O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

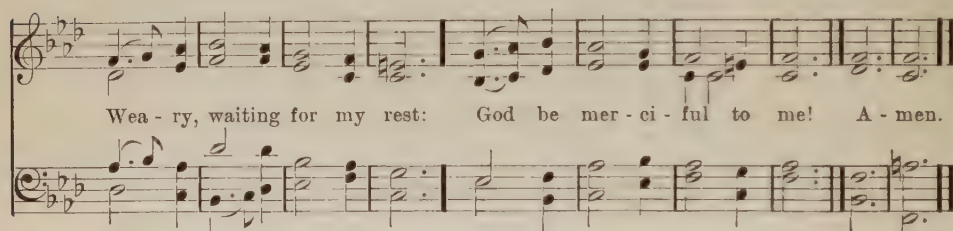
3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

DE PROFUNDIS 7. 7. 7. 7.

Adapted from an English Traditional Melody.



Sin - ful, sigh - ing to be blest; Bound, and long - ing to be free;



Wea - ry, waiting for my rest: God be mer - ci - ful to me! A - men.

1 **S**INFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest:
God be merciful to me!

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me!

2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need:
God be merciful to me!

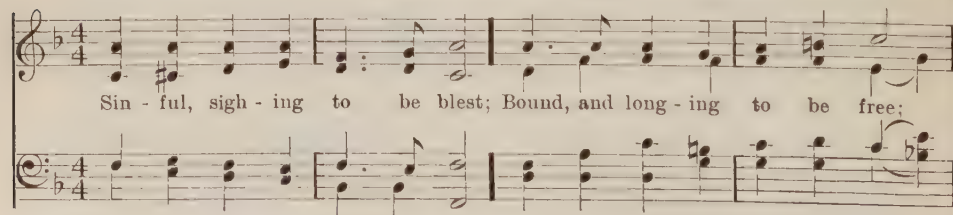
4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine:
God be merciful to me!

John S. B. Monsell, 1857

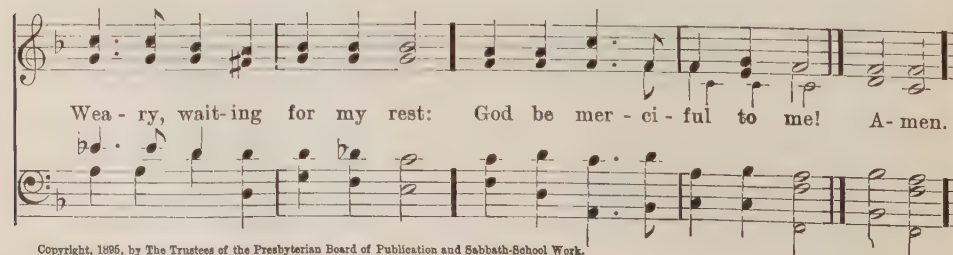
WOODMAN 7. 7. 7. 7.

(Alternate Tune to 201)

R. Huntington Woodman, 1895



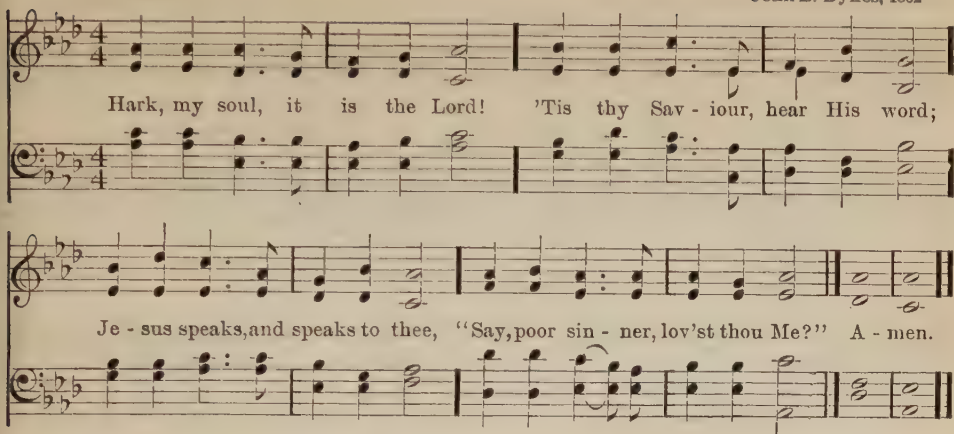
Sin - ful, sigh - ing to be blest; Bound, and long - ing to be free;



Wea - ry, wait - ing for my rest: God be mer - ci - ful to me! A - men.

ST. BEES 7. 7. 7. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1862



Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?" A - men.

1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
 And when bleeding healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light."

3 "Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee."

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death."

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of My throne shalt be:
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love Thee and adore;
 O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768

ST. SYLVESTER 8. 7. 8. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1862

Lord, Thy mer-cy now en - treat - ing, Low be - fore Thy throne we fall;

Our misdeeds to Thee con - fess - ing, On Thy name we humbly call. A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy throne we fall;
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
On Thy name we humbly call.
- 2 Sinful thoughts and words unloving
Rise against us one by one;
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone;
- 3 Hearts that far from Thee were straying,
While in prayer we bowed the knee;
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding,
Lifted not the soul to Thee;
- 4 Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent;
Christian vow and fight unheeded;
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.
- 5 Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own;
From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

Repentance

QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE 8. 7. 8. 7.

Melody from a xv C. German MS.

Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me; Take me, save me, thro' Thy Son;

That which Thou wouldst have me, make me; Let Thy will in me be done. A - men.

1 **T**AKE me, O my Father, take me;
 Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
 That which Thou wouldst have me, make me;
 Let Thy will in me be done.

2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod;
 Weary come I now, and praying,
 Take me to Thy love, my God.

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin;
 At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To Thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to Thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine;
 Freely life and soul I offer,
 Gift unworthy love like Thine.

5 Father, take me; all forgiving,
 Fold me to Thy loving breast;
 In thy love for ever living
 I must be forever blest.

ARTAVIA 10. 10. 10. 6.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1914-1901

Be - cause I knew not when my life was good, And when there

was a light up - on my path, But turned my soul per - verse - ly

to the dark, O Lord, I do re - pent. A - men.

1 **B**ECAUSE I knew not when my life was good,
 And when there was a light upon my path,
 But turned my soul perversely to the dark,
 O Lord, I do repent.

2 Because I held upon my selfish road,
 And left my brother wounded by the way,
 And called ambition duty, and pressed on,
 O Lord, I do repent.

3 Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
 In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
 And have but dregs of life to offer Thee,
 O Lord, I do repent.

4 Because I was impatient, would not wait,
 And thrust my impious hand across Thy threads,
 And marred the pattern drawn out for my life,
 O Lord, I do repent.

5 Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
 Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
 Hast called me as a mother calls her child,
 O Lord, I do repent.

PEACE 10. 10. 10. 6.

George W. Chadwick, 1890

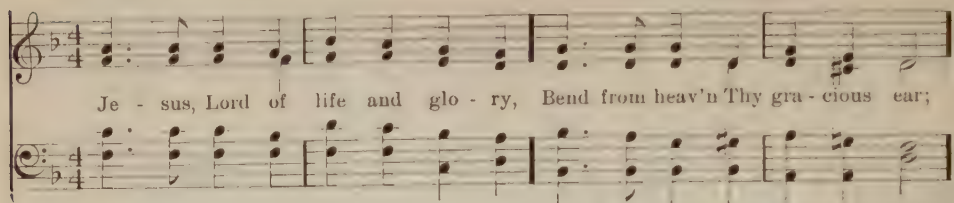
I sought the Lord, and af - ter - ward I knew

He moved my soul to seek Him, seek - ing me; It was not I that

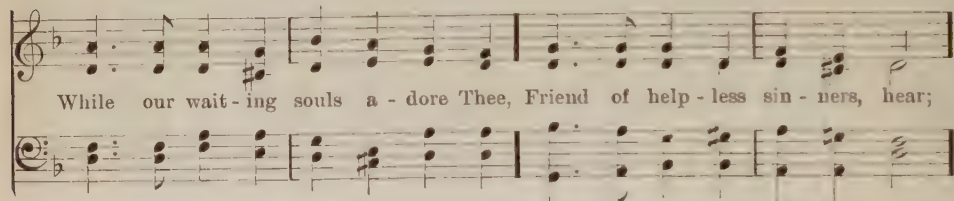
found, O Sav - iour true, No, I was found of Thee. A - men.

- 1 **I** SOUGHT the Lord, and afterward I knew
 He moved my soul to seek Him, seeking me;
 It was not I that found, O Saviour true,
 No, I was found of Thee.
- 2 Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine enfold;
 I walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea,—
 'Twas not so much that I on Thee took hold,
 As Thou, dear Lord, on me.
- 3 I find, I walk, I love, but, O the whole
 Of love is but my answer, Lord, to Thee;
 For Thou wert long beforehand with my soul,
 Always Thou lovedst me.

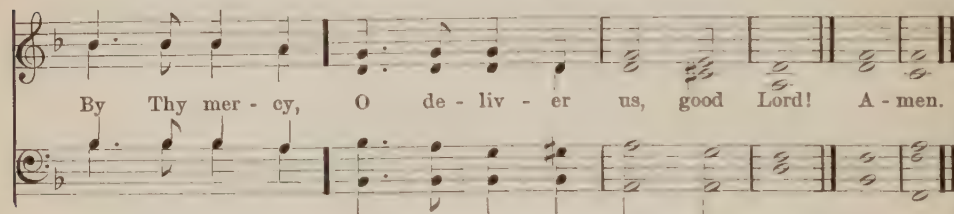
ST. AUSTIN 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Arr. from Gregorian Chant for
Bristol Tune Book, 1876


Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n Thy gra - cious ear;



While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear;



By Thy mer - cy, O de - liv - er us, good Lord! A - men.

1 **J**ESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear;
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

2 From the depths of nature's blindness
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power;
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our rock and stay;
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord!

COME UNTO ME 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John B. Dykes, 1875

"Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest:—

O bless - ed voice of Je - sus Which comes to hearts op-pressed!

mf It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,

f Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease. A - men.

1 "COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest:—
O blessed voice of Jesus
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

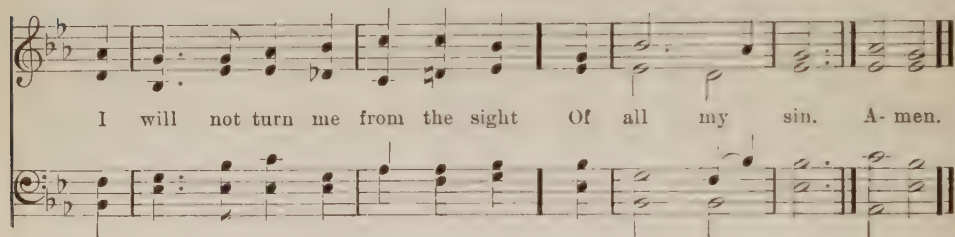
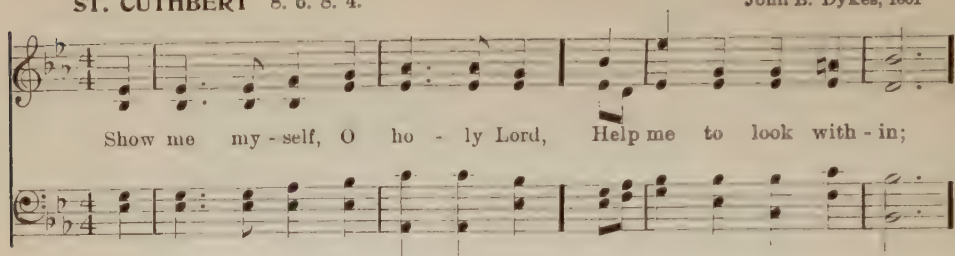
2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light:—
O loving voice of Jesus
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life:—
O cheering voice of Jesus
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out:—
O welcome voice of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

ST. CUTHBERT 8. 6. 8. 4.

John B. Dykes, 1861



- 1 **S**HOW me myself, O holy Lord,
 Help me to look within;
 I will not turn me from the sight
 Of all my sin.
- 2 Not mine the purity of heart,
 That shall at last see God;
 Not mine the following-in the steps
 The Saviour trod;
- 3 Not mine the life I thought to live
 When first I took His name;
 Mine but the right to weep and grieve
 Over my shame.
- 4 Yet, Lord, I thank Thee for the sight
 Thou hast vouchsafed to me;
 And, humbled to the dust, I shrink
 Closer to Thee.
- 5 And if Thy love will not disown
 So frail a heart as mine,
 Chasten and cleanse it as Thou wilt,
 But keep it Thine.

ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4.

John B. Dykes, 1865

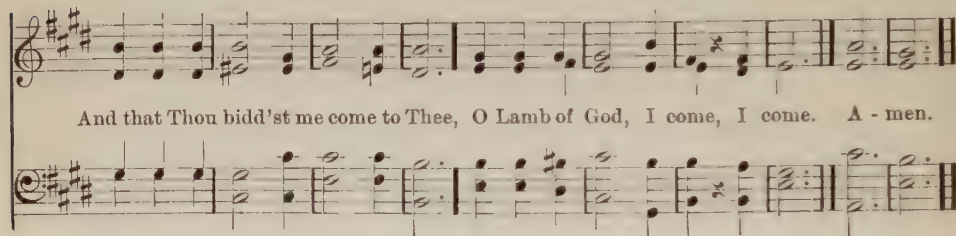
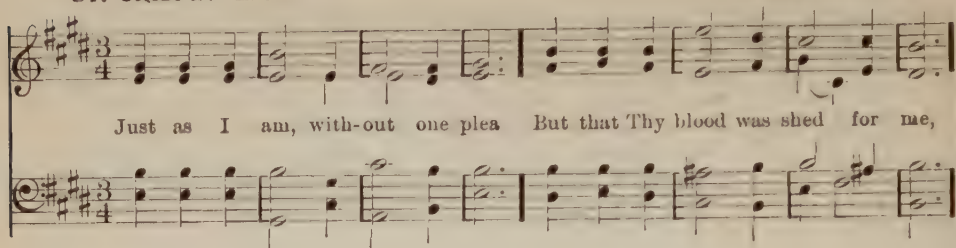
One thing I of the Lord de - sire, — For all my way hath

mi - ry been, — Be it by wa - ter or by fire, O make me clean! A - men.

- 1 ONE thing I of the Lord desire, —
For all my way hath miry been, —
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean!
- 2 If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be,
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.
- 3 Yea, only as the heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.
- 4 I watch to shun the miry way,
And stanch the spring of guilty thought;
But, watch and wrestle as I may,
Pure I am not.
- 5 So, wash Thou me without, within,
Or purge with fire, if that must be, —
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me.

ST. CRISPIN L. M.

George J. Elvey, 1863



1 JUST as I am, without one plea
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And thou Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

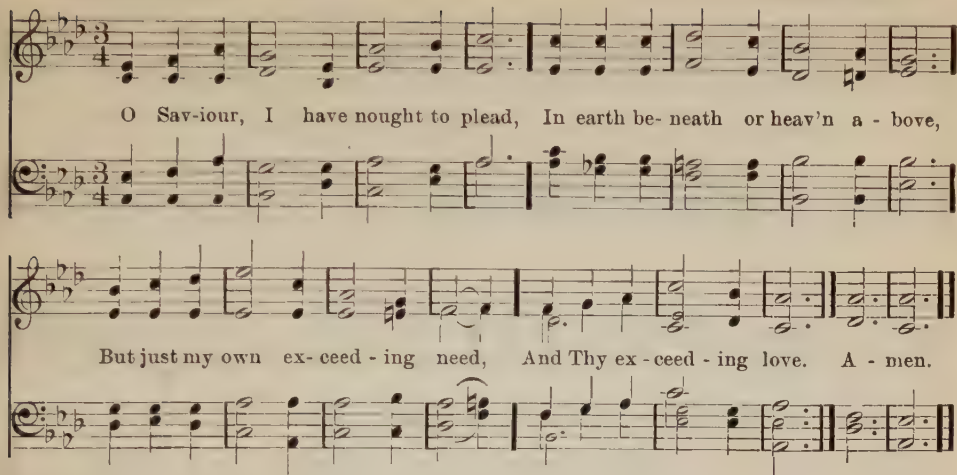
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

JUST AS I AM 8. 8. 8. 6.

Joseph Barnby 1883



O Sav-iour, I have nought to plead, In earth be-neath or heav'n a - bove,
But just my own ex-ceed - ing need, And Thy ex-ceed - ing love. A - men.

1 O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

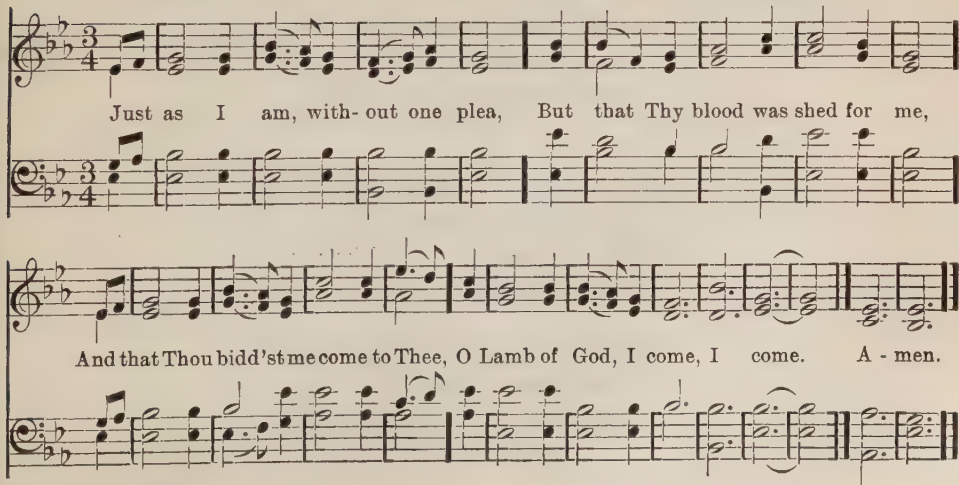
2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er;
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

Jane Crewdson, 1864

WOODWORTH L. M.

(Alternate Tune for 211)

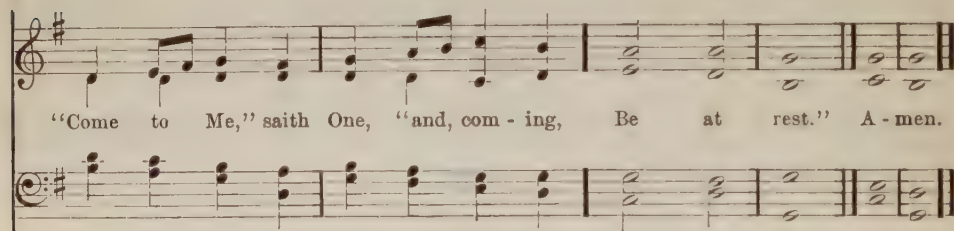
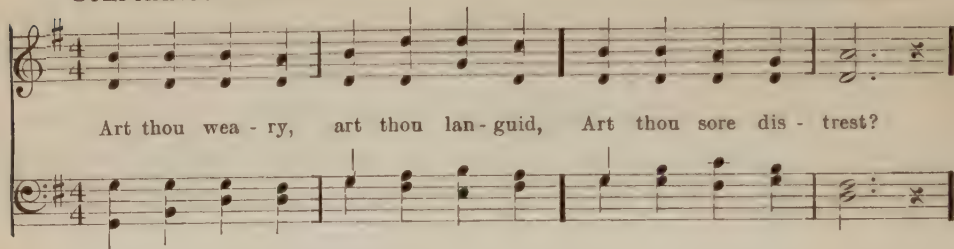
William B. Bradbury, 1849



Just as I am, with- out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - men.

STEPHANOS 8. 5. 8. 3.

Henry W. Baker, 1868



1 **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?

“Come to Me,” saith One, “and, coming,
Be at rest.”

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?

“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.”

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?

“Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?

“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?

“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed.”

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?

“Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.”

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?

“Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, ‘Yes’.”

BULLINGER 8. 5. 8. 3.

Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1874

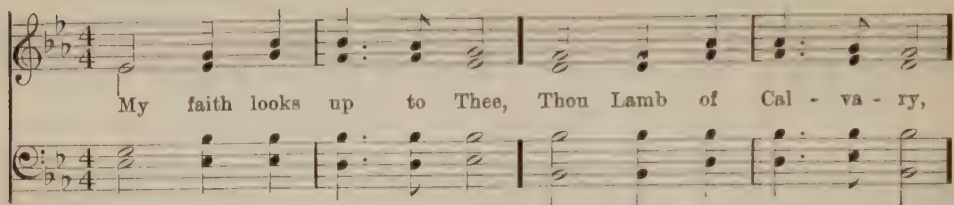
I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee,

Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free. A - men.

- 1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee,
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.
- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.
- 4 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.
- 5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

OLIVET 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1832



1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine;
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine!

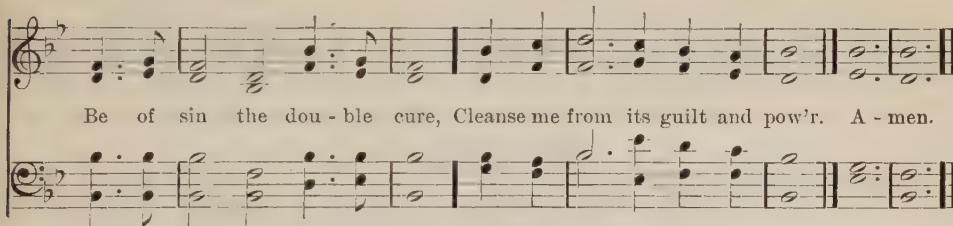
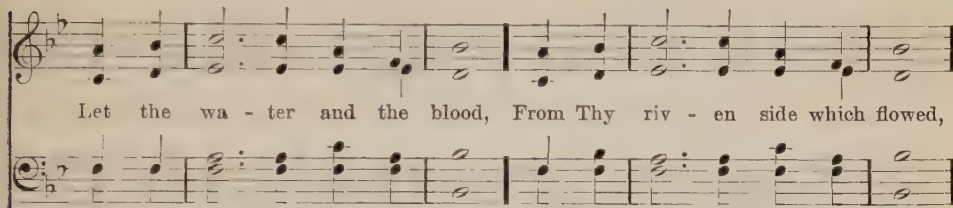
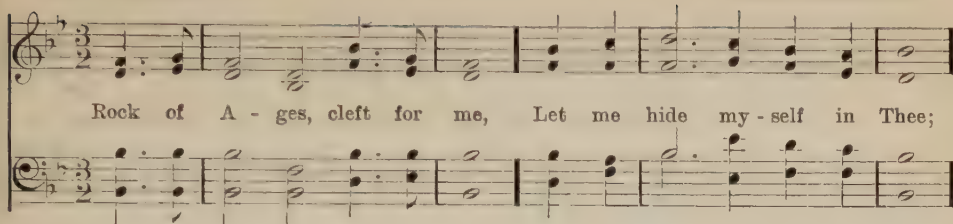
2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul!

TOPLADY Six 7s.

Thomas Hastings, 1830



1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

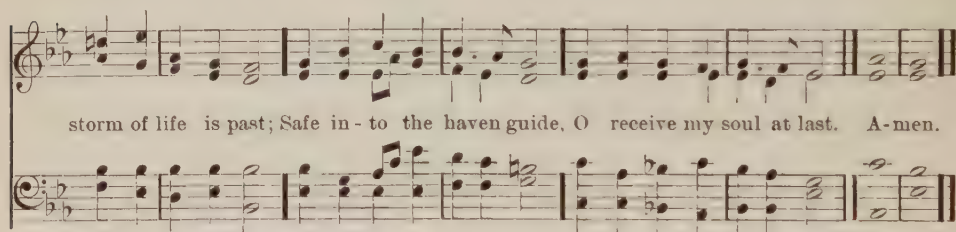
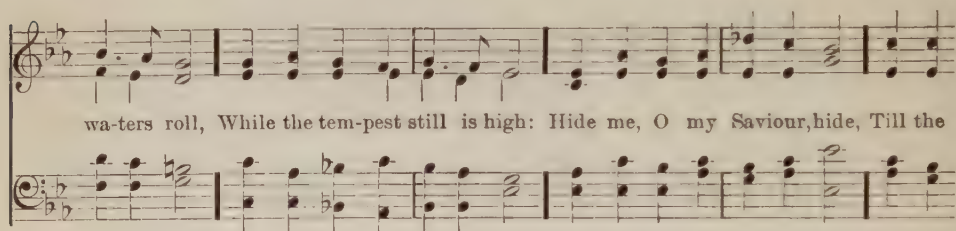
2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

HOLLINGSIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

John B. Dykes, 1861



1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind,
 Just and holy is Thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

CONSOLATION 11. 10. 11. 10.

Adapted from Samuel Webbe, 1740-1816

Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your
an - guish: Earth has no sor - rows that heav'n can - not heal. A - men.

- 1 **C**OME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure."
- 3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, v. 1, 2, alt; 1816,
Thomas Hastings, v. 3, 1832

MARTYN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

(Alternate Tune for 217)

Simon B. Marsh, 1836

{ Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide,
{ While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high: }

Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last. A - men.

GOWER'S LITANY 7. 7. 7. 6.

John H. Gower, 1890

Fa - ther, hear Thy chil - dren's call; Hum - bly at Thy feet we fall,

Pro - di - gals con - fess - ing all: We be - seech Thee, hear us. A-men.

Copyright, by John H. Gower

1 **F**ATHER, hear Thy children's call;
 Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
 Prodigals confessing all:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 We Thy call have disobeyed,
 Into paths of sin have strayed,
 And repentance have delayed:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
 Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
 Evil, long to be made pure:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Blind, we pray that we may see,
 Bound, we pray to be made free,
 Stained, we pray for sanctity:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Love that caused us first to be,
 Love that bled upon the tree,
 Love that draws us lovingly:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

FELIX 11. 10. 11. 10.

Arr. fr. J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809-1847

Fa - ther, to us Thy chil - dren, hum - bly kneel - ing, Con - scious of

weak - ness, ign'rance, sin and shame, Give such a force of ho - ly tho't and

feel - ing, That we may live to glo - ri - fy Thy name; A - men.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to us Thy children, humbly kneeling,
 Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin and shame,
 Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
 That we may live to glorify Thy name;
- 2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
 That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
 O'ercome the world's allurements, threat and fashion,
 Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thy will.
- 3 O let not all the pains and toils be wasted,
 Spent on our life by saints now gone to rest,
 Nor that deep sorrow the Redeemer tasted,
 When on His soul the guilt of men was pressed!
- 4 Let all this goodness by our minds be heeded;
 Let all this mercy on our hearts be sealed:
 Thy power, O Lord, can give the cleansing needed;
 O speak the word! Thy servants shall be healed.

BERA L. M.

John E. Gould, 1849

Be - hold a Stran - ger at the door! He gen - tly knocks, has
 knock'd be - fore, Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still;
 You treat no oth - er friend so ill. A - men.

1 **B**EHOLD a Stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knocked before,
 Has waited long, is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
 With melting heart, and laden hands;
 O matchless kindness! and He shows
 That matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Admit Him, for the human breast
 Ne'er entertained so kind a Guest:
 The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
 With garments dyed at Calvary.

4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
 If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,—
 To reign, and with no partial sway;
 Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

5 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,
 O may Thy gentle reign increase!
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
 And be His empire all mankind.

Joseph Grigg, 1765, arr.

STUTTGART 8. 7. 8. 7.

Psalmody Sacra Gotha, 1715

Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low Me!" A - men.

1 JESUS calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me!"

2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,

From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more!"

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these!"

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852

GALILEE 8. 7. 8. 7.

(Alternate Tune)

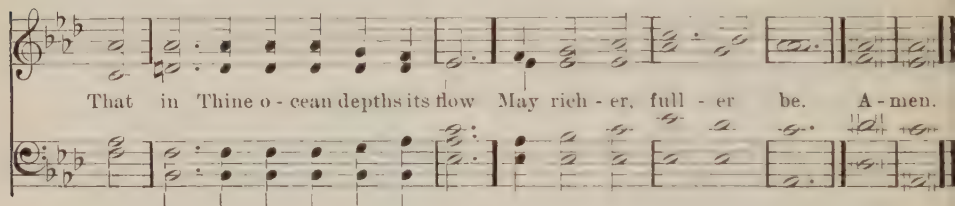
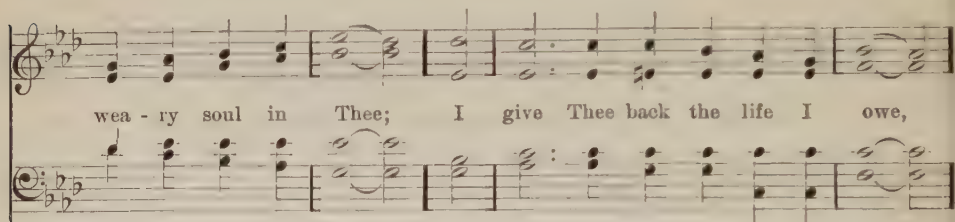
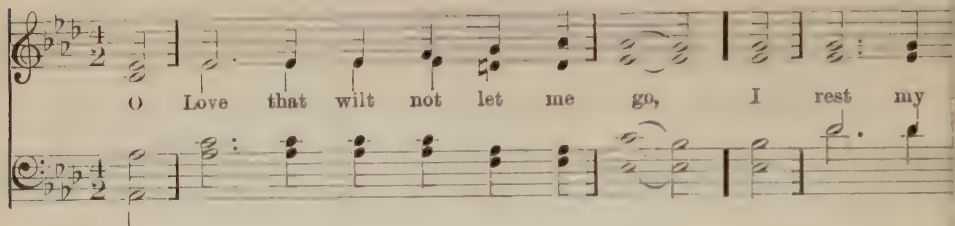
William H. Jude, 1874

Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest - less sea;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, "Christian, fol - low Me!" A - men.

St. MARGARET 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Albert L. Peace. 1885



1 O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul in Thee;
 I give Thee back the life I owe,
 That in Thine ocean depths its flow
 May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
 I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,
 That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
 May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
 I cannot close my heart to Thee;
 I trace the rainbow through the rain,
 And feel the promise is not vain
 That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

Faith

AMESBURY C. M. D.

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895

I bow my fore-head to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trem-bling self-dis-trust, A prayer with-out a claim.
I see the wrong that round me lies, I feel the guilt with-in;
I hear, with groan and tra-vail-cries, The world con-fess its sin; A-men.

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1 I BOW my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim;
I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within,
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin;

2 Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.
I dimly guess from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight,
And with the chastened Psalmist own,
His judgments too are right.

3 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies;
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

4 No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love:
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1865, arr.

SEGUR 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 4. 7.

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865

Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho- vah, Pilgrim through this bar- ren land;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy pow'ful hand:

Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more. A-men.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

FENITON COURT 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 4. 7.

Edward J. Hopkins 1818-1901

Lead us, heav'nly, Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-u-ous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;

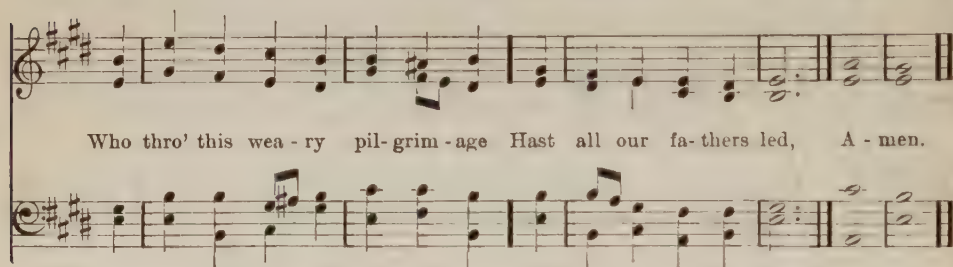
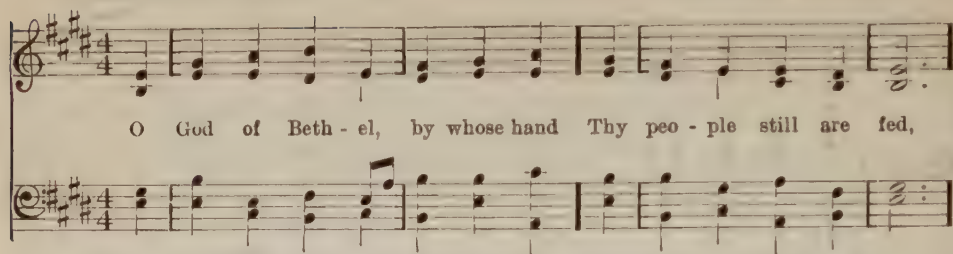
Yet pos-sess-ing ev-'ry blessing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-men.

1 **L**EAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but Thee;
 Yet possessing
 Every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
 All our weakness Thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary,
 Faint and weary,
 Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy;
 Thus provided,
 Pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

DUNDEE C. M.

The cl Psalms, Edinburgh, 1615

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed,
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led,

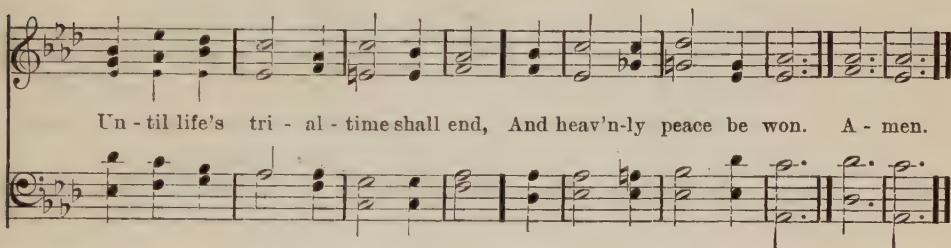
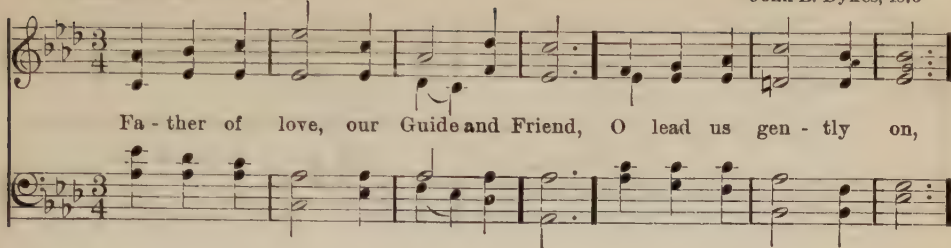
2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before Thy throne of grace;
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide,
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode,
 Our souls arrive in peace.

BEATITUDO C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1875



1 **F**ATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
 O lead us gently on,
 Until life's trial-time shall end,
 And heavenly peace be won.

2 We know not what the path may be
 As yet by us untrod;
 But we can trust our all to Thee,
 Our Father and our God.

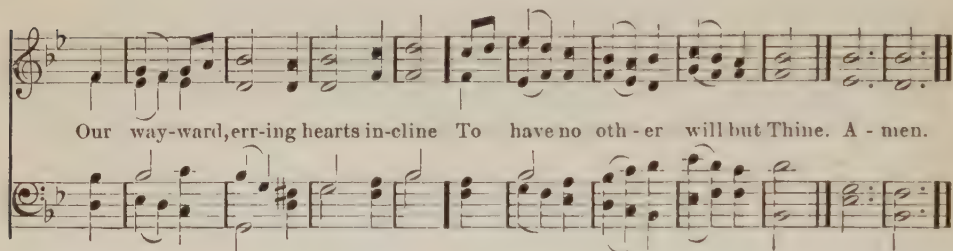
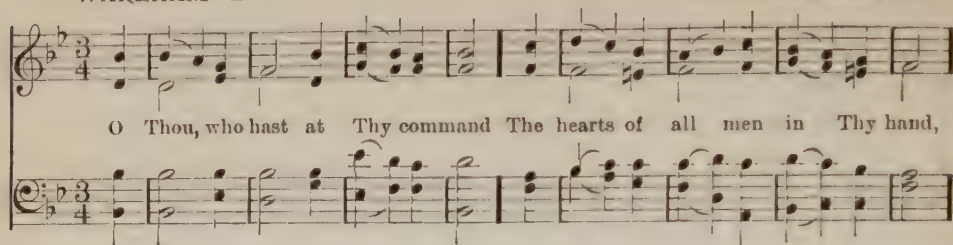
3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
 The hill of sacrifice,
 Some angel may be there in time,
 Deliverance shall arise;

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
 O teach us to endure
 The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
 That make the spirit pure.

5 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
 And we, His followers here,
 Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
 In hope and love and fear.

WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738



1 **O** THOU, who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but Thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

3 Twice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

4 Still make us, when temptation's near,
As our worst foe ourselves to fear;
And, each vainglorious thought to quell,
Teach us how Peter vowed and fell.

5 Yet may we, feeble, weak and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail;
Thy word our safety from alarm,
Our strength Thine everlasting arm.

ST. CRISPIN L. M.

George J. Elvey, 1863

O grant us light, that we may know The wis-dom Thou a - lone canst give,

That truth may guide where'er we go, And vir-tue bless where'er we live. A - men.

1 O GRANT us light, that we may know
 The wisdom Thou alone canst give,
 That truth may guide where'er we go,
 And virtue bless where'er we live.

2 O grant us light, that we may see
 Where error lurks in human lore,
 And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
 And love Thy simple word the more.

3 O grant us light, that we may learn
 How dead is life from Thee apart,
 How sure is joy for all who turn
 To Thee an undivided heart.

4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
 To lift our burdened hearts above,
 And count the very cross a gain,
 And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 O grant us light, when, soon or late,
 All earthly scenes shall pass away,
 In Thee to find the open gate
 To deathless home and endless day.

LONGWOOD 10. 10. 10. 10.

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Lead us, O Fa-ther, in the paths of peace: With-out Thy

guid-ing hand we go a-stray, And doubts ap-pal, and

sor-rows still in-crease; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv-ing Way. A-men.

- 1 **L** EAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace:
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.
- 2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth:
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.
- 3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a moral night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.
- 4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

BATTELL 10. 10. 10. 10.

Robbins Battell, 1882

Light - en the dark - ness of our life's long night, Through which we
blind - ly stum - ble to the day, Shad - ows mis - lead us: Fa - ther,
send Thy light To set our foot - steps in the home - ward way. A - men.

1 **L**IGHTEN the darkness of our life's long night,
Through which we blindly stumble to the day,
Shadows mislead us: Father, send Thy light
To set our footsteps in the homeward way.

2 Lighten the darkness of our self-conceit—
The subtle darkness that we love so well,
Which shrouds the path of wisdom from our feet,
And lulls our spirits with its baneful spell.

3 Lighten our darkness when we bow the knee
To all the gods we ignorantly make
And worship, dreaming that we worship Thee,
Till clearer light our slumbering souls awake.

4 Lighten our darkness when we fail at last,
And in the midnight lay us down to die;
We trust to find Thee when the night is past,
And daylight breaks across the morning sky

NEUMARK Six 8s.

Georg Neumark, 1657; har. J. S Bach, 1685-1750

1. { Leave God to or - der all thy ways, And hope in
Thou'lt find Him in the e - vil days, Thine all - suf -

Him what-e'er be - tide; } Who trusts in God's un -
fi - - cient Strength and Guide; }

chang - ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move. A - men.

- 1 **L**EAVE God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
Thine all-sufficient Strength and Guide;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.
- 2 Only thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love has sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.
- 3 He knows when joyful hours are best;
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.
- 4 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall they be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

PILOT Six 7s.

John E. Gould, 1871

Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;

Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. A - men.

- 1 JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Edward Hopper, 1871

LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1867

Lead, kind-ly Light, a- mid th'en-cir-eling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on;

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see.....

The dis- tant scene,— one step e- nough for me. A- men.

- 1 **L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on;
 Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,— one step enough for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on;
 I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman, 1833

LUX BEATA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

Albert L. Peace, 1885

Im - mor - tal Love, with-in whose righteous will Is al - ways peace, O pit - y
me, storm-tossed on waves of ill; Let pas-sion cease; Come down in pow'r with-
in my heart to reign, For I am weak, and striving has been vain. A - men.

- 1 IMMORTAL Love, within whose righteous will
Is always peace,
O pity me, storm-tossed on waves of ill;
Let passion cease;
Come down in power within my heart to reign,
For I am weak, and striving has been vain.
- 2 The days are gone, when far and wide my will
Drove me astray;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way,
Which leads through mists and rocks to Thine abode;
Toiling for man, and Thee, Almighty God.
- 3 Whate'er of pain Thy loving hand allot
I gladly bear;
Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
Nor yet Thy care,
Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.
- 4 So may I, far away, when evening falls
On life and love,
Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
With Thee above;
Wounded yet healed, sin-laden yet forgiven,
And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

Stopford A. Brooke, 1881

JEWETT 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

From Carl M. von Weber, 1821

My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love

I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row or through joy, Con - duct me

as Thine own; And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done. A - men

1 MY Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 O may Thy will be mine;
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign;
 Through sorrow or through joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own;
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

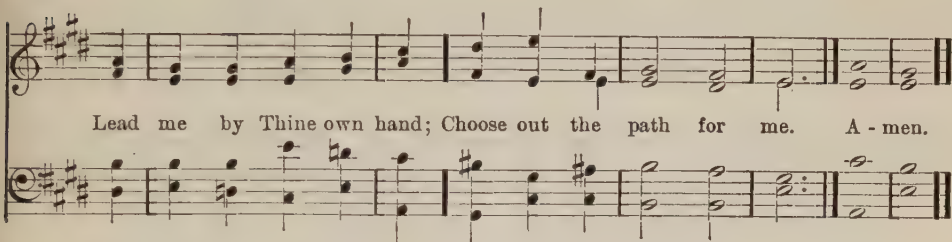
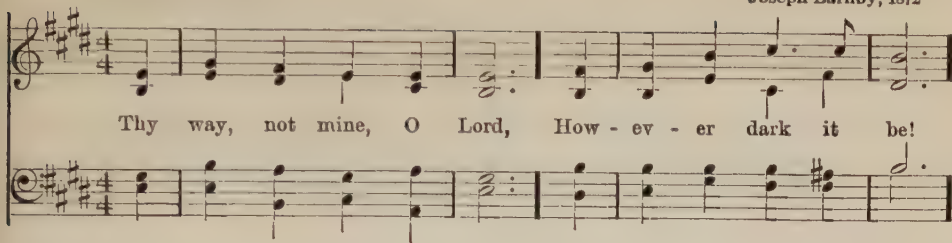
2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure;
 The manna of Thy word
 Let my soul feed upon;
 And if all else should fail,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear;
 Since Thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee;
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

VIA RECTE 6. 6. 6. 6.

Joseph Barnby, 1872



1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand;
 Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
 I would not, if I might;
 Choose Thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.

5 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth;

6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom, and my All.

HERBERT 8. 8. 8. 4.

Richard R. Chope, 1862

My God and Fa- ther, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." A - men.

1 **M**Y God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done.

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done."

5 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

3 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
Thy will be done.

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

Charlotte Elliott, 1834, 35

TROYTE, NO. 1 (Chant) 8. 8. 8. 4.

A. H. D. Troyte 1811-1857

My God and Father, while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." A - men.

HANFORD 8. 8. 8. 4.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

O God, not on - ly in dis - tress, In pain and want and wea - ri - ness,

Thy ten - der Spir - it stoops to bless, Thy will is done. A - men.

- 1 O GOD, not only in distress,
In pain and want and weariness,
Thy tender Spirit stoops to bless,
Thy will is done.
- 2 But oftener on the wings of peace
And girt about with tenderness,
Thou comest, and all troubles cease,—
Thy will is done.
- 3 In all that nature hath supplied,
In flowers along the country side,
In morning light, in eventide,
Thy will is done.
- 4 In youthful days, when joys increase,
In light, in hope, in happiness,
In quiet times of trustful peace,
Thy will is done.
- 5 And when the burdened heart can bring
Its sorrows to Thy feet, and cling
Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.
- 6 Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just;
And we, frail creatures of the dust,
Through good or ill, can only trust
Thy will is done.

GUILDFORD Six 7s.

William Haynes, 1876

Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart; Make me teach - a - ble and mild,
Up - right, sim - ple, free from art; Make me as a wean - ed child,
From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee. A - men.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weaned child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

John Newton, 1779

ST. BEDE 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

John B. Dykes, 1823-1876

Fa - ther I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me;

The chang - es that are sure to come, I do not fear to see:

I ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In - tent on pleas-ing Thee. A - men.

1 **F**ATHER I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes,
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

5 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,
More careful not to serve Thee much
But please Thee perfectly.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

ARIEL 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

J. C. D. A. Mozart, 1756-91
Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836

O Lord, how hap - py should we be If we could cast our care on Thee,

If we from self could rest, And feel at heart that One a - bove, In per - fect wis - dom,

per - fect love, Is work - ing for the best, Is work - ing for the best. A - men.

1 O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

2 How far from this our daily strife,
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms!
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
Even while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear!

4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
Even in affliction, peace.

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8. 7. 8. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1868

The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er;

I noth - ing lack if I am His And He is mine for ev - er. A - men.

- 1 THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!
- 6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

ANGELS' STORY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arthur H. Mann, 1883

In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-
fid - ing, For nothing changes here: The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be
laid; But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - may'd? A - men.

1 **I**N heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh
And I will walk with Him.

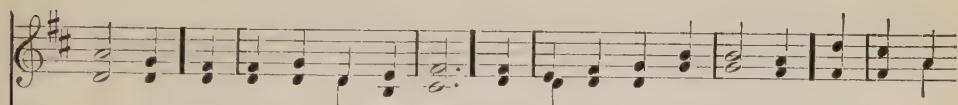
3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure,
The path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

BENTLEY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

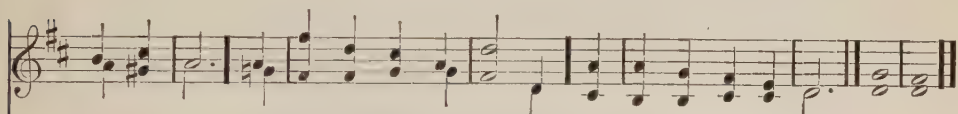
John P. Hullah, 1867



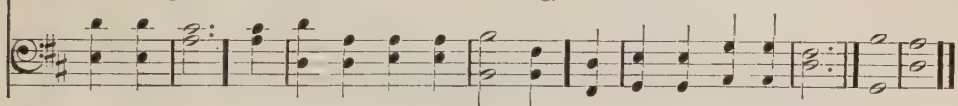
Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord, who



ris - es With heal - ing in His wings: When comforts are de - clin - ing, He grants the



soul a - gain A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain. A - men.



1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

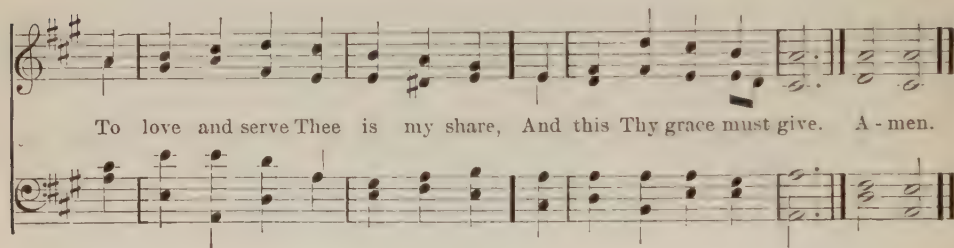
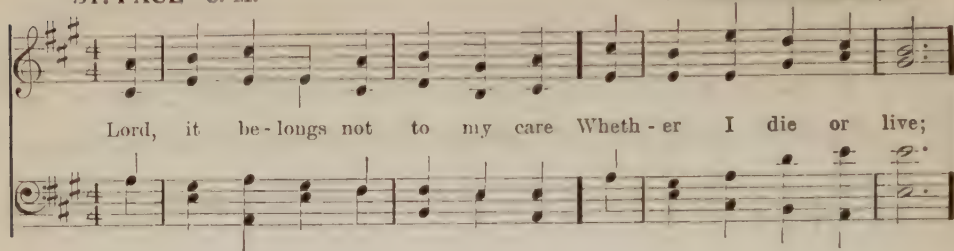
3 "It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread."

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say:—
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may,

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

ST. PAUL C. M.

J. Chalmers's Collection, 1749



- 1 **L**ORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To welcome endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?
- 5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim:
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

JACKSON C. M.

Thomas Jackson, 1715-81

O Lord, I would de-light in Thee, And on Thy care de-pend;
To Thee in ev-'ry troub-le flee, My best, my on-ly Friend. A-men.

1 O LORD, I would delight in Thee,

And on Thy care depend;

To Thee in every trouble flee,

My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,

Thy fulness is the same;

May I with this be satisfied,

And glory in Thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,

But may be found in Thee;

I must have all things and abound,

While God is God to me.

4 He that has made my heaven secure,

Will here all good provide;

While Christ is rich, can I be poor?

What can I want beside?

5 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee;

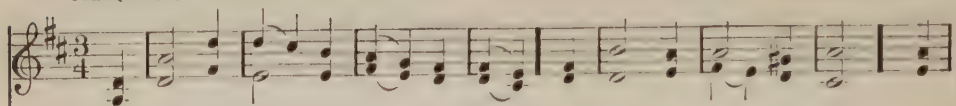
I triumph and adore:

Henceforth my great concern shall be

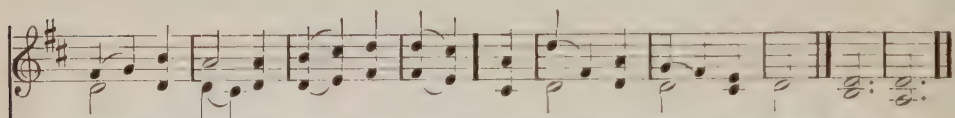
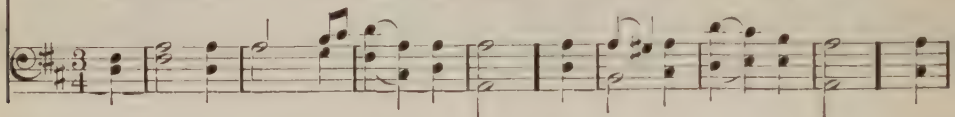
To love and please Thee more.

ABRIDGE C. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770



My God, my ev - er - last - ing Hope, I live up - on Thy truth; Thy



hands have held my child-hood up, And strengthen'd all my youth. A - men.



1 **M**Y God, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon Thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year:
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let Thy glory shine
Whene'er Thy servant dies.

4 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read Thy love in every page,
In every line Thy praise.

LONDON NEW C. M.

Playford's *Psalms*, 1671; adapted from
'Newtown' in *Psalmes of David*, Edinburgh, 1635

God moves in a mys - ter - ious way His won - ders to per - form;

He plants His foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm. A - men.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Lowell Mason, 1859

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
That rais - eth me, Still all my song would be, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.

1 **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, to Thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

KEDRON 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Ann B. Spratt, 1866

More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
 pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! A - men.

1 **M**ORE love to Thee, O Christ,
 More love to Thee!
 Hear Thou the prayer I make
 On bended knee;
 This is my earnest plea,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

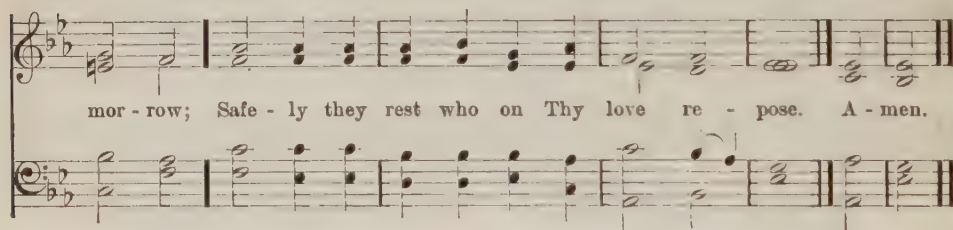
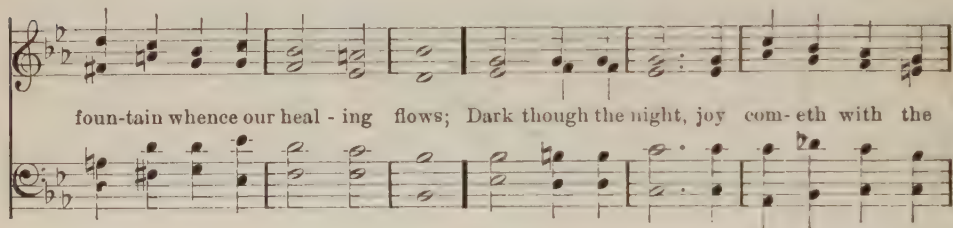
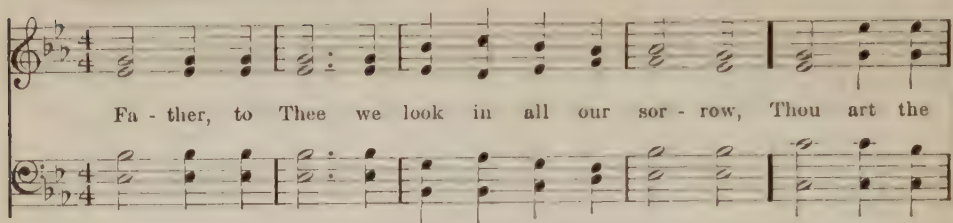
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest;
 Now Thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best;
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
 Send grief and pain;
 Sweet are Thy messengers,
 Sweet their refrain,
 When they can sing with me,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper Thy praise;
 This is the parting cry,
 My heart shall raise,
 This still its prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 More love to Thee!

MARLBOROUGH 11. 10. 11. 10.

Arr. by Arthur Sullivan, 1874



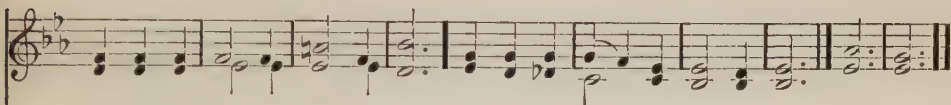
- 1 **F**ATHER, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
 Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
 Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
 Safely they rest who on Thy love repose.
- 2 When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
 When the vain cares that vex our lives increase,
 Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
 And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.
- 3 Naught shall affright us on Thy goodness leaning;
 Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
 Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning;
 And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong.
- 4 Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows;
 Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
 Yet shalt thou praise Him, when these darkened furrows,
 Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

HESPERUS L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866



O Love di - vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-t'rest tear,



On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near. A - men.

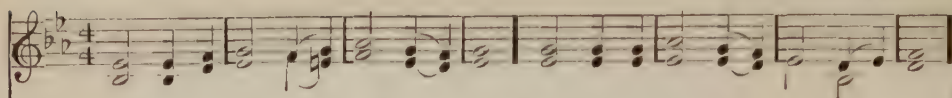


- 1 **O** LOVE divine, that stooped to share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
 On Thee we cast each earth-born care;
 We smile at pain while Thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrow crown each lingering year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
 Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

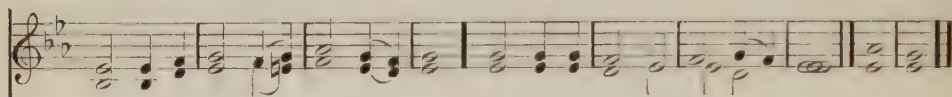
- 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love divine, for ever dear;
 Content to suffer while we know,
 Living and dying, Thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859

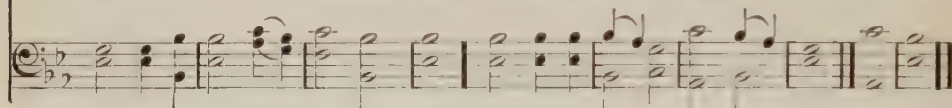
HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian chant
by Lowell Mason, 1824

Lord, my weak tho't in vain would climb To search the star-ry vault pro-found;



In vain would wing her flight sub-lime, To find cre-a-tion's ut-most bound. A-men.



1 **L**ORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime
To find creation's utmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search Thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,—
That so it seemeth good to Thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. Robert A. Schumann, 1839

I love, I love Thee, Lord most high, Be-cause Thou first hast lov-ed me;

I seek no oth-er lib-er-ty But that of be-ing bound to Thee. A-men.

1 I LOVE, I love Thee, Lord most high,
Because Thou first hast lovèd me;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to Thee.

2 May memory no thought suggest,
But shall to Thy pure glory tend;
My understanding find no rest
Except in Thee, its only end.

3 My God, I here protest to Thee,
No other will have I than Thine;
Whatever Thou hast given me,
I here again to Thee resign.

4 All mine is Thine,— say but the word,
Whate'er Thou wilt shall be done;
I know Thy love, all-gracious Lord;
I know it seeks my good alone.

5 Apart from Thee all things are naught;
Then grant, O my supremest bliss,
Grant me to love Thee as I ought;—
Thou givest all in giving this.

HARRINGTON C. M.

Henry Harrington, 1727-1816

O Thou from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;

In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me. A-men.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my heart to Thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

2 While on my poor distressed heart
 My sins lie heavily, "
 My pardon speak, new peace impart,
 In love remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
 To shake my faith in Thee;
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day,
 For good remember me.

4 If on my face for Thy dear name
 Shame and reproaches be,
 All hail, reproach! and welcome, shame!
 If Thou remember me.

5 When in desertion's dismal night,
 Thy face I cannot see;
 Then, Lord, arise with glorious light,
 And still remember me.

WINCHESTER OLD C. M.

Thomas Este's *Psalmes* 1592,
arr. from Christopher Tye, 1553

There is a safe and se - cret place, Be - neath the wings di - vine,

Re - served for all the heirs of grace; O be that ref - uge mine! A - men.

1 **T**HERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God;

3 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine,—

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

LAMBETH C. M.

William Schulthes, 1871

Lord, I be-lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy word I would o-bey;

I wan-der com-fort-less and lone When from Thy truth I stray. A-men.

1 **L**ORD, I believe; Thy power I own,
 Thy word I would obey;
 I wander comfortless and lone
 When from Thy truth I stray.

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
 Sometimes bedim my sight;
 I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
 And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but Thou dost know
 My faith is cold and weak;
 Pity my frailty, and bestow
 The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou
 Canst give my soul relief:
 Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;
 Help Thou mine unbelief.

DEDHAM C. M.

William Gardiner, 1830



Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign hand de - nies,



Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise;— A-men.



1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign hand denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise;—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of Thy grace impart,
 And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
 My path of life attend,
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

PENITENCE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Spencer Lane, 1879

In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me, Lest, by base de -

ni - al, I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a

look re - call, Nor, for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

1 IN the hour of trial,
 Jesus, pray for me,
 Lest, by base denial,
 I depart from Thee;
 When Thou see'st me waver,
 With a look recall,
 Nor, for fear or favor,
 Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures
 Would this vain world charm,
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm;
 Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
 Thou in love chastise,
 Pour Thy benediction
 On the sacrifice;
 Then upon Thine altar
 Freely offered up,
 Though the flesh may falter,
 Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
 To the grave I sink,
 While heaven's glory flashes
 O'er the shelving brink,
 On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
 Lord, receive me, dying,
 To eternal life.

O JESU 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

J. Balthasar Reimann, 1747

I look to Thee in ev - 'ry need, And nev - er look in vain;

I feel Thy strong and ten - der love, And all is well a - gain;

The thought of Thee is mightier far Than sin and pain and sor - row are. A - men.

1 I LOOK to Thee in every need,
 And never look in vain;
 I feel Thy strong and tender love,
 And all is well again;
 The thought of Thee is mightier far
 Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
 Disheartened by its load,
 Shamed by its failures or its fears,
 I sink beside the road;
 But let me only think of Thee,
 And then new heart springs up in me.

3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
 My restlessness to still,
 Around me flows Thy quickening life
 To nerve my faltering will,
 Thy presence fills my solitude,
 Thy providence turns all to good.

4 Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
 Held in Thy law, I stand;
 Thy hand in all things I behold,
 And all things in Thy hand;
 Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

ELTON 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Frederick C. Maker, 1887

Dear Lord and Fa-ther of mankind, For-give our fool-ish ways; Reclothe us in our

right-ful mind, In pur-er lives Thy serv-ice find, In deep-er rev'rence, praise. A-men.

1 **D**EAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways;
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
 In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard
 Beside the Syrian sea
 The gracious calling of the Lord,
 Let us, like them, without a word,
 Rise up and follow Thee.

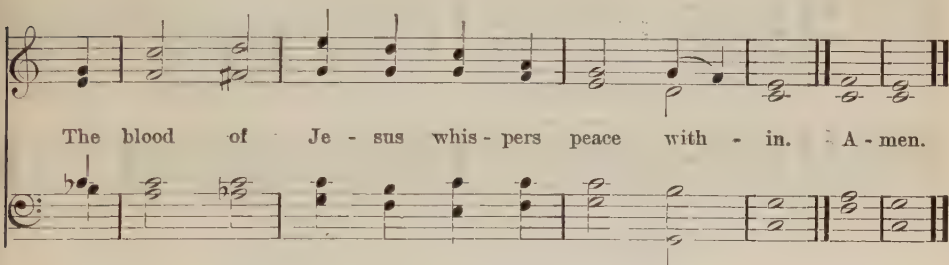
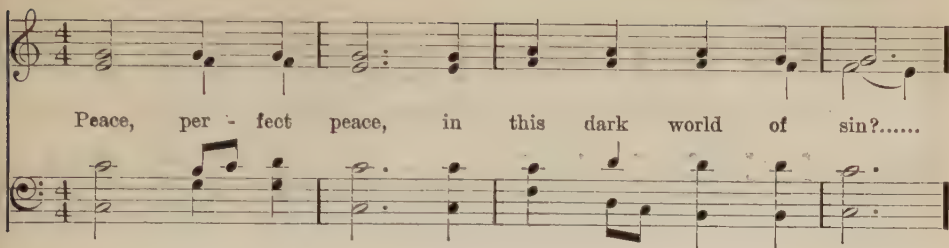
3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
 Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
 The silence of eternity
 Interpreted by love!

4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
 Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
 O still, small voice of calm!

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1872

PAX TECUM 10. 10.

Charles Vincent and
George T. Caldbeck, 1877

1 **P**EACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

MEDITATION C. M.

John H. Gower, 1800

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm; While these hot breez - es blow,

Be like the night-dew's cool-ing balm Up - on earth's fev-ered brow. A - men.

Copyright by John H. Gower

1 CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
 While these hot breezes blow,
 Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
 Upon earth's fevered brow.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
 The sounds my ear that greet;
 Calm in the closet's solitude,
 Calm in the bustling street;

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
 Calm in my hour of pain;
 Calm in my poverty or wealth,
 Calm in my loss or gain;

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
 Like Him who bore my shame;
 Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
 Who hate Thy holy name;

5 Calm as the ray of sun or star,
 Which storms assail in vain;
 Moving unruffled through earth's war,
 The eternal calm to gain.

SOUTHWELL C. M.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861

We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God, Deep as th'un-fath-om'd sea, Which
falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee. A - men.

1 WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in Thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee:

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

SPOHR C. M.

From Louis Spohr, 1835

O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame,
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! A - men.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

PRÆTORIUS C. M.

*Harmoniae hymnorum
scholae Gorticensis, 1599*

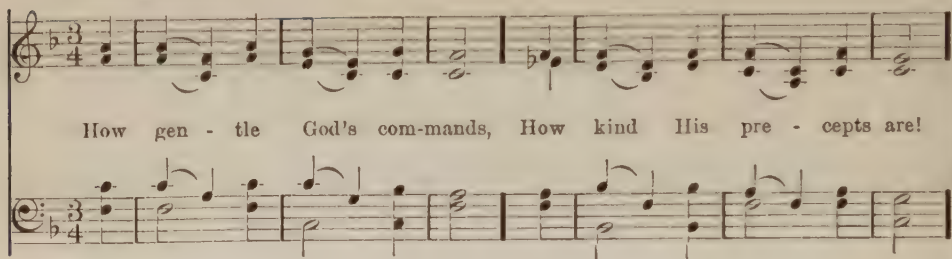
My God, my on - ly Help and Hope, My strong and sure De - fence,

For all my safe - ty and my peace I bless Thy prov - i - dence. A - men.

- 1 MY God, my only Help and Hope,
My strong and sure Defence,
For all my safety and my peace
I bless Thy providence.
- 2 Lord, in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.
- 3 In Thee I live and move and am;
Thou deal'st me out my days;
As Thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew Thy praise.
- 4 Let me be ever good to Thine,
Who art so good to me;
Let Thine be mine, and mine be Thine,
And they twice mine shall be.
- 5 I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplexed?
My God that owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.
- 6 Go fearless, then, my soul, with God
Into another room;
Thou, who hast walked with Him here,
Go see Thy God at home.

DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from J. G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845



- 1 **H**OW gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.
- 2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

VULPIUS 7. 6. 7. 6.

Arr. fr. a melody by Melchior Vulpius, 1600

God is my strong Sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear?

In dark-ness and temp - ta - tion My Light, my Help is near. A-men.

- 1 GOD is my strong Salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My Light, my Help is near.
- 2 Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?
- 3 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
- 4 His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery, 1822

INTERCESSION, NEW 7. 5. 7. 5. D. With Refrain

William H. Callcott, 1867
Last 2 l. fr. Mendelssohn, 1846

When the wea-ry, seeking rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heavy - la - den cast
All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek-ing peace, On Thy name shall call;
When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall: Hear then in
love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing - place on high. A - men.

1 **W**HEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
*Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.*

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend,
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:

4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name:

ADESTE FIDELES 11. 11. 11. 11.

J. F. Wade's, *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His

ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to

Je- sus for ref-uge have fled? You who un-to Je- sus for ref-uge have fled? A-men.

1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

"K" in Rippon's *Selection*, 1787

Hope

ST. ANDREW S. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1869

Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to His hands, To

His sure truth and ten - der care, Who earth and heav'n commands. A - men.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
- 6 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

SCHUMANN S. M.

Arr. fr. Robert A. Schumann, 1810-1856

Give to the winds thy fears; Hope and be un-dis-mayed;

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head. A-men.

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears;
 Hope and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves and clouds and storms
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou His time; so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Leave to His sovereign sway
 To choose and to command;
 So shalt thou wondering own, His way
 How wise, how strong His hand!
- 4 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.
- 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
 Our hearts are known to Thee;
 O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee.
- 6 Let us in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

CHALVEY S. M. D.

Leighton G. Hayne, 1868

Your harps, ye trem-bling saints, Down from the will-ows take;
Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid ev-'ry string a-wake.
Though in a for-eign land, We are not far from home,
And near-er to our house a-bove We ev-'ry mo-ment come. A-men.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.
Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

2 Fastened within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong,
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along;
Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul:
Still on His plighted love
At all events rely;
The very hidings of His face
Shall train thee up to joy.

4 Tarry His leisure then,
Although He seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will overpay.
Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee;
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

DIADEMATA S. M. D.

George J. Elvey, 1868

Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,
 Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Through His e - ter - nal Son;
 Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
 Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or. A - men.

1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through His eternal Son;
 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in His mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in His great might,
 With all His strength endowed,
 And take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God;

That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul,
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole.
 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle and fight and pray,
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day.

Charles Wesley, 1749, arr.

ALL SAINTS C. M. D.

Henry B. Cutler, 1872

The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train. A - men.

1 THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

PRESBYTER C. M. D.

Walter O. Wilkinson, 1895

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield,

And let the King of glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field:

That ban - ner, bright - er than the star That leads the train of night,

Shines on their march, and guides from far His serv - ants to the fight. A - men.

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- 1 **L**IFT up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of glory pass;
The cross is in the field:
That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.
- 3 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length:
Those spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
In His great judgment-day.
- 2 A holy war those servants wage;
Mysteriously at strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.
Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod
Take your appointed post.
- 4 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong!
To Christ shall all the nations bow,
And sing with you this song:
"Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of glory pass;
The cross hath won the field."

James Montgomery, 1843, v: 4, line 3 alt.

ST. MICHAEL S. M.

Psalmes octante trois, Geneva 1551

Be - lieve not those who say The up - ward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way And faint be - fore the truth. A - men.

- 1 BELIEVE not those who say
The upward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way
And faint before the truth.
- 2 It is the only road
Unto the realms of joy;
But he who seeks that blest abode
Must all his powers employ.
- 3 Arm, arm thee for the fight;
Cast useless loads away;
Watch through the darkest hours of night;
Toil through the hottest day.
- 4 To labor and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above,
And keep thy conscience pure—
- 5 Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, thy chief delight.
What matter who should whisper blame,
Or who should scorn or slight,
- 6 If but thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of His love,
The earnest of His rest!

DOLOMITE CHANT 6. 6. 6. 6.

Austrian Melody
harmonized by Joseph T. Cooper, 1877

Not so in haste, my heart! Have faith in God and wait; Al-though He



lin - ger long, He nev - er comes too late. A - men.



1 NOT so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God and wait;
Although He linger long,
He never comes too late.

3 Until He cometh, rest,
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God
Are soonest at the goal.

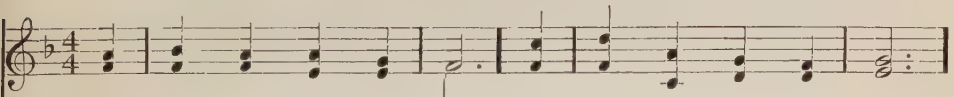
2 He never comes too late,
He knoweth what is best;
Vex not thyself in vain;
Until He cometh, rest.

4 Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed;
Then hold thee still, my heart,
For I shall wait His lead.

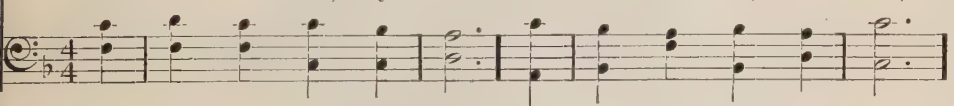
Bradford Torrey, 1875

QUAM DILECTA 6. 6. 6. 6. (Alternate Tune)

Henry L. Jenner, 1861



Not so in haste, my heart! Have faith in God, and wait;

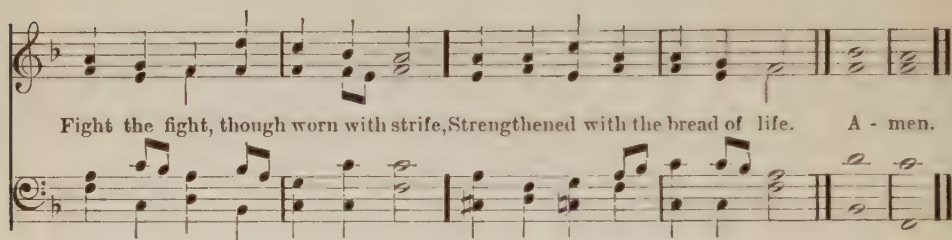
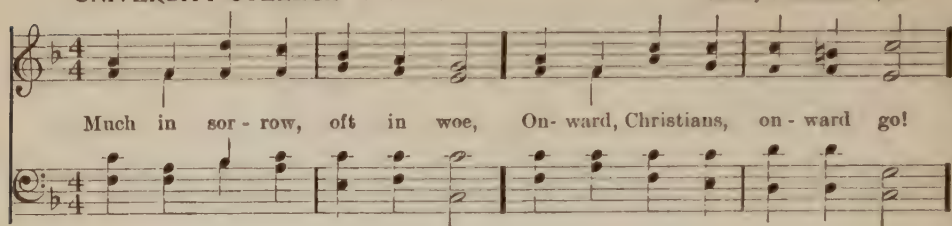


Al-though He lin - ger long, He nev - er comes too late. A - men.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



1 **M**UCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, though worn with strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life,

2 Onward, Christian, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe:
Faint not! much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry,
Let not woe your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove,
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Henry Smart, 1866

He who suns and worlds up-hold - eth Lends us His up-hold - ing hand;

He the a - ges who un - fold - eth Doth our times and ways com-mand:

God is for us, God is for us; In His strength and stay we stand. A-men.

1 **H**E who suns and worlds upholdeth
Lends us His upholding hand;
He the ages who unfoldeth
Doth our times and ways command:
God is for us;
In His strength and stay we stand.

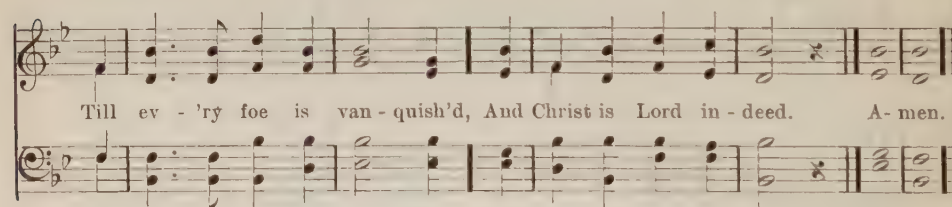
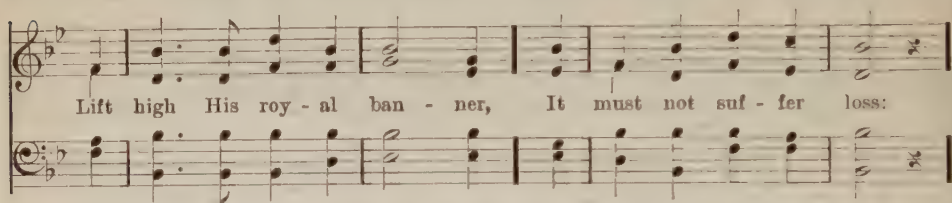
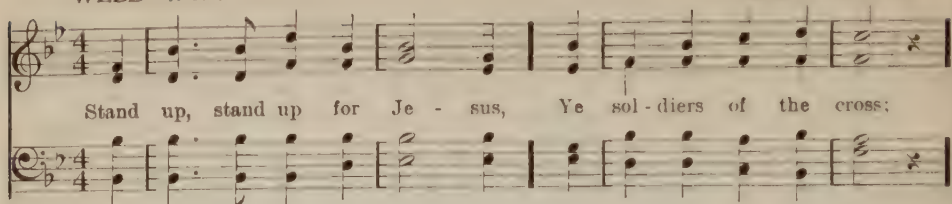
2 Hard the fight with flesh and devil;
Dread the might of inbred sin;
How can we encounter evil
Strong without and strong within?
God is for us;
He will help and we shall win.

3 'Gainst oppression forth He sends us,
His the cause of truth and right;
With His own great host He blends us,
Lendeth us of His own might:
God is for us,
Brings to happy end the fight.

4 Onward, upward doth He beckon;
Onward, upward would we press;
As His own our burdens reckon,
As our own His strength possess:
God is for us;
God, our Helper, still we bless.

WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George J. Webb, 1837



- 1 STAND up, stand for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss:
 From victory unto victory
 His army He shall lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this His glorious day:
 Ye that are men now serve Him
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Let courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in His strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer;
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

PEARSALL 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Robert L. de Pearsall, 1795-1856

Lead on, O King e - ter - nal! The day of march has come;

Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.

Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,

And now, O King e - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle - song. A - men.

1 **L** EAD on, O King eternal!
 The day of march has come;
 Henceforth in fields of conquest
 Thy tents shall be our home.
 Through days of preparation
 Thy grace has made us strong,
 And now, O King eternal,
 We lift our battle-song.

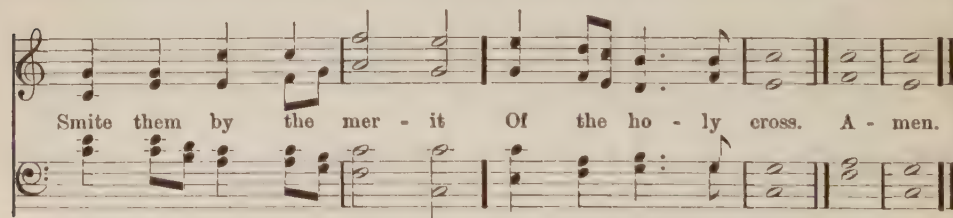
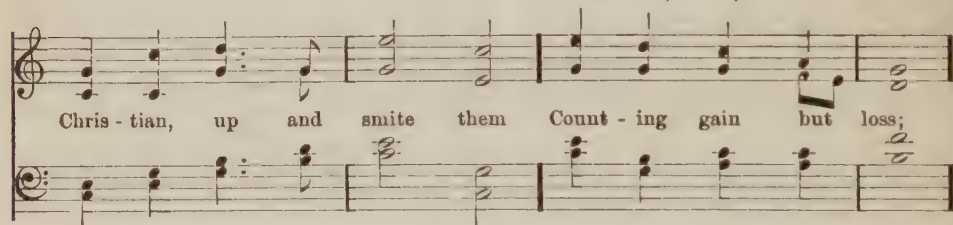
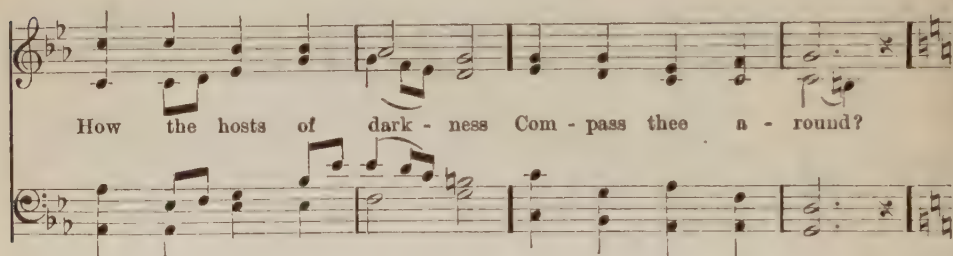
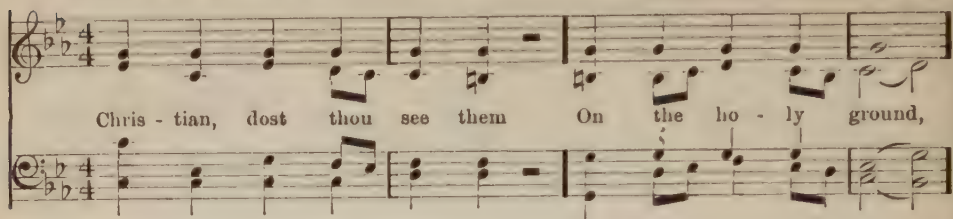
For not with swords loud clashing,
 Nor roll of stirring drums,
 But deeds of love and mercy,
 The heavenly kingdom comes.

2 Lead on, O King eternal,
 Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
 And holiness shall whisper
 The sweet Amen of peace;

3 Lead on, O King eternal!
 We follow, not with fears;
 For gladness breaks like morning
 Where'er Thy face appears;
 Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
 We journey in its light:
 The crown awaits the conquest;
 Lead on, O God of might!

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

John B. Dykes, 1868



1 CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the hosts of darkness
Compass thee around?
Christian, up and smite them
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goaded into sin?
Christian, never tremble,
Never be downcast,
Smite them, Christ is with thee,
Thou shalt win at last.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe, I pray,"
Peace shall follow battle.
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,—
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

VIGILATE 7. 7. 7. 3.

William H. Monk, 1803

“Chris-tian, seek not yet re- pose,” Hear thy guar- dian an- gel say,

“Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch..... and pray!” A- men.

1 “CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,”
Hear thy guardian angel say,
“Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray!”

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray!

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray!

4 Hear the victors who o’ercame;
Still they mark each warrior’s way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim:
“Watch and pray!”

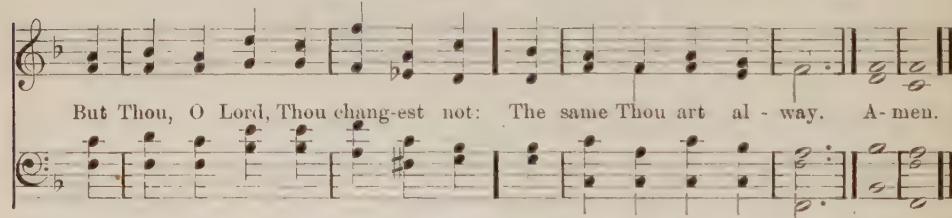
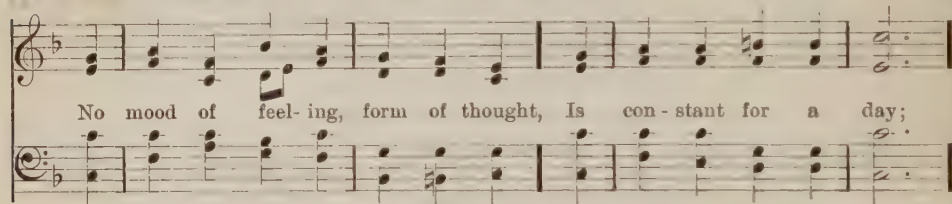
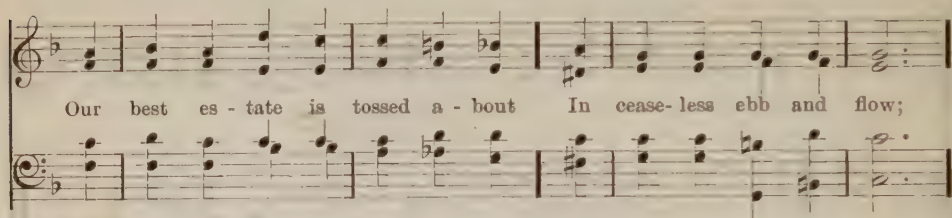
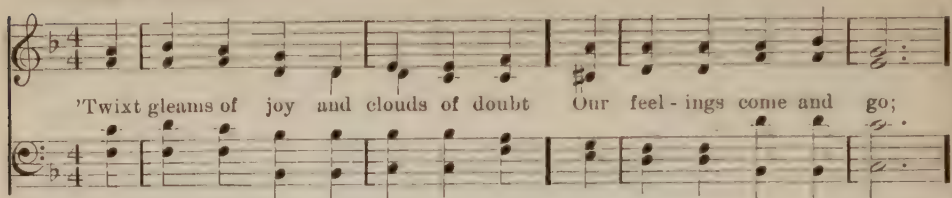
5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word:
“Watch and pray!”

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray!

Charlotte Elliott, 1839

BLENDED C. M. D.

Charles E. Kettle, 1876



- 1 'TWIXT gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
Our feelings come and go;
Our best estate is tossed about
In ceaseless ebb and flow;
No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day;
But Thou, O Lord, Thou changest not:
The same Thou art always.
- 2 I grasp Thy strength, make it mine own,
My heart with peace is blest;
I lose my hold, and then comes down
Darkness, and cold unrest.
Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of Thee,
In this alone rejoice with awe,
Thy mighty grasp of me.
- 3 Out of that weak, unquiet drift
That comes but to depart,
To that pure heaven my spirit lift
Where Thou unchanging art;
Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp,
Let Thy almighty arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
And I shall fear no harm.
- 4 Thy purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know;
On this I'll lean—let changing mood
And feeling come or go—
Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul,
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast,
Since Thou within Thy sure control
Of love dost hold me fast.

John C. Shairp, 1871

WARRIOR C. M. D.

Archibald MacDonald, 1875

O it is hard to work for God, To rise and take His part
Up - on this bat - tle - field of earth, And not some-times lose heart!
He hides Him - self so won-drous - ly, As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the pow'rs Of ill are most a-broad. A-men.

1 **O** IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!
He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

2 Ah, God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.
Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

3 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.
Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road:
For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

AUSTRIAN HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1797

We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing In a grand and aw - ful time,

In an age on a - ges tell - ing; To be liv - ing is sub - lime.

Hark! the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray;

Hark! what soundeth is cre - a - tion's Groan - ing for the lat - ter day. A - men.

1 **W**E are living, we are dwelling
 In a grand and awful time,
 In an age on ages telling;
 To be living is sublime.
 Hark! the waking up of nations,
 Gog and Magog to the fray;
 Hark! what soundeth is creation's
 Groaning for the latter day.

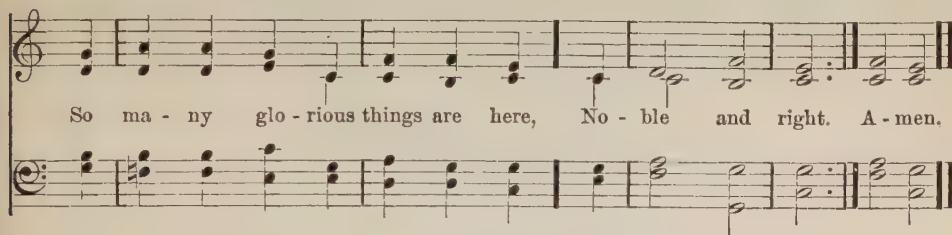
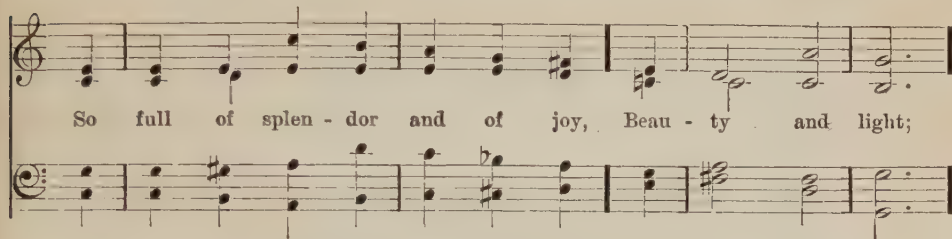
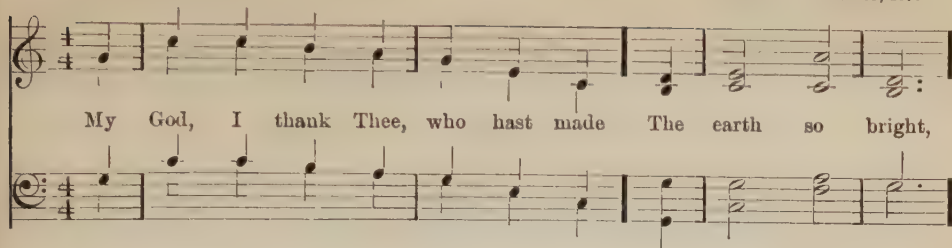
2 Will ye play, then? will ye dally
 Far behind the battle-line?
 Up! it is Jehovah's rally;
 God's own arm hath need of thine.

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding;
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On, right onward for the right!

3 Sealed to blush, to waver never,
 Consecrated, born again,
 Sworn to be Christ's soldiers ever,
 O for Christ at least be men!
 O let all the soul within you
 For the truth's sake go abroad!
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew
 Tell on ages, tell for God.

WENTWORTH 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 4.

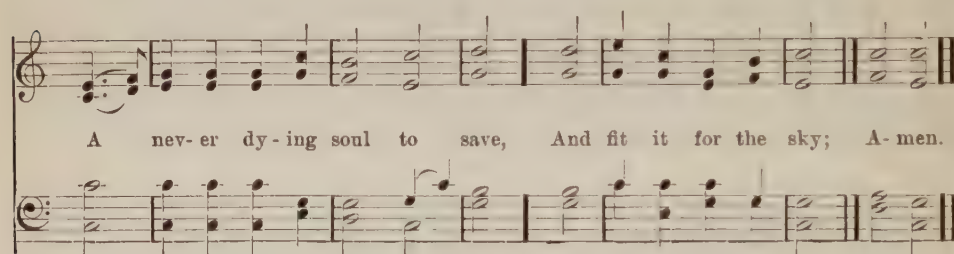
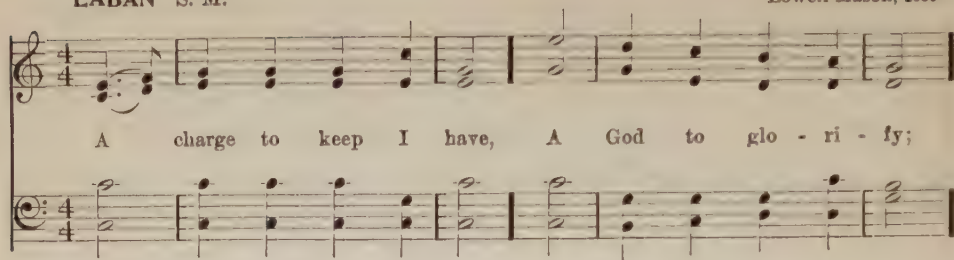
Frederick C. Maker, 1876



- 1 **M**Y God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.
- 2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.
- 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.
- 4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.
- 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.
- 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

LABAN S. M.

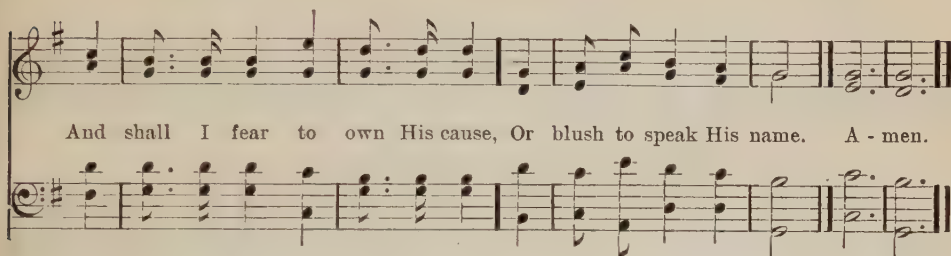
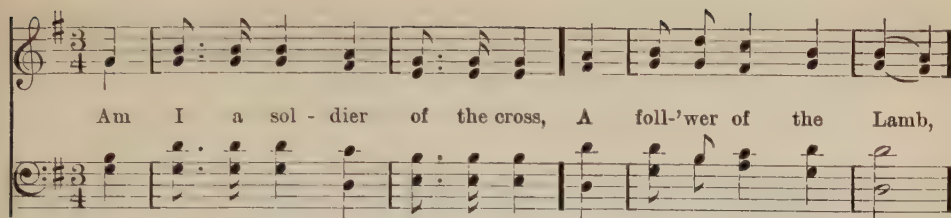
Lowell Mason, 1830



- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

ARLINGTON C. M.

Thomas A. Arne, 1762



1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?

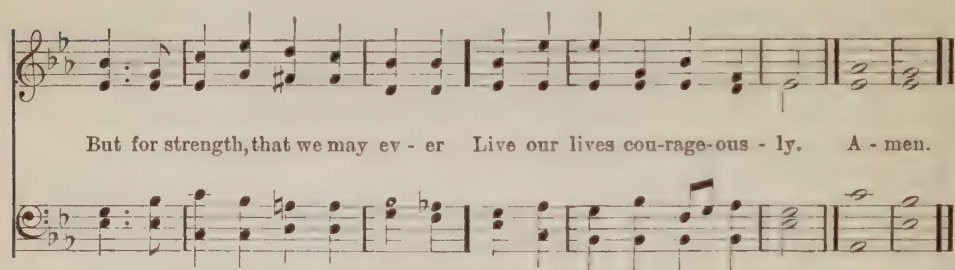
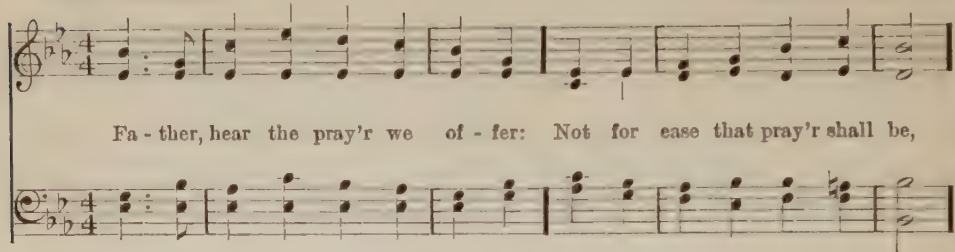
3 Sure, I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

4 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer though they die;
 They view the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all Thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be Thine.

ST. OSWALD 8. 7. 8. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1857



1 **F**ATHER, hear the prayer we offer:
 Not for ease that prayer shall be,
 But for strength, that we may ever
 Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever in green pastures
 Do we ask our way to be;
 But the steep and rugged pathways
 May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not for ever by still waters
 Would we idly quiet stay;
 But would smite the living fountains
 From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our Strength in hours of weakness,
 In our wanderings be our Guide,
 Through endeavor, failure, danger,
 Father, be Thou at our side.

5 Let our path be bright or dreary,
 Storm or sunshine be our share,
 May our souls, in hope unwearied,
 Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

STOCKWELL 8. 7. 8. 7.

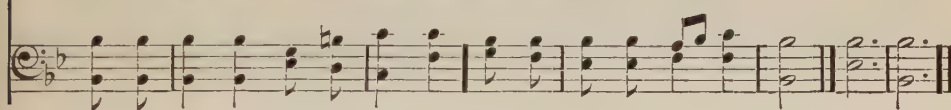
Darius E. Jones, 1851



He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,



Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove. A - men.



1 **H**E that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing precious seed in love,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Findeth mercy from above.

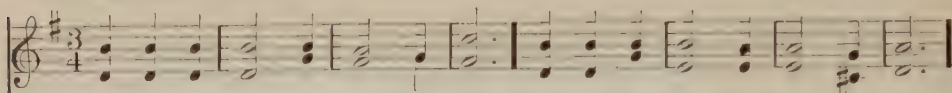
2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
 Bright the rays celestial shine;
 Precious fruits will thus be given
 Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary;
 Let no fears thy soul annoy;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

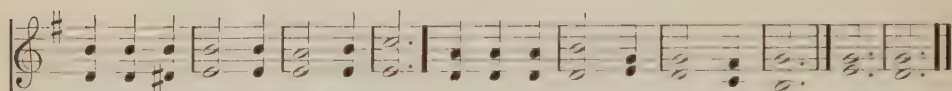
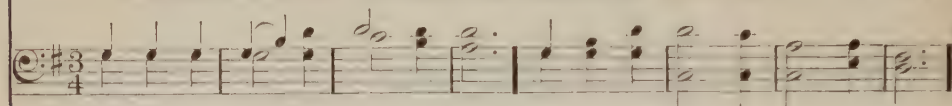
4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
 See the rising grain appear:
 Look again, the fields are whitening,
 For the harvest-time is near.

PENTECOST L. M.

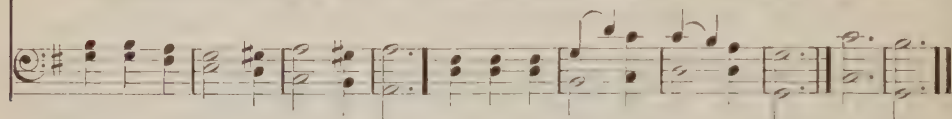
William Boyd, 1863



O God, in whom we live and move, Thy love is law, Thy law is love;



Thy present Spir - it waits to fill The soul which comes to do Thy will. A - men.



1 O GOD, in whom we live and move,
Thy love is law, Thy law is love;
Thy present Spirit waits to fill
The soul which comes to do Thy will.

2 Unto Thy children's spirits teach
Thy love beyond the power of speech;
And make them know with joyful awe
Th' encircling presence of Thy law.

3 That law doth give to truth and right,
Howe'er despised, a conquering might,
And makes each fondly worshipped lie
And boasting wrong to cower and die.

4 Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will,
Nor suffers one true word or thought
Or deed of love, to come to naught.

5 Such faith, O God, our spirits fill,
That we may work in patience still:
Who works for justice, works with Thee,
Who works in love, Thy child shall be.

COURAGE L. M. With Refrain

Horatio W. Parker, 1903

Fight the good fight With all thy might; Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly;

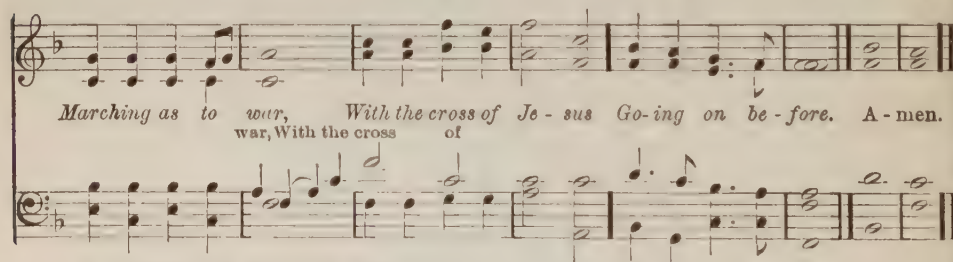
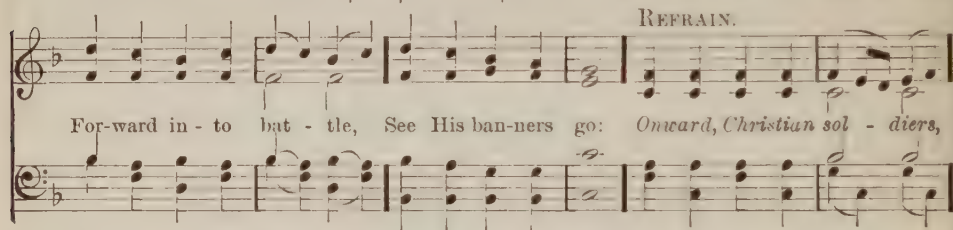
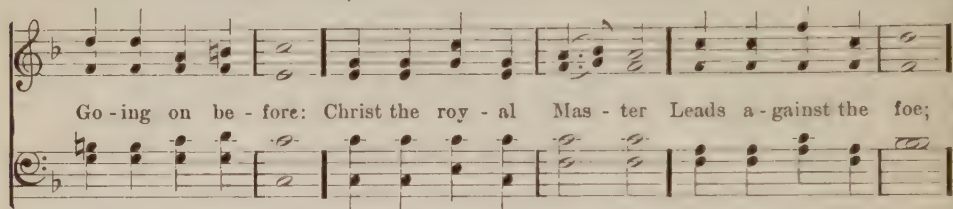
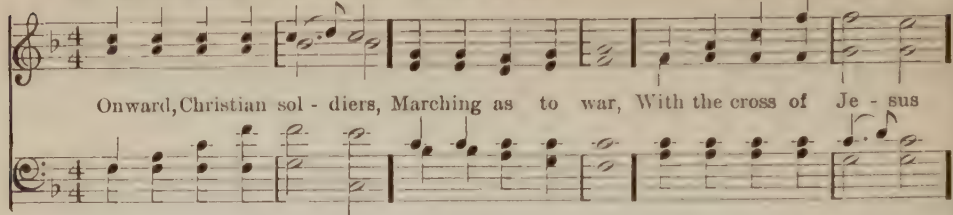
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

- 1 **F**IGHT the good fight
 With all thy might;
 Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right.
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be
 Thy joy and crown eternally.
- 2 Run the straight race
 Through God's good grace,
 Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
 Life with its way before us lies,
 Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside,
 Upon thy Guide
 Lean, and His mercy will provide,—
 Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not nor fear,
 His arms are near;
 He changeth not and thou art dear;
 Only believe, and thou shalt see
 That Christ is all in all to thee.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With Refrain.

Arthur Sullivan, 1871



- 1 **O**NWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before:
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See His banners go:
*Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.*

- 2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,

One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

- 3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

- 4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ the King;—
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

WATCHWORD 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With refrain

Henry Smart, 1872

"Forward!" be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind; Burns the fiery pillar At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking, By Jehovah led? Forward thro' the desert,
Thro' the toil and fight! Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light. A-men.

1 "FORWARD!" be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By Jehovah led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight!
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth!
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

Henry Alford, 1871

MORLEY 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Thomas Morley, 1867

On our way re - joic - ing As we homeward move, Such for us Thy
 pur-pose, O Thou God of love: Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it
 can-not be; Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee. A-men.

1 **O**N our way rejoicing
 As we homeward move,
 Such for us Thy purpose,
 O Thou God of love:
 Is there grief or sadness?
 'Thine it cannot be;
 Is our sky beclouded?
 Clouds are not from Thee.

2 If, with honest-hearted
 Love for God and man,
 We be humbly striving
 To do all we can;
 He who gives the seed-time,
 Gives the large increase,
 Crowns the head with blessings,
 Fills the heart with peace.

3 On our way rejoicing
 Gladly let us go,
 A victorious Leader!
 And a vanquished foe!
 Christ without— our safety!
 Christ within— our joy!
 Who, if we be faithful,
 Can our hope destroy?

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

LYNDHURST 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Anon in *Church Praise*, 1883;
har. by Geo. H. Loud, 1859-1908

Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind,
Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find;
Hop - ing still, and trust - ing God with - out a fear,
Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear; A - men.

1 **PURER** yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still, and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear;

2 Calmer yet and calmer
In the hours of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind;

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light,—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest;

4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmier yet and firmer
Step as I go on;—
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

ELLESIE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. fr. J. C. W. A. Mozart, (1756-1791)
Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865

Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;

Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

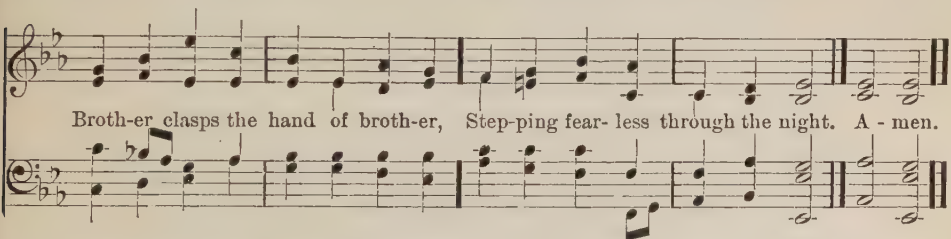
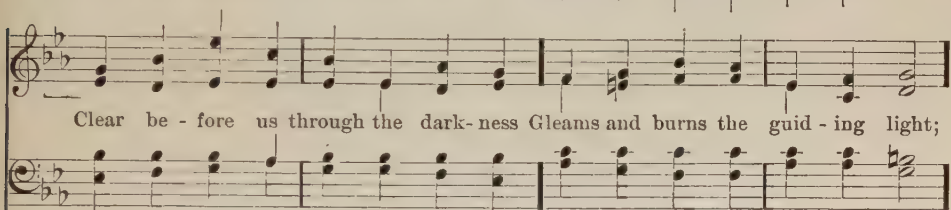
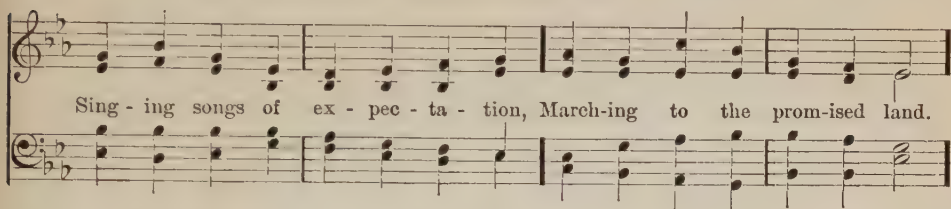
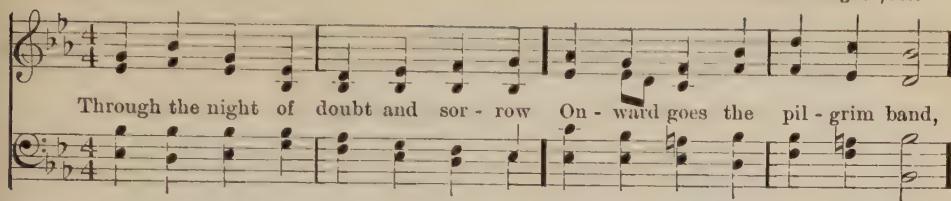
3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear!
Think what Spirit dwells with thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte, 1824, 1833

DEERHURST 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

James Langran, 1863



1 **T**HRO' the night of doubt and sorrow
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the promised land.
 Clear before us through the darkness
 Gleams and burns the guiding light;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 Stepping fearless through the night.

2 One the light of God's own presence
 O'er His ransomed people shed,
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread;
 One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires;

3 One the strain that lips of thousands
 Lift as from the heart of one;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun;
 One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore,
 Where the one almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
 Onward with the cross our aid!
 Bear its shame and fight its battle,
 Till we rest beneath its shade!
 Soon shall come the great awaking,
 Soon the rending of the tomb;
 Then the scattering of the shadows,
 And the end of toil and gloom.

VESPERI LUX 7. 7. 7. 5.

John B. Dykes, 1823-1876

When the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run,

Fa - ther, grant Thy wea - ried one Rest for ev - er - more. A - men.

- 1 **W**HEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.
- 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—
Peace for evermore.
- 3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light for evermore!
- 4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.
- 5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.
- 6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,—
Life for evermore.

John Ellerton, 1870

MOUNT ZION Six 7s.

Arthur Sullivan, 1867

When this pass - ing world is done, When has sunk yon glar - ing sun,

When we stand with Christ in glo - ry, Look - ing o'er life's fin - ished sto - ry,

Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know— Not till then—how much I owe. A - men.

1 **W**HEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When we stand with Christ in glory,
 Looking o'er life's finished story,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne
 Dressed in beauty not my own,
 When I see Thee as Thou art,
 Love Thee with unsinching heart,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then — how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
 Loud as thunders to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then — how much I owe.

4 E'en on earth, as through a glass
 Darkly, let Thy glory pass.
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
 Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,—
 E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
 Something of how much I owe.

RUTHERFORD 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.

Arr. from Chrétien Urban, 1834,
by Edw. F. Rimbault, 1867

The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes;
Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land A - men.

1 THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes;
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep, sweet Well of love !
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted by His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace,—
Not at the crown He gifteth,
But on His piercèd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

LEOMINSTER S. M. D.

George W. Martin, 1862;
har. by Arthur Sullivan, 1874

"For ev - er with the Lord!" A - men so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam,

Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home. A-men.

1 "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven,
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

4 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me and I shall stand,
Fight and I must prevail.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1835

PILGRIMS 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

Henry Smart, 1868

Hark, hark, my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

- 1 **H**ARK, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
*Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!*
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
- 5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Frederick W. Faber, 1854: v. 5, lines 3, 4, alt.

Hope

(Alternate tune for 307.)

VOX ANGELICA 11. 10. 11. 10. 9. 11.

John B. Dykes, 1868

Hark, hark, my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing, O'er earth's green fields and

o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing

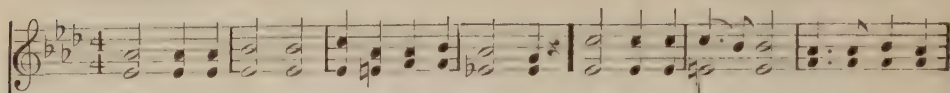
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

INTEGER VITAE 11. 10. 11. 6.

Frederick F. Flemming, 1811



When on my day of life the night is fall-ing, And, in the winds from unsunn'd spaces



blown, I hear far voices out of darkness call-ing My feet to paths unknown. Amen.



- 1 **W**HEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,
- 2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!
- 3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting,—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.
- 4 I have but Thee, my Father, let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold!
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.
- 5 Suffice it if— my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,—
- 6 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease—
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.
- 7 There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

Love

ARMAGEDDON 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 1.

Arr. by John Goss, 1871

Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,

By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour we are Thine. A - men.

1 WHO is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be His helpers
 Other lives to bring?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who for Him will go?
 By Thy call of mercy,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Not for weight of glory,
 Not for crown and palm,
 Enter we the army,
 Raise the warrior psalm;
 But for love that claimeth
 Lives for whom He died:
 He whom Jesus nameth
 Must be on His side.
 By Thy love constraining,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
 Not with gold or gem,
 But with Thine own life-blood,
 For Thy diadem:
 With Thy blessing filling
 Each who comes to Thee,
 Thou hast made us willing,
 Thou hast made us free.
 By Thy grand redemption,
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow:
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure;
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure,
 Joyfully enlisting
 By Thy grace divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

Frances R. Havergal, 1877

DILIGENCE 7. 6. 7. 5. D.

Lowell Mason, 1864

Work, for the night is com - ing: Work through the morn - ing hours;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;

Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A - men.

- 1 **W**ORK, for the night is coming:
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work while the dew is sparkling;
 Work 'mid springing flowers;
 Work while the day grows brighter,
 Under the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming:
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill the bright hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon;

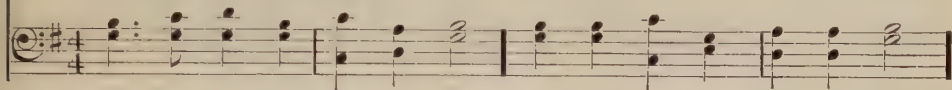
- Give to each flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming:
 Under the sunset skies,
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies;
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

REDHEAD 45 7. 7. 7. 7.

Medieval French Melody (xii C.)
arr. by Richard Redhead, 1853

Sol-diers of the cross, a - rise, Gird you with your ar - mor bright:



Might-y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat-tle ye must fight. A - men.



1 SOLDIERS of the cross, arise,
Gird you with your armor bright:
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

4 Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort troubles, banish grief,
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

5 Be the banner still unfurled
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

BRENTWOOD 4. 10. 10. 10. 4.

William P. Dunn, 1909

Come, la - bor on! Who dares stand i - dle on the har - vest plain,

While all a - round him waves the gold - en grain, And to each serv - ant

does the Mas - ter say, "Go work to - day, go work to - day?" A - men.

1 **C**OME, labor on!
 Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
 While all around him waves the golden grain,
 And to each servant does the Master say,
 "Go work to-day?"

2 Come, labor on!
 Claim the high calling angels cannot share;
 To young and old the gospel gladness bear;
 Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly,
 The night draws nigh.

3 Come, labor on!
 Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!
 No arm so weak but may do service here;
 By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
 His righteous will.

4 Come, labor on!
 No time for rest till glows the western sky,
 While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
 And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
 "Servants, well done!"

5 Come, labor on!
 The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
 Blessed are those who to the end endure;
 How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
 O Lord, with Thee!

DOMINUS FORTIS 8. 8. 8. 2. 7.

Charles L. Safford, 1909

Lord of night, and Lord of glo - ry, On my knees I bow be - fore Thee;

With my whole heart I a - dore Thee; Great Lord, List - en to my cry, O Lord! A - men.

1 **L**ORD of might, and Lord of glory,
 On my knees I bow before Thee;
 With my whole heart I adore Thee;
 Great Lord,
 Listen to my cry, O Lord!

2 Groping dim, and bending lowly,
 Mortal vision catcheth slowly
 Glimpses of the pure and holy; ¶
 Now, Lord,
 Open Thou mine eyes, O Lord!

3 In the deed that no man knoweth,
 Where no praiseful trumpet bloweth,
 Where he may not reap who soweth,
 There, Lord,
 Let my heart serve Thee, O Lord!

4 In the work that no gold payeth,
 Where he speedeth best who prayeth,
 Doeth most who little sayeth,
 There, Lord,
 Let me work Thy will, O Lord!

5 In His name who meek and lowly,
 Died to make poor sinners holy,
 Stumbling oft, and creeping slowly,
 Great Lord,
 Guide me by Thy truth, O Lord!

GLOUCESTER L. M.

Edward Hodges, 1820

Be with me, Lord, wher - e'er I go; Teach me what

Thou wouldst have me do; Sug - gest what - e'er I think or

say; Di - rect me in Thy nar - row way. A - men.

1 **B**E with me, Lord, where'er I go;
 Teach me what Thou wouldst have me do;
 Suggest whate'er I think or say;
 Direct me in Thy narrow way.

2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,
 Lest I in my own strength confide;
 Show me my weakness, let me see
 I have my power, my all from Thee.

3 Assist and teach me how to pray;
 Incline my nature to obey;
 What Thou abhorrest let me flee,
 And only love what pleases Thee.

RIVAULX L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1866

Go, la - bor on: spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;

It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the servant tread it still? A - men.

- 1 GO, labor on: spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labor on: 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: — what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on: enough while here
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.
- 4 Go, labor on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won.
- 5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come."

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. from Robert A. Schumann, 1839

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone. A - men.

1 **L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of Thy tone;
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
 Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
 The wandering and the wavering feet;
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
 Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
 Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
 I may stretch out a loving hand
 To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
 The precious things Thou dost impart;
 And wing my words, that they may reach
 The hidden depth of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak with soothing power
 A word in season, as from Thee,
 To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O use me, Lord, use even me,
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
 Until Thy blessèd face I see,
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

MARYTON L. M.

H. Percy Smith, 1874

O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly
paths of serv - ice free; Tell me Thy se - cret; help me
bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A - men.

1 **O** MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love,
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

EISENACH L. M.

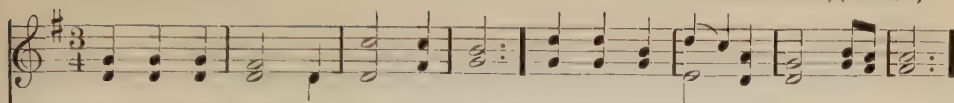
Johann H. Schein, 1328

Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue,
Thee, on - ly Thee, resolved to know In all I think or speak or do. A - men.

- 1 **F**ORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think or speak or do.
- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.
- 4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;
- 5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

MOZART L. M.

Arr. from Mozart, (1756-1791)



My gra-cious Lord, I own Thy right To ev-'ry ser-vice I can pay;



And call it my su-preme de-light To hear Thy dictates and o-bey. A-men.

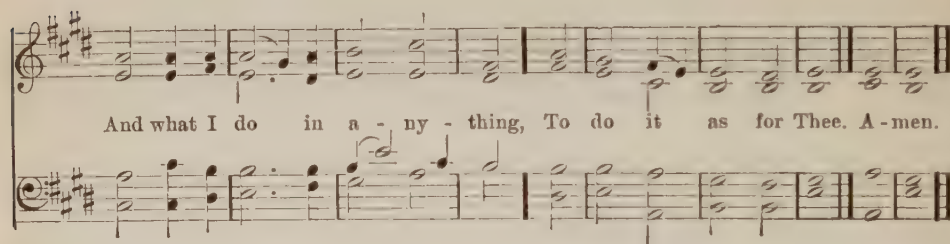
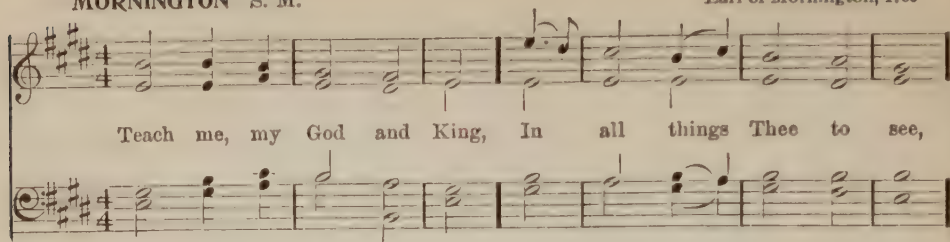


- 1 MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?
- 3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him, who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

- 4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760



- 1 **T**EACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.
- 2 A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.
- 3 All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture "for Thy sake"
Will not grow bright and clean.
- 4 A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.
- 5 This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams, 1763

Dear Lord and Mas - ter mine, Thy hap - py serv - ant see;

My Conqu'ror, with what joy di - vine Thy cap - tive clings to Thee! A - men.

1 **D**EAR Lord and Master mine,
 Thy happy servant see;
 My Conqueror, with what joy divine
 Thy captive clings to Thee!

2 I love Thy yoke to wear,
 To feel Thy gracious bands;
 Sweetly restrained by Thy care,
 And happy in Thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove,
 No bond would I unbind;
 Within the limits of Thy love
 Full liberty I find.

4 I would not walk alone,
 But still with Thee, my God;
 At every step my blindness own,
 And ask of Thee the road.

5 The weakness I enjoy
 That casts me on Thy breast;
 The conflicts that Thy strength employ
 Make me divinely blest.

6 My Conqueror and my King,
 Still keep me in Thy train;
 And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
 When Thou return'st to reign.

FAITH C. M.

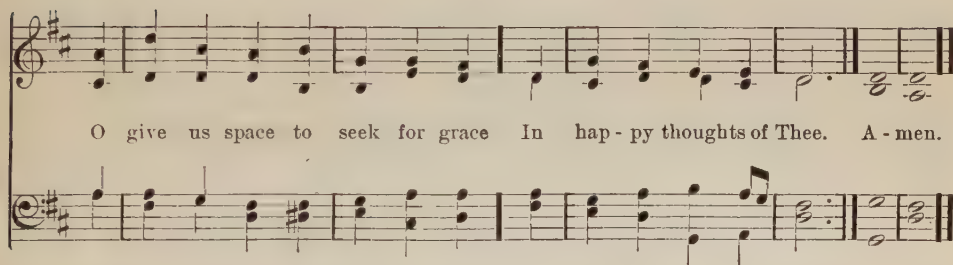
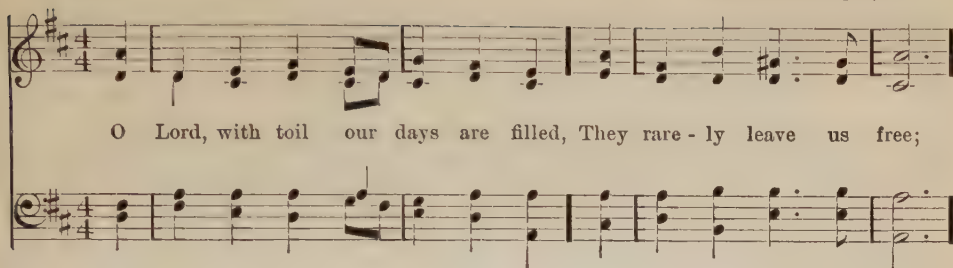
John B. Dykes, 1867

O God, who work-est hith-er-to, Work-ing in all we see,

Fain would we be, and bear, and do, As best it pleaseth Thee. A-men.

- 1 O GOD, who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,
As best it pleaseth Thee.
- 2 The toil of brain, or heart, or hand,
Is man's appointed lot;
He who Thy call can understand,
Will work, and murmur not.
- 3 Toil is no thorny crown of pain,
Bound round man's brow for sin;
True souls from it all strength may gain,
High manliness may win.
- 4 Where'er Thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what Thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.
- 5 Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,
Are not our own, but Thine;
We link them to the work of Him
Who made all life divine.

ST. BERNARD C. M.

Adapted from a melody in
Tochter Sion Cologne, 1741

1 O LORD, with toil our days are filled,
 They rarely leave us free;
 O give us space to seek for grace
 In happy thoughts of Thee!

2 Yet hear us, little though we ask,
 O leave us not alone;
 In every thought, and word, and task,
 Be near us, though unknown.

3 Still lead us, wandering in the dark,
 Still send us heavenly food,
 And mark, as none on earth can mark,
 Our struggle to be good.

GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. Michael Haydn, 1737-1806

Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain,

Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain,

Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,

And deign with them to has - ten Thy king - dom from a - bove. A - men.

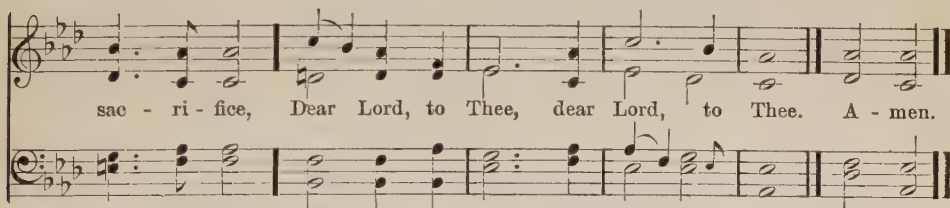
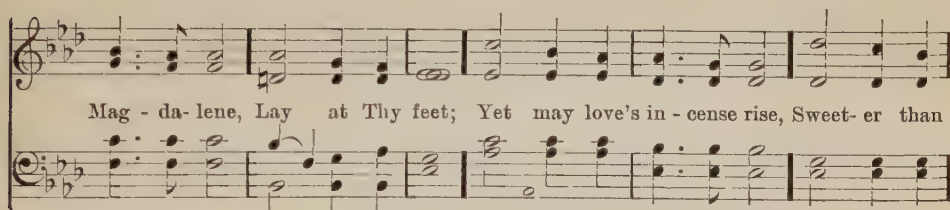
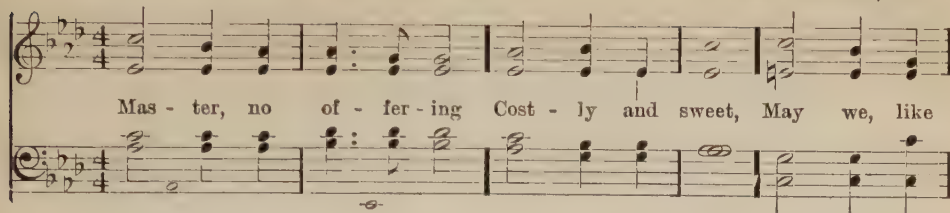
1 **L**ORD of the living harvest
 That whitens o'er the plain,
 Where angels soon shall gather
 Their sheaves of golden grain,
 Accept these hands to labor,
 These hearts to trust and love,
 And deign with them to hasten
 Thy kingdom from above.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard,
 Send us out, Christ, to be,
 Content to bear the burden
 Of weary days for Thee:
 We ask no other wages,
 When Thou shalt call us home,
 But to have shared the travail
 That makes Thy kingdom come.

John S. B. Monsell, 1866

LOVE'S OFFERING 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Edwin P. Parker, 1888



1 **M**ASTER, no offering
 Costly and sweet,
 May we, like Magdalene,
 Lay at Thy feet;
 Yet may love's incense rise,
 Sweeter than sacrifice,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

2 Daily our lives would show
 Weakness made strong,
 Toilsome and gloomy days
 Brightened with song;
 Some deeds of kindness done,
 Some souls by patience won,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

3 Some word of hope for hearts
 Burdened with fears,
 Some balm of peace for eyes
 Blinded with tears,
 Some dews of mercy shed,
 Some wayward footsteps led,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

4 Thus, in Thy service, Lord,
 Till eventide
 Closes the day of life,
 May we abide.
 And when earth's labors cease
 Bid us depart in peace,
 Dear Lord, to Thee.

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

Henry Hiles, 1867

O God, whose thoughts are bright-est light, Whose love al-ways runs clear,
To whose kind wis-dom sin-ning souls A-midst their sins are dear,
How Thou canst think so well of us, Yet be the God Thou art,
Is dark-ness to my in-tel-lect, But sun-shine to my heart. A-men.

- 1 **O** GOD, whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love always runs clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear,
How Thou can'st think so well of us,
Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.
- 2 Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine;
For they have caught the way of God,
To whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.
- 3 I need Thy mercy for my sin;
But more than this I need,
Thy mercy's likeness in my soul
For others' sin to bleed:
'Tis not enough to weep my sins;
'Tis but one step to heaven;
When I am kind to others, then
I know myself forgiven.
- 4 Hardheartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud spots in the dawn:
All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee;
Sweet God, for evermore be Thou
Fountain and Fire in me.

BLENDE N C. M. D.

Charles E. Kettle, 1876

How bless-ed, from the bonds of sin And earth-ly fet-ters free,
In sin-gle-ness of heart and aim, Thy serv-ant Lord to be;
The hard-est toil to un-der-take With joy at Thy com-mand,
The mean-est of-fice to re-ceive With meek-ness at Thy hand; A-men.

1 **H**OW blessed, from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servant Lord to be;
The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand;

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord;
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won;
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side;
And by my life or by my death
Let Christ be magnified.

2 With willing heart and longing eyes,
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still;
For love can easily divine
The one Belovèd's will.

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company;
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be.

AGAPE 9. 8. 9. 8.

Charles J. Dickinson, 1861

O Rock of Ages, one Foundation, On which the liv - ing
Church doth rest,— The Church, whose walls are strong sal - va - tion,
Whose gates are praise,— Thy name be blest. A - men.

1 O ROCK of Ages, one Foundation,
On which the living Church doth rest,—
The Church, whose walls are strong salvation,
Whose gates are praise,— Thy name be blest!

2 Son of the living God, O call us
Once and again to follow Thee,
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.

3 When fears appal, and faith is failing,
Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,
"Why doubt?"— and in Thy love prevailing
Put forth Thy hand to help and save.


4 And if our coward hearts deny Thee
In inmost thought, in deed, in word,
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

5 O strengthen Thou our weak endeavor
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to Thee for ever,
And find Thee with us to the end.

Henry Arthur Martin 1871

ELMHURST 8. 8. 8. 6.

Edwin Drewett, 1887



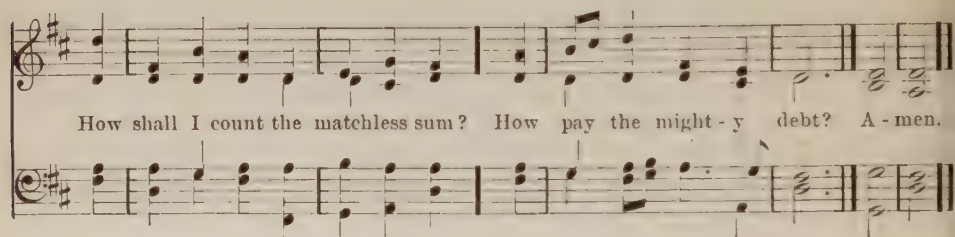
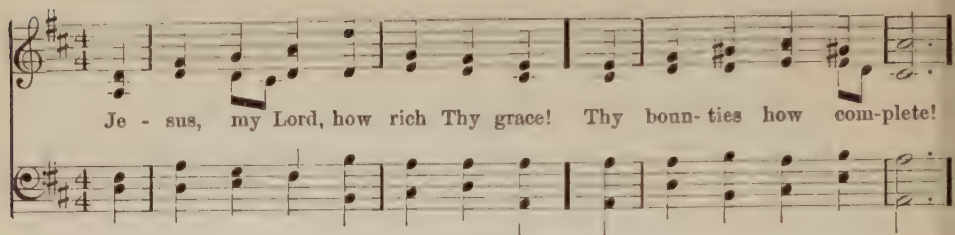
O God of mer-cy, God of might, In love and pit-y in-fi-nite,
Teach us, as ev-er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee. A-men.

- 1 O GOD of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.
- 2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
- 3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;
That every word and deed and thought
May work a work for Thee,
- 4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.
- 5 In sickness, sorrow, want or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, when help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.
- 6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

Godfrey Thring, 1877

STOCKTON C. M.

T. Wright, 1763-1825



1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich Thy grace!

Thy bounties how complete!

How shall I count the matchless sum?

How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light

Dost Thou exalted shine;

What can my poverty bestow,

When all the worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,

The partners of Thy grace,

And wilt confess their humble names

Before Thy Father's face.

4 In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,

And visited and cheered;

And in their accents of distress

My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face with reverence and with love

I in Thy poor would see;

O let me rather beg my bread

Than hold it back from Thee!

HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley, 1844

Lord, give me light to do Thy work, For on - ly, Lord, from Thee

Can come the light, by which these eyes The way of work can see. A - men.

1 **L**ORD, give me light to do Thy work,
 For only, Lord, from Thee
 Can come the light, by which these eyes
 The way of work can see.

2 In word, and plan, and deed I err,
 When busiest in Thy work;
 Beneath the simplest forms of truth
 The subtlest errors lurk.

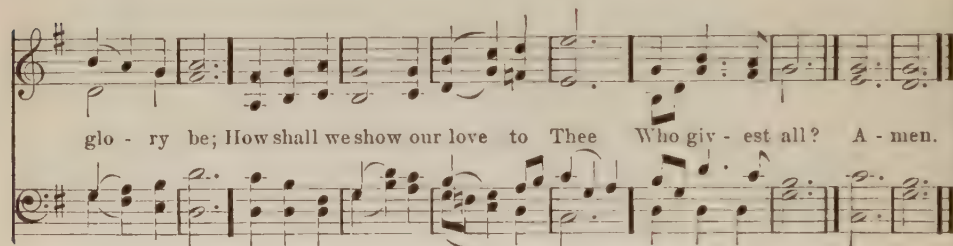
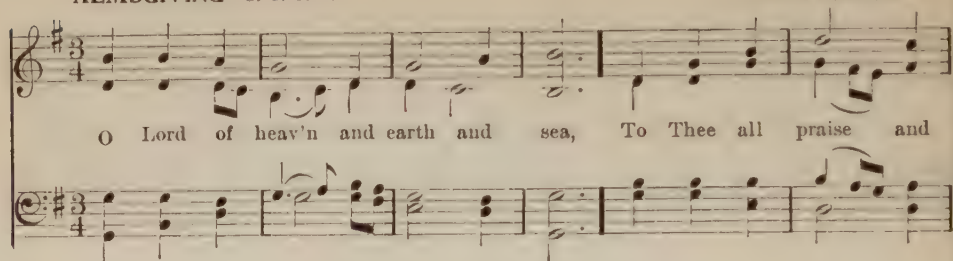
3 The way is narrow, often dark,
 With lights and shadows strewn;
 I wander oft, and think it Thine,
 When walking in my own.

4 O send me light to do Thy work,
 More light, more wisdom give;
 Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
 While on Thine earth I live.

5 The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord;
 It is Thy race we run;
 Give light, and then shall all I do
 Be well and truly done.

ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4.

John B. Dykes, 1865



1 **O** LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
 To Thee all praise and glory be;
 How shall we show our love to Thee
 Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air
 Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
 Where harvests ripen, Thou art there
 Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
 Who givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
 Father, what can to Thee be given
 Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
 We have as treasure without end
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend
 Who givest all.

SCHUMANN S. M.

Arr. fr. Robert Schumann 1810-1856

We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be:

All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A - men.

1 **W**E give Thee but Thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be:
 All that we have is Thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as Thou blestest us,
 To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,
 To tend the lone and fatherless,
 Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,—
 It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be,
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

UNSER HERRSCHER 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Joachim Neander, 1650-80

Thou to whom the sick and dy - ing Ev - er came, nor came in vain,

Still with heal - ing words re - ply - ing To the wea - ried cry of pain,—

Hear us, Je - sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mer - cy - seat. A - men.

1 **THOU** to whom the sick and dying
 Ever came, nor came in vain,
 Still with healing words replying
 To the wearied cry of pain,—
 Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

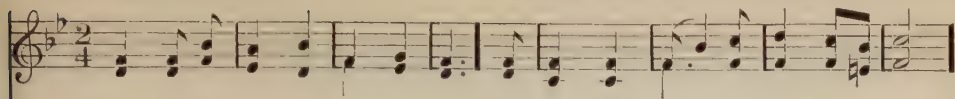
2 Still the weary, sick and dying
 Need a brother's, sister's care;
 On Thy higher help relying
 May we now their burden share,
 Bringing all our offerings meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,
 Willing both in hand and heart,
 All the law of love fulfilling,
 Ever comfort to impart,
 Ever bringing offerings meet,
 Suppliant at Thy mercy-seat.

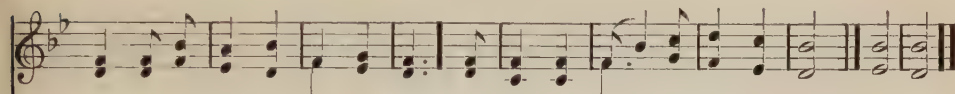
4 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness
 To Thy healing power yield,
 Till the sick and sad in gladness,
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
 One in Thee together meet,
 Pardonèd at Thy judgment-seat.

WARD L. M.

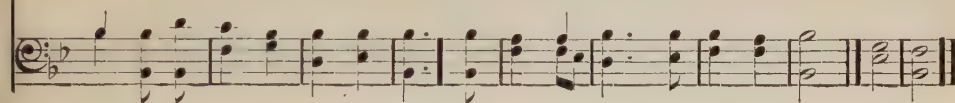
Old Scotch Melody: arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830



Thou Lord of life, our sav - ing Health, Who mak'st Thy suff'ring ones our care,



Our gifts are still our tru- est wealth, To serve Thee our sin- cer- est pray'r. A- men.



1 **T**HOU Lord of life, our saving Health,
 Who mak'st Thy suffering ones our care,
 Our gifts are still our truest wealth,
 To serve Thee our sincerest prayer.

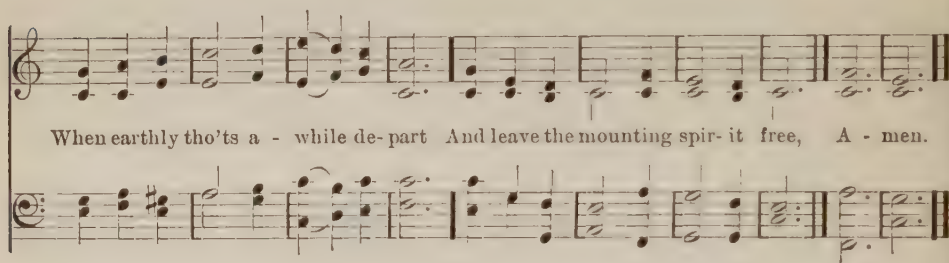
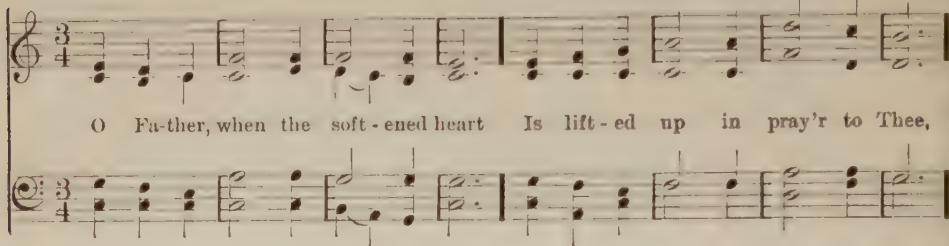
2 As on the river's rising tide
 Flow strength and coolness from the sea,
 So through the ways our hands provide
 May quickening life flow in from Thee,

3 To heal the wound, to still the pain,
 And strength to failing pulses bring,
 Till the lame feet shall leap again
 And the parched lips with gladness sing.

4 Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought;
 Bless Thou the work our hearts have planned.
 Ours is the hope, the will, the thought;
 The rest, O God, is in Thy hand.

OMBERSLEY L. M.

William H. Gladstone, 1872



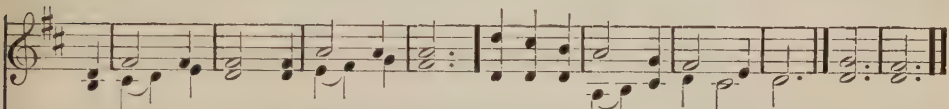
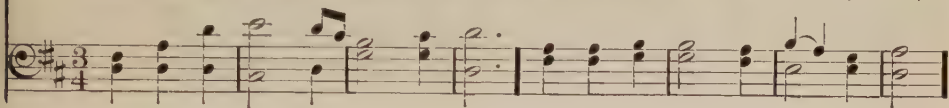
- 1 **O** FATHER, when the softened heart
Is lifted up in prayer to Thee,
When earthly thoughts awhile depart
And leave the mounting spirit free,
- 2 Then teach us that our love like Thine
O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
No lines of race or hue should know;—
- 3 Not bound by party, caste, or creed,
All narrow realms of self above;
For whoso of our love hath need,
To him we owe the dues of love.
- 4 Into the circle lift us up
Of Thy divine beneficence,
And freely as Thou fill'st our cup
Freely may we to all dispense.

RIVAULX L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1866



Thou, Lord of hosts, whose guid-ing hand Has brought us here be - fore Thy face,



Our spir - its wait for Thy command, Our si - lent hearts implore Thy peace. A - men.



1 **T**HOU, Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here before Thy face,
Our spirits wait for Thy command,
Our silent hearts implore Thy peace.

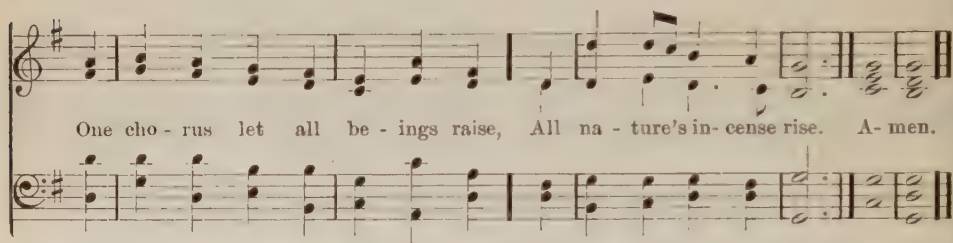
2 And now with hymn and prayer we stand
To give our strength to Thee, great God.
We would redeem Thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

3 Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.

4 Send down Thy constant aid, we pray;
Be Thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do Thy will.

ST. MAGNUS C. M.

Jeremiah Clark, 1670-1707

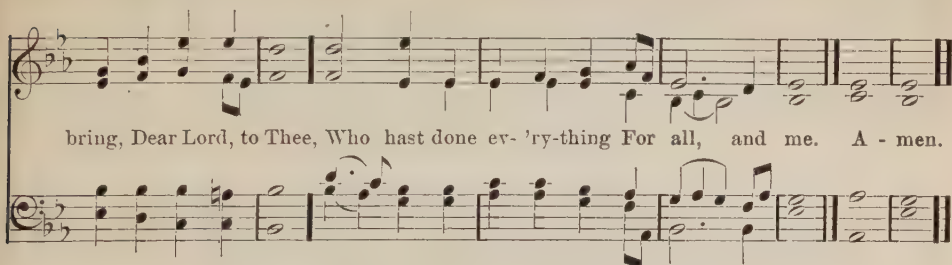
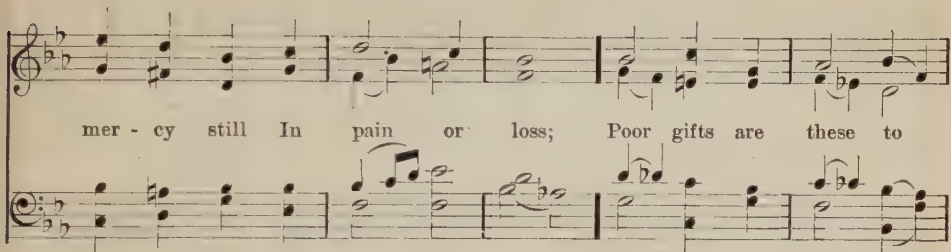
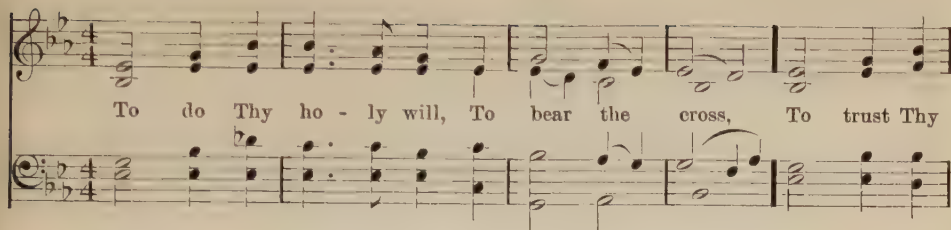


- 1 **T**O Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.
- 2 If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.
- 3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.
- 4 Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent
At aught Thy wisdom hath denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.
- 5 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
- 6 This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

Alexander Pope, 1738, arr.

PAX DEI 10. 10. 10. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1868



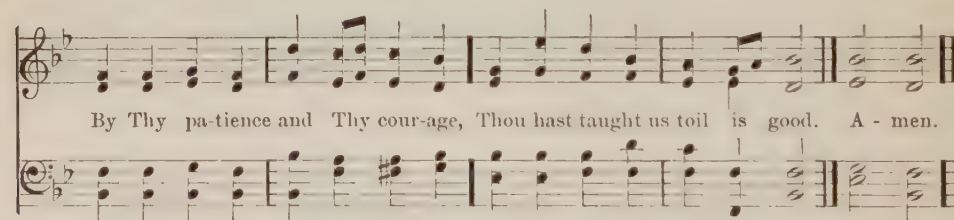
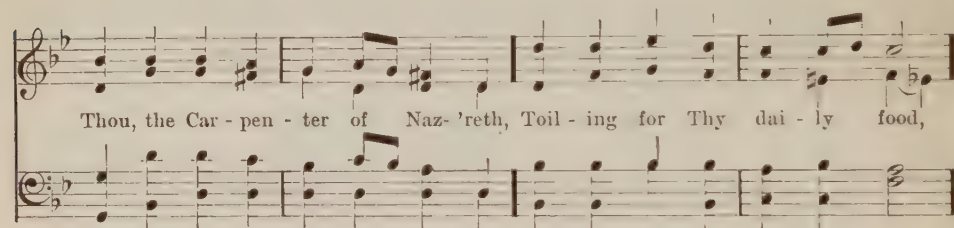
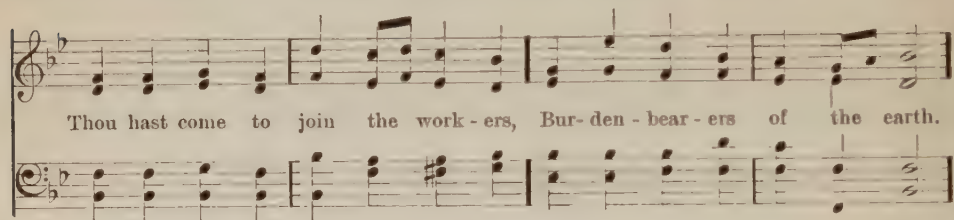
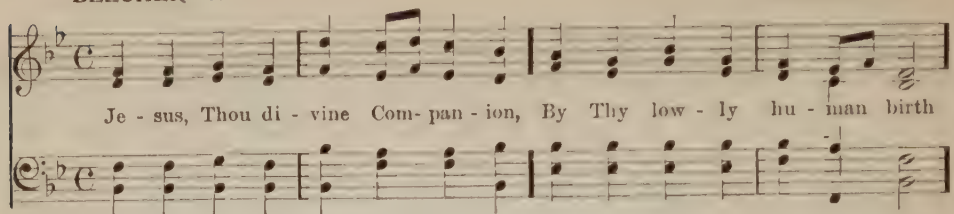
1 **T**O do Thy holy will,
 To bear the cross,
 To trust Thy mercy still
 In pain or loss;
 Poor gifts are these to bring,
 Dear Lord, to Thee,
 Who hast done everything
 For all, and me.

2 For all Thy glorious earth,
 Thy stars and flowers,
 For love and gentle mirth,
 For happy hours,
 For good by which we live,
 For sweet sunshine,
 What recompense can give
 This heart of mine?

3 Thou, who enthroned above
 Dost hear our call,
 O can our faithful love
 Pay Thee for all?
 Poor recompense to bring,
 Dear Lord, to Thee,
 Who hast done everything
 For man and me.

BEECHER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John Zundel, 1870



1 JESUS, Thou divine Companion,
 By Thy lowly human birth
 Thou hast come to join the workers,
 Burden-bearers of the earth.
 Thou, the Carpenter of Nazareth,
 Toiling for Thy daily food,
 By Thy patience and Thy courage,
 Thou hast taught us toil is good.

2 They who tread the path of labor
 Follow where Thy feet have trod;
 They who work without complaining
 Do the holy will of God.

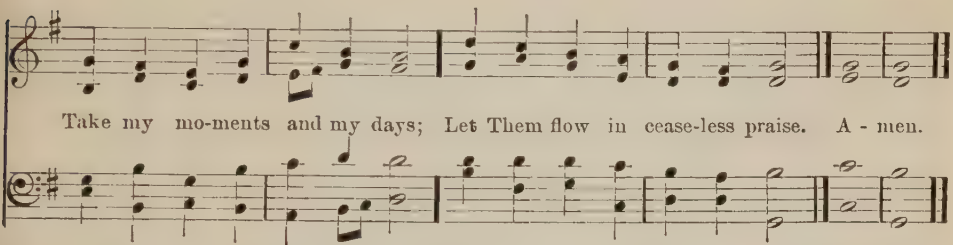
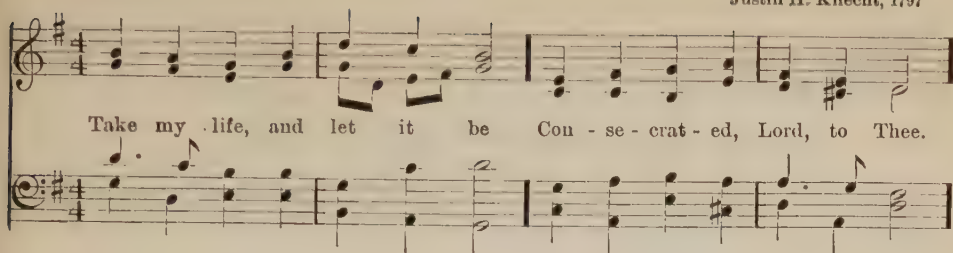
Thou, the peace that passeth knowledge,
 Dwellest in the daily strife;
 Thou, the Bread of heaven, art broken
 In the sacrament of life.

3 Every task, however simple,
 Sets the soul that does it free;
 Every deed of love and kindness
 Done to man is done to Thee,
 Jesus, Thou divine Companion,
 Help us all to work our best;
 Bless us in our daily labor,
 Lead us to our Sabbath rest.

Henry van Dyke, 1909

VIENNA 7. 7. 7. 7.

Justin H. Knecht, 1797



1 TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

4 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

MINISTRY 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8.

John H. Gower, 1909

I thank Thee, Lord, for strength of arm To win my bread,

And that, be - yond my need, is meat For friend un - fed:

I thank Thee much for bread to live, I thank Thee more for bread to give. A - men.

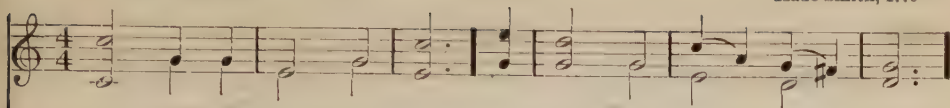
1 I THANK Thee, Lord, for strength of arm
 To win my bread,
 And that, beyond my need, is meat
 For friend unfed:
 I thank Thee much for bread to live,
 I thank Thee more for bread to give.

2 I thank Thee, Lord, for snug-thatched roof
 In cold and storm,
 And that beyond my need is room
 For friend forlorn:
 I thank Thee much for place to rest,
 But more for shelter for my guest.

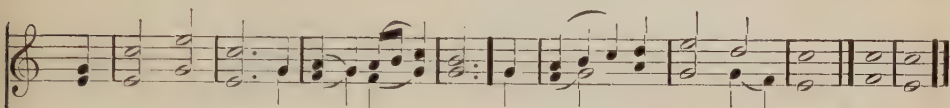
3 I thank Thee, Lord, for lavish love
 On me bestowed,
 Enough to share with loveless folk
 To ease their load:
 Thy love to me I ill could spare,
 Yet dearer is Thy love I share.

SILVER STREET S. M.

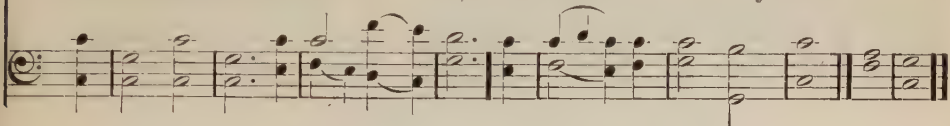
Isaac Smith, 1770



God of the earn - est heart, The trust as - sured and still,



Thou who our Strength for-ev - er art,— We come to do Thy will. A-men.



- 1 **G**OD of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our Strength forever art,—
We come to do Thy will.
- 2 Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God,
- 3 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self and live;
- 4 To draw Thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown
The spirit's godlikeness.

Times, Services, and Seasons

344

Morning

MORNING HYMN L. M.

Francois H. Barthélémon, 1789

A- wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai- ly stage of du- ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy- ful rise To pay thy morning sac- ri- fice. A-men.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past;
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light in good works shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious ways
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 5 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

LOB SEI DEM ALMÄCHTIGEN GOTT L. M.

Gesangbuch der Brüder, 1544

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;

Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake I may of end - less light partake. A - men.

1 **A**LL praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
 I may of endless light partake.

2 Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
 O never then from me depart!
 For to my soul 'tis hell to be
 But for one moment void of Thee.

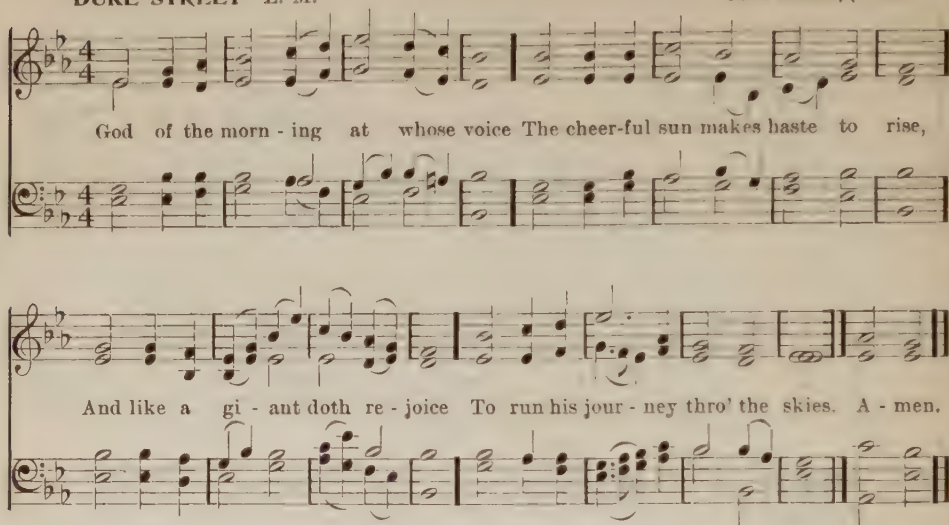
3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below,
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

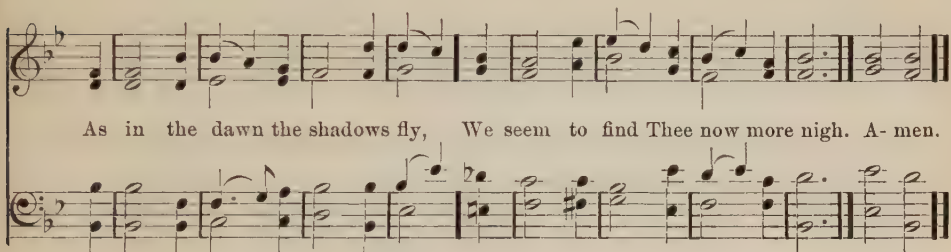
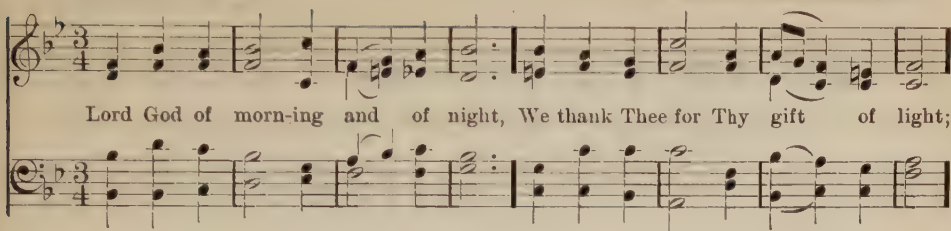
DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, (-1793)



- 1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice,
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.
- 5 Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

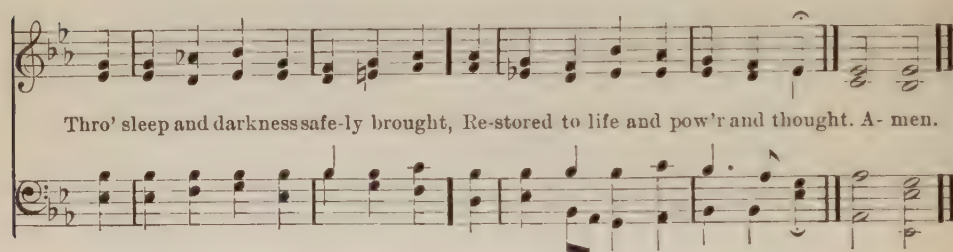
WALTON L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

- 1 **L**ORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
- 2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh energy to do our part;
Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
A thousandfold to serve Thee more.
- 3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.
- 4 O Lord of light! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own;
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great dawn of God! we cry for Thee.
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

MELCOMBE L. M.

Samuel Webbe, 1782



- 1 **N**EW every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

KEBLE L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1874

O Je - sus, Lord of heav'n-ly grace, Thou Brightness of Thy Fa - ther's face,
Thou Fountain of e - ter - nal light, Whose beams dis - perse the shades of night, A-men.

- 1 **O** JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night,
- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.
- 4 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
- 5 O hallowed be th' approaching day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset calm and bright.
- 6 O Christ, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

WARWICK C. M.

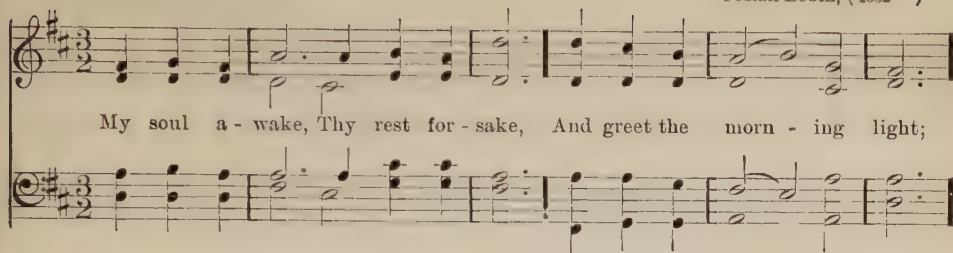
Samuel Stanley, 1800

Gone is the hol - low, murk - y night, With
all her shad - ows dun; Il - lum - i - nate us,
heav'n - ly Light, As doth the earth the sun. A-men.

- 1 **G**ONE is the hollow, murky night,
With all her shadows dun;
Illuminate us, heavenly Light,
As doth the earth the sun.
- 2 Pour on our hearts the heavenly beam
In radiance sublime;
Retire before that ray supreme,
Ye sins of elder time!
- 3 Lo, on the day that now is here
No night shall ever fall,
But faith shall burn, erect and clear,
Till Christ is all in all.
- 4 This is the dawn of infant faith;
The day shall follow soon,
When hope shall breathe with freer breath
And morn be lost in noon.

BRACONDALE C. M.

Josiah Booth, (1852-)



1 MY soul awake,
 Thy rest forsake,
 And greet the morning light;
 With song arise—
 Glad sacrifice
 For mercies of the night.

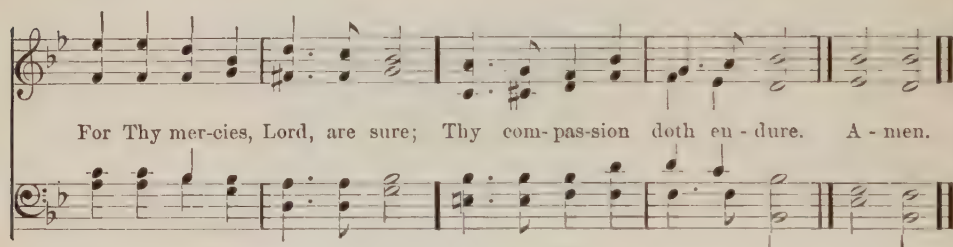
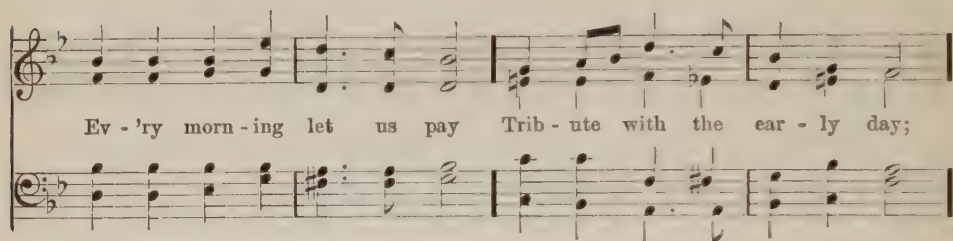
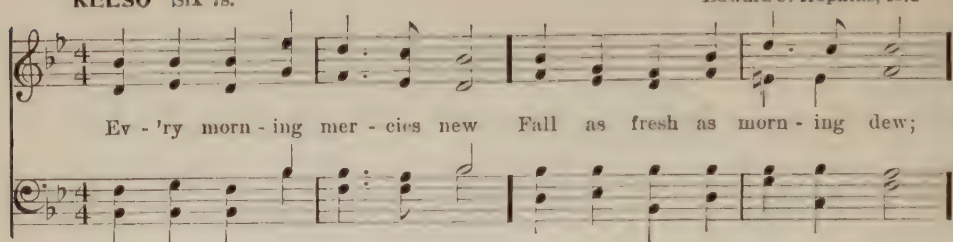
2 With courage drest,
 Strong-hearted, blest,
 Fulfil thy work abroad;
 Fearless and true,
 Thy way pursue
 A happy child of God.

3 In liberty
 Of holy glee
 Accept thy childhood's part;
 And thou shalt find,
 By faith enshrined,
 Thy Father in thy heart.

4 O blessed rest,
 With such a Guest
 Life's duty grows divine,
 Dross becomes gold,
 And, as of old,
 The water turns to wine.

KELSO Six 7s.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872



1 **E**VERY morning mercies new
 Fall as fresh as morning dew;
 Every morning let us pay
 Tribute with the early day;
 For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure;
 Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
 Daily doth our sins remove;
 Daily, far as east from west,
 Lifts the burden from the breast;
 Gives unbought to those who pray
 Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
 That these gifts may never fail;
 And, as we confess the sin
 And the tempter's power within,
 Every morning, for the strife,
 Feed us with the bread of life.

4 As the morning light returns,
 As the sun with splendor burns,
 Teach us still to turn to Thee,
 Ever-blessèd Trinity,
 With our hands our hearts to raise,
 In unfailing prayer and praise.

RATISBON Six 7s.

Old German Melody: Werner's *Choralbuch*, 1815

At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss, Mark it, Sav-iour, with Thy cross. A - men.

1 **A**T Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy cross.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
All is good that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

4 Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think and speak and do and be,
Simply that which pleases Thee.

NICÆA 11. 12. 12. 10.

John B. Dykes, 1861

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al - might - y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God almighty!
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
 Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity!
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
 Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty!
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

LAUS MATUTINA 11. 10. 11. 10.

John Stainer, 1872

Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re - treat - ing Be - fore the
 sun's red ban - ner, swift - ly flee; Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are
 fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank - ful hearts to Thee. A - men.

- 1 **N**OW, when the dusky shades of night, retreating
 Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;
 Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
 O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee.
- 2 Look from the tower of heaven and send to cheer us
 Thy light and truth, to guide us onward still;
 Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
 And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.
- 3 In vain to labor, unless Thou be with him,
 Man goeth forth through all the weary day;
 In vain his strife, in vain his toil unceasing,
 Unless Thy staff bring comfort on his way.
- 4 Thou, who hast made the north and south, watch o'er us;
 Thou, in whose name the lonely ones rejoice,
 Still let Thy cloudy pillar glide before us,
 Still let us listen for Thy warning voice.
- 5 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
 And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
 Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
 Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

Anon. Hedge and Huntington's *Hymns*, 1853

HAYDN 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7.

Arr. from Franz Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809

Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is break - ing
O'er the earth an - oth - er day. Come to Him, who made this splen - dor,
See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble pow'rs can pay. A - men.

- 1 COME, my soul, thou must be waking;
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day.
Come to Him, who made this splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble powers can pay.
- 2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.
- 3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;—
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.
- 4 Say, this morn doth aught oppress thee?
Then address thee
To thy God, whose sunlike smile,
When the mountain-tops He brightens,
Yet enlightens
E'en the lowliest vale the while.
- 5 Mayest Thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

F. R. L. von Canitz, 1654-1699;
tr. Henry J. Buckoll, 1841, and others, arr.

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1790

As the sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright'ning all the morn - ing skies,

So to Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord. A - men.

- 1 **A**S the sun doth daily rise,
Brightening all the morning skies,
So to Thee with one accord
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.
- 2 Day by day provide us food,
For from Thee come all things good:
Strength unto our souls afford
From Thy living Bread, O Lord.
- 3 Be our Guard in sin and strife;
Be the Leader of our life;
Lest like sheep we stray abroad,
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord.
- 4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace
All Thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search Thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord.
- 5 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our beds at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.

Anon (Latin) Tr. "O. B. C."
Recast by Horatio Nelson, 1864

ST. ETHELDREDA C. M.

Thomas Turton, 1860

O Fa-ther, hear my morn-ing pray'r, Thy aid im-part to me,
That I may make my life to-day Ac-cept-a-ble to Thee. A-men.

1 O FATHER, hear my morning prayer,
Thy aid impart to me,
That I may make my life to-day
Acceptable to Thee.

2 May this desire my spirit rule;
And as the moments fly
Something of good be born in me,
Something of evil die,—

3 Some grace that seeks my heart to win
With shining victory meet,
Some sin that strives for mastery
Find overthrow complete;—

4 That so throughout the coming day
The hours shall carry me
A little farther from the world,
A little nearer Thee.

WEARMOUTH 8. 8. 8.

(or Evening)

Charles Steggall, 1826-1905

O Lord, it is a bless - ed thing To Thee both morn and
night to bring Our wor - ship's low - ly of - fer - ing. A - men.

1 O LORD, it is a blessèd thing
To Thee both morn and night to bring
Our worship's lowly offering,

2 And, from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day,

3 And night by night for evermore
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.

4 O Jesus, be our morning Light,
That we may go forth to the fight
With strength renewed and armor bright.

5 And when our daily work is o'er,
And sins and weakness we deplore,
O be Thou then our Light once more.

6 Light of the world, with us abide,
And to Thyself our footsteps guide
At morn, and noon, and eventide.

Noon

TRURO L. M.

T. Williams' *Psalmodia Evangelica*, 1790

Look up to heav'n! th'industrious sun Al-read-y

half his course hath run; He can-not halt nor go a-

stray, But our im-mor-tal spir-its may. A-men.

1 LOOK up to heaven! th'industrious sun
 Already half his course hath run;
 He cannot halt nor go astray,
 But our immortal spirits may.

2 Lord, since his rising in the east
 If we have faltered or transgressed,
 Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
 What yet remains of this day's course.

3 Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
 Our upward and our downward way,
 And glorify for us the west,
 When we shall sink to final rest.

Evening

ST. GABRIEL 8. 8. 8. 4.

Frederick A. G. Ouseley, 1868

The ra-diant morn hath pass'd a-way And spent too soon its gold-en store,

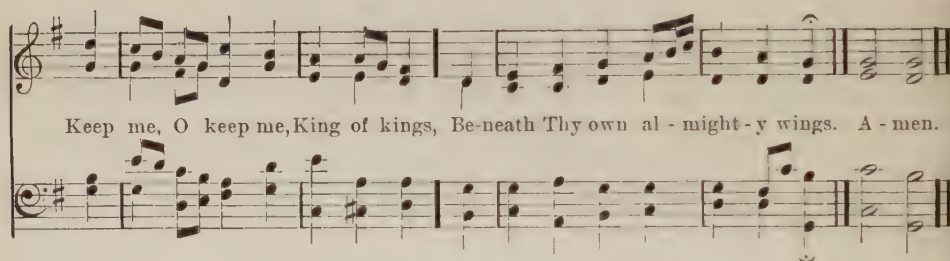
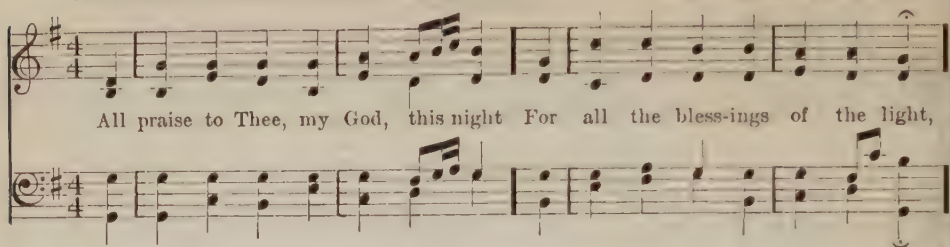
The shad-ows of de-part-ing day Creep on once more. A-men.

- 1 **T**HE radiant morn hath passed away
And spent too soon its golden store,
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.
- 3 Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.
- 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high!
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,
- 4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Godfrey Thring, 1864

TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN L. M.

Arr. from Thomas Tallis, 1567



1 **A**LL praise to Thee, my God, this night
 For all the blessings of the light,
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done,
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed,
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake!

5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below,
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

STAINCLIFFE L. M.

Robert W. Dixon, 1875

O Light of life, O Sav- iour dear, Be - fore we sleep bow down Thine ear;

Through dark and day, o'er land and sea, We have no oth - er hope but Thee. A - men.

- 1 **O** LIGHT of life, O Saviour dear,
Before we sleep bow down Thine ear;
Through dark and day, o'er land and sea,
We have no other hope but Thee.
- 2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart:
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God, and find Him not.
- 3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning risen upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find guide and path and all in Thee.
- 4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near;
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The sun of God's own paradise.
- 5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

ANGELUS L. M.

Georg Joseph, 1657

At e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;

O in what di-vers pains they met! O with what joy they went a-way! A-men.

- 1 **A**T even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!
- 2 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;
- 3 And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt,
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;
- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

CANONBURY L. M.

(or Morning)

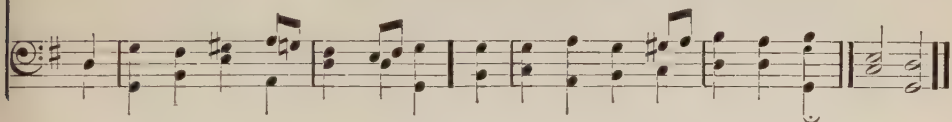
Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1839



My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry eve - ning new;



And morn - ing mer - cies from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - til like ear - ly dew. A - men.



1 **M**Y God, how endless is Thy love!

Thy gifts are every evening new;

And morning mercies from above

Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,

Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;

Thy sovereign word restores the light,

And quickens all my drowsy powers.

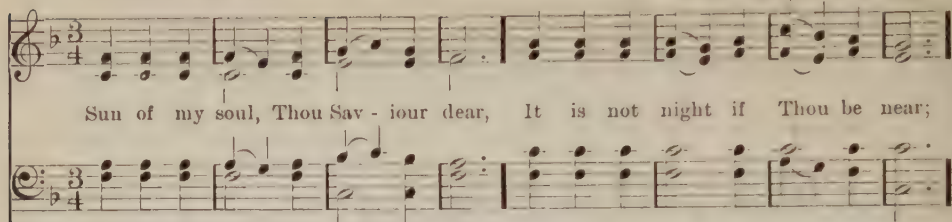
3 I yield my powers to Thy command,

To Thee I consecrate my days;

Perpetual blessings from Thy hand

Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HURSLEY L. M.

Katholisches Gesangbuch, Vienna, c. 1774.
Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861

- 1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1820

ABENDS L. M.

Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874

A - gain, as eve - ning's shad - ow falls, We gath - er

in these hal - low'd walls; And ves - per hymn and ves - per

pray'r Rise ming - ling on the ho - ly air. A - men.

- 1 **A** GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.
- 2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.
- 3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow, 1859

EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10.

William H. Monk, 1861

A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens;

Lord, with me a - bid: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,

Help of the help - less, O a - bid with me. A - men.

- 1 **A**BIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changeest not, abide with me.
- 3 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud, and sunshine, O abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

SUNDOWN Six 10s.
Voices in Unison.

John H. Gower, 1890

The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:

Voices in Harmony.

O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou, Eternal Light of Light be with us now:

Unison. *Harmony*

Where Thou art present darkness cannot be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. Amen.

Copyright by John H. Gower

1 **T**HE day is gently sinking to a close,
 Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:
 O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou,
 Eternal Light of Light, be with us now:
 Where Thou art present darkness cannot be;
 Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
 Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
 O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,
 Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
 Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
 No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

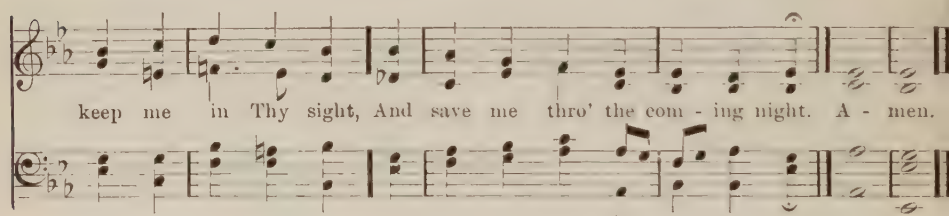
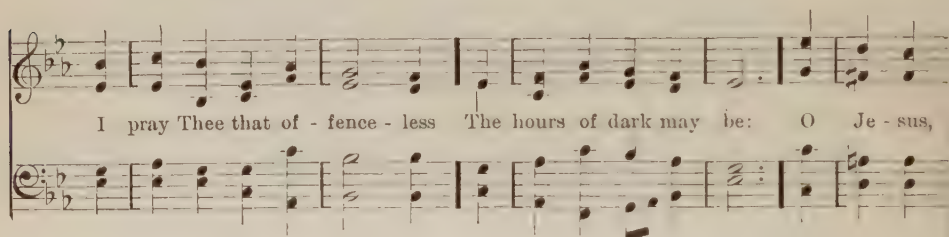
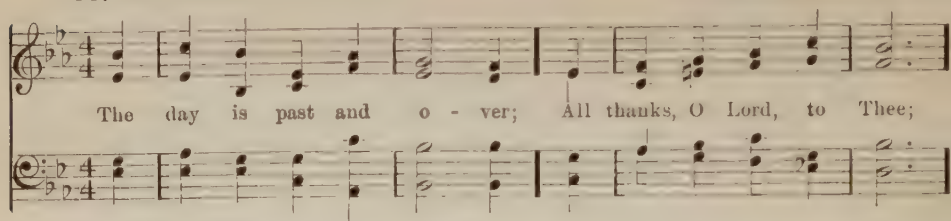
3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
 Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
 Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
 And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
 When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh
 And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I!"

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay:
 Its glories wane, its pageants fade away:
 In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
 May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
 With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
 In that blest day which has no eventide.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1863

ST. ANATOLIUS 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8.

Arthur H. Brown, 1862



1 **T**HE day is past and over;
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
 I pray Thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be:
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And save me through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over;
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 And call on Thee that sinless
 The hours of night may be:
 O Jesus, make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be:
 O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God, for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go:
 Lover of men, O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all!

ST. CLEMENT 9. 8. 9. 8.

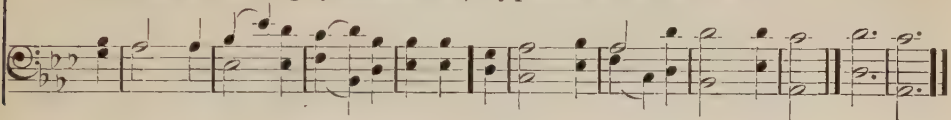
Clement C. Scholefield, 1874



The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark - ness falls at Thy be - hest;



To Thee our morning hymns ascended, Thy praises shall hallow now our rest. A - men.



1 **T**HE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand and rule and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

INNSBRUCK 7. 7. 6. 7. 7. 8.

Heinrich Isaac, c. 1488

Adapted and harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1685-1750

The du-teous day now clos-eth, Each flow'r and tree re-

pos-eth, Shade creeps o'er wild and wood. Let

us, as night is fall-ing, On God, our Mak-er,

call-ing, Give thanks to Him, the Giv-er good. A-men.

1 **T**HE duteous day now closeth,
Each flower and tree reposeseth,
Shade creeps o'er wild and wood.
Let us, as night is falling,
On God, our Maker, calling,
Give thanks to Him, the Giver good.

2 Now all the heavenly splendor
Breaks forth in starlight tender
From myriad worlds unknown;
And man, Thy marvel seeing,
Forgets his selfish being
For joy of beauty not his own.

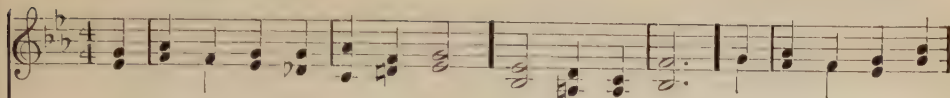
3 His care he drowneth yonder
Lost in th' abyss of wonder,
To heaven his soul doth steal.
This life he disesteemeth,
The day it is that dreameth,
That doth from truth his vision seal.

4 Awhile his mortal blindness
May miss God's lovingkindness,
And grope in faithless strife;
But when life's day is over
Shall death's fair night discover
The fields of everlasting life.

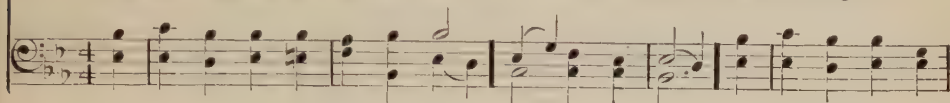
Paul Gerhardt, 1648,
tr. *The Yattendon Hymnal*, 1899

GLOAMING 8. 4. 8. 4. D.

John Stainer, 1896



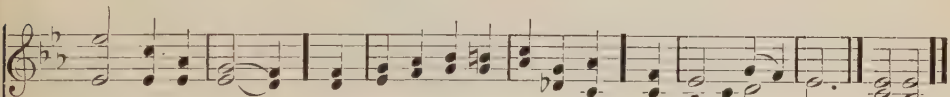
The sun de-clines; o'er land and sea Creeps on the night; The twinkling stars come



one by one To shed their light; With Thee there is no dark-ness, Lord;



With us a - bide, And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure This e - ven - tide. A-men.



1 **T**HE sun declines; o'er land and sea
Creeps on the night;
The twinkling stars come one by one
To shed their light;
With Thee there is no darkness, Lord;
With us abide,
And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure
This eventide.

2 Forgive the wrong this day we've done,
Or thought, or said;
Each moment with its good or ill
To Thee has fled;
O Father, in Thy mercy great
Will we confide;
Thy benediction now bestow
This eventide.

3 And when with morning light we rise,
Kept by Thy care,
We'll lift to Thee with grateful hearts
Our morning prayer.
Be Thou through life our Strength and Stay,
Our Guard and Guide
To that dear home where there will be
No eventide.

THE BLESSED REST 10. 10. 10. 4.

Joseph Barnby, 1838-96

The night is come, wherein at last we rest, God order this and all things for the best!

Be - neath His bless - ing fear - less we may lie Since He is nigh. A - men.

- 1 **T**HE night is come, wherein at last we rest,
 God order this and all things for the best!
 Beneath His blessing fearless we may lie
 Since He is nigh.
- 2 Drive evil thoughts and spirits far away;
 Master, watch o'er us till the dawning day,
 Body and soul alike from harm defend,
 Thine angel send.
- 3 Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be;
 Let us awake with joy, still close to Thee,
 In all serve Thee, in every deed and thought
 Thy praise be sought.
- 4 Give to the sick, as Thy beloved, sleep,
 And help the captive, comfort those who weep,
 Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe,
 Keep far our foe.
- 5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom come,
 Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly home,
 Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
 Us now and ever.

CHAUTAUQUA 7. 7. 7. 7. 4. With Refrain

William F. Sherwin, 1877

Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and

wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.

p REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High! A - men.

1 DAY is dying in the west;
 Heaven is touching earth with rest;
 Wait and worship while the night
 Sets her evening lamps alight
 Through all the sky.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee;
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord Most High!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
 Of the universe, Thy home,
 Gather us who seek Thy face

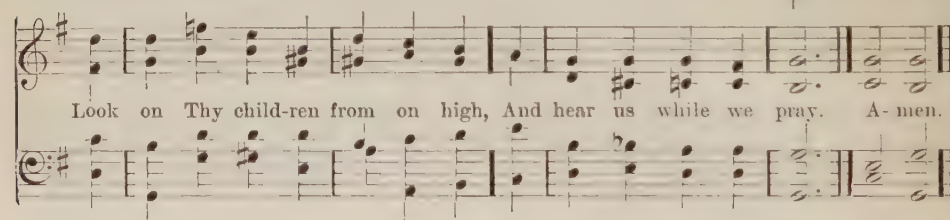
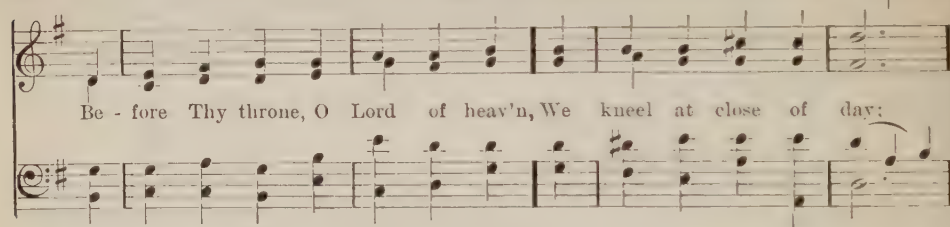
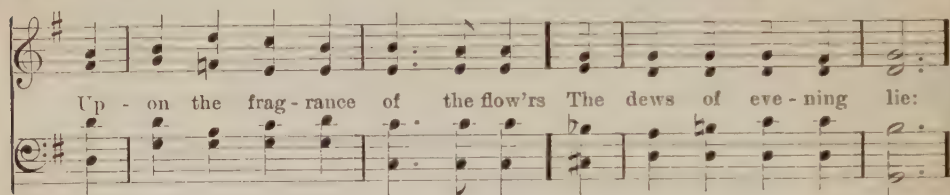
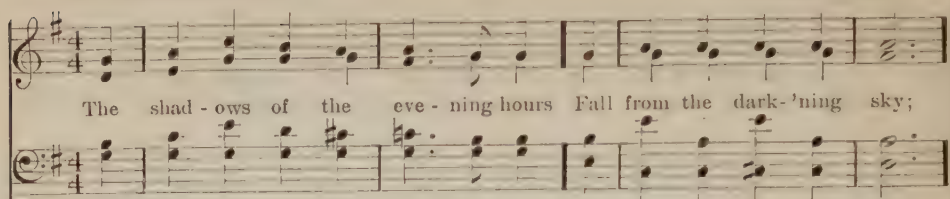
To the fold of Thy embrace,
 For Thou art nigh.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
 Heart of love, enfolding all,
 Through the glory and the grace
 Of the stars that veil Thy face,
 Our hearts ascend.

4 When for ever from our sight
 Pass the stars, the day, the night,
 Lord of angels, on our eyes
 Let eternal morning rise,
 And shadows end.

ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

Henry Hiles, 1867



1 **T**HE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

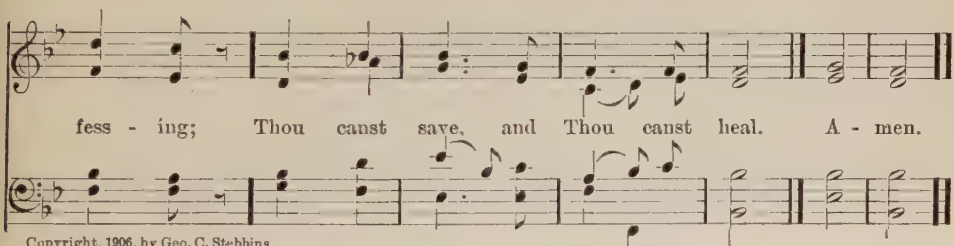
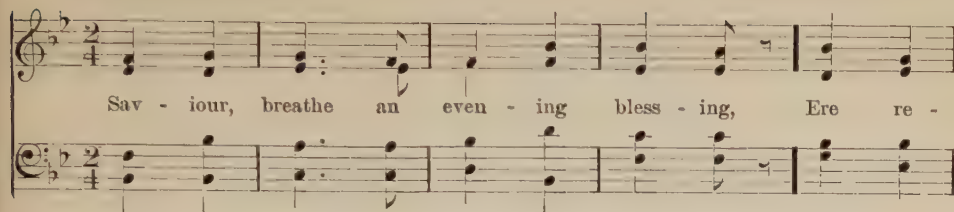
2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
O give us now repose.

EVENING PRAYER 8. 7. 8. 7.

George C. Stebbins, 1878



Copyright, 1906, by Geo. C. Stebbins

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.

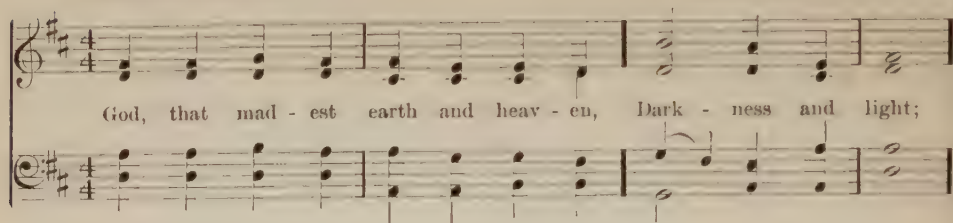
3 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

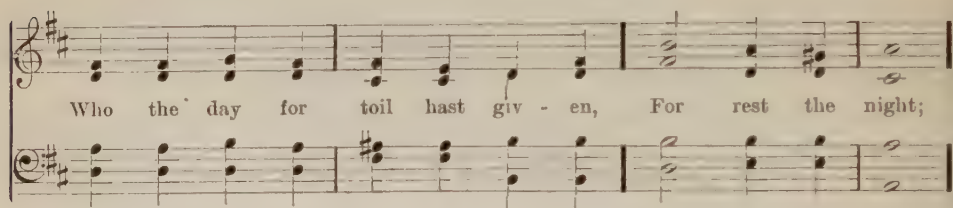
James Edmeston, 1820

TEMPLE 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8 4.

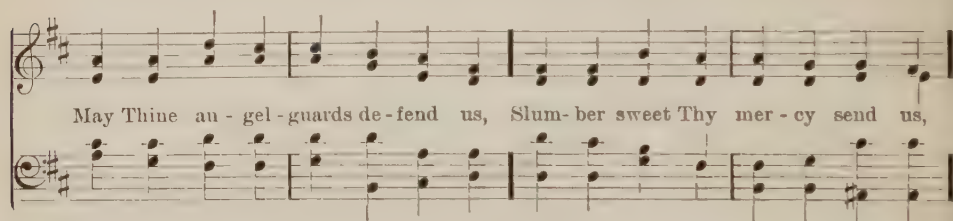
Edward J. Hopkins, 1867




God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;



Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night;



May Thine an - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,



Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. A - men.

1 **G**OD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night;
 May Thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

2 And when morn again shall call us
 To run life's way,
 May we still, whate'er befall us,
 Thy will obey.

From the power of evil hide us,
 In the narrow pathway guide us,
 Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us
 The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
 And, when we die,
 May we in Thy mighty keeping
 All peaceful lie.
 When the last dread trump shall wake us,
 Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us,
 With Thee on high.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826; William Mercer, 1864;
 Richard Whately, 1838

Evening

AR HYD Y NOS 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4. (*Alternate Tune for 378*) Welsh Traditional Melody
E. Jones's *Relics of the Welsh Bards*, 1784

God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;

Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night;

May Thine an - gel - guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,

Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. A - men.

1 **G**OD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey.

From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.

When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With Thee on high.

NIGHT WATCH 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Through the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;

Through the si-lent watches guard us; Let no foe our peace mo-lest;

Je-sus, Thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-men.

1 **T**HROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
 Now we lay us down to rest;
 Through the silent watches guard us;
 Let no foe our peace molest;
 Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers;
 In Thine arms may we repose;
 And, when life's brief day is past,
 Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

SEELENBRÄUTIGAM 5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

Adam Drese, 1698

Round me falls the night; Sav - iour, be my Light:

Through the hours in dark-ness shrouded Let me see Thy face un- cloud - ed;

Let Thy glo - ry shine In this heart of mine. A - men.

1 **R**OUND me falls the night;
Saviour, be my Light:

Through the hours in darkness shrouded

Let me see Thy face unclouded;

Let Thy glory shine

In this heart of mine.

2 Earthly work is done,

Earthly sounds are none;

Rest in sleep and silence seeking,

Let me hear Thee softly speaking,

In my spirit's ear

Whisper, "I am near."

3 Blessèd, heavenly Light,

Shining through earth's night;

Voice, that oft of love hast told me;

Arms, so strong to clasp and hold me;

Thou Thy watch wilt keep,

Saviour, o'er my sleep.

SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. fr. Carl M. von Weber, 1826

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A-men.

1 **S**OFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity,
 Then, from Thine eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

BISHOP THORPE C. M.

Jeremiah Clark, 1670-1707

Now from the altar of my heart Let

in - cense - flames a - rise: As - sist me, Lord, to

of - fer up Mine even - ing sac - ri - fice. A - men.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of my heart
Let incense-flames arise:
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.
- 2 This day God was my Sun and Shield,
My Keeper and my Guide;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day:
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favor, and new joys
Do a new song require:
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set
New time upon my score,
Then shall I praise for all my time,
When time shall be no more.

MERRIAL 6. 5. 6. 5.

Joseph Barnby, 1869

Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky. A - men.

- 1 NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.
- 2 Jesus give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors, tossing
On the deep blue sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
- 5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

ST. COLUMBA 6. 4. 6. 6.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861

The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; Let
love a - wake and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A - men.

- 1 THE sun is sinking fast,
The day-light dies;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
- 2 As Christ, upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;
- 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;
- 5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

The Lord's Day

MENDEBRAS 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

German Melody Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839

1. { O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright! }

On thee the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune,

Sing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!" To the great God tri - une. A - men.

1 O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright!
 On thee the high and lowly,
 Through ages joined in tune,
 Sing, "Holy, holy, holy!"
 To the great God triune.

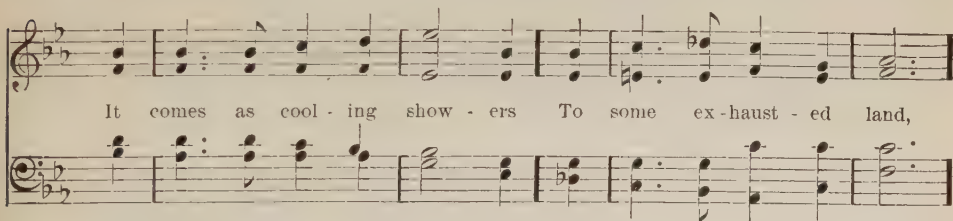
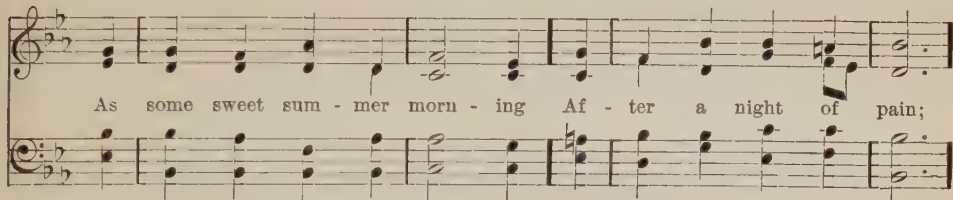
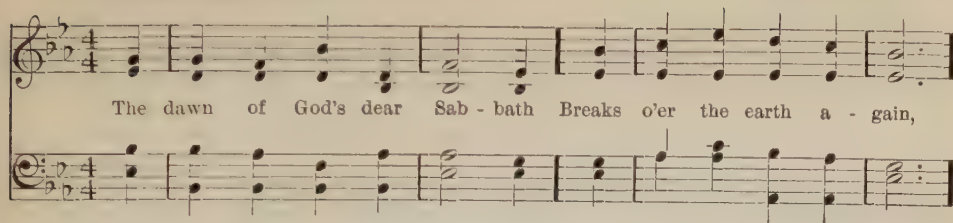
2 Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise;
 A garden intersected
 With streams of paradise;
 Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry, dreary sand;
 From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel-light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul refreshing streams.

4 A day of sweet refection
 Thou art,—a day of love,
 A day of resurrection
 From earth to things above.
 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.

ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

James Walch, 1875



1 **T**HE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain;
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm-trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labor,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
Fostered by Thine own Spirit
In our humility.

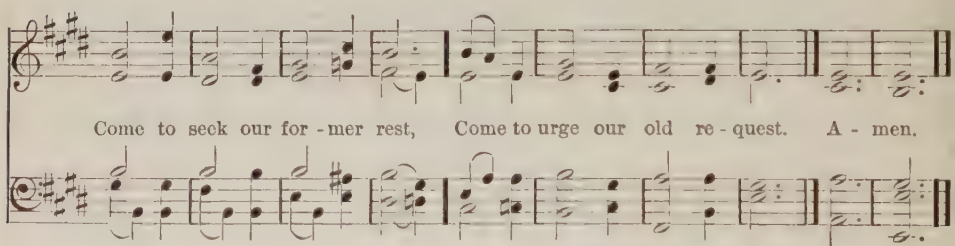
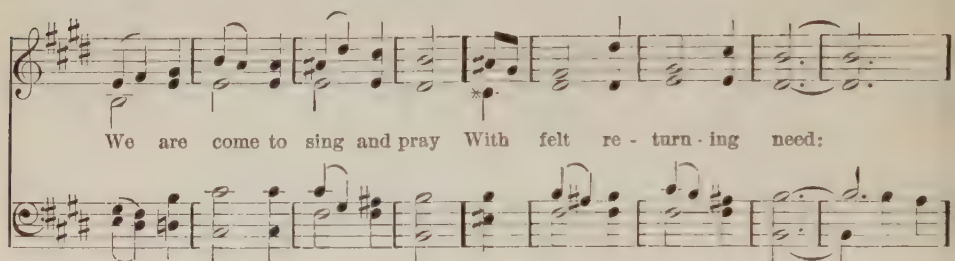
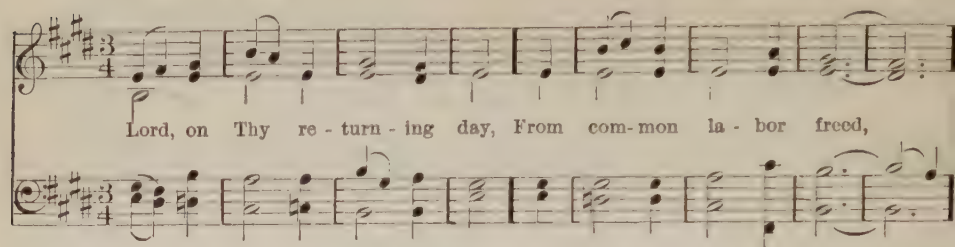
3 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone,—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won.

4 O Lord, forgive and strengthen:
May we for evermore
Upon Thy peaceful Sabbath
Thy blessed name adore;
Until in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last,
Where life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past.

Ada Cambridge Cross, 1866, alt. and arr.

HOLY DAY 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7.

John H. Gower, 1895



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1 **L**ORD, on Thy returning day,
 From common labor freed,
 We are come to sing and pray
 With felt returning need:
 Come to seek our former rest,
 Come to urge our old request.

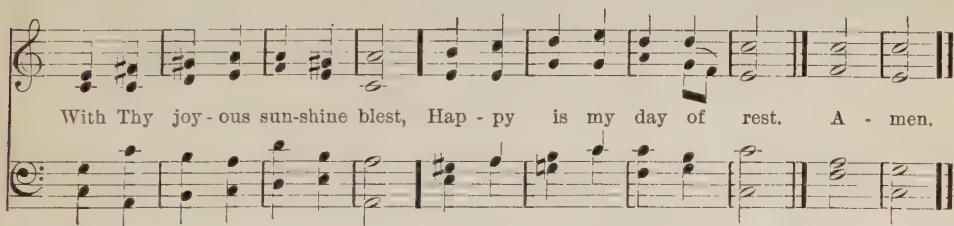
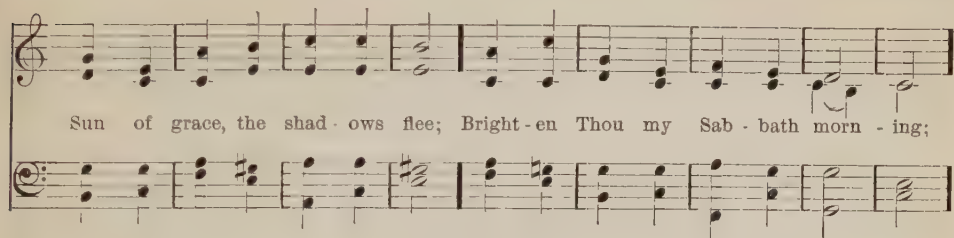
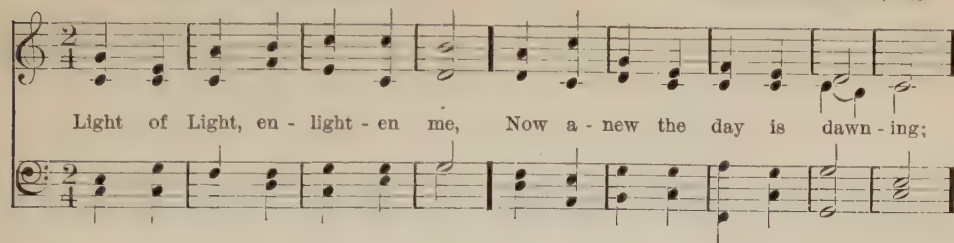
2 Show us, Lord, the goal of life,
 And give us heart to run;
 Breathe the peace that follows strife,
 Lest future work we shun:
 Hearts that hasty time has grieved
 Are by Sabbath calm relieved.

3 We would sing as in the rays
 Of mercy ever bright,
 Which endureth to Thy praise,
 For ever Thy delight,—
 Sing for happiness we know,
 Or that we may happy grow.

4 We would pray as those who stand
 Their truest Friend beside,
 Whom He takes as by the hand
 Unto their God to guide;
 By His power and for His sake
 Fully us Thy children make.

Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

JESUS, MEINE ZUVERSICHT 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1653

1 **L**IGHT of Light, enlighten me,
 Now anew the day is dawning;
 Sun of grace, the shadows flee;
 Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning;
 With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
 Happy is my day of rest.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
 That upon my lips is lying,
 Clear the shadows from my eyes,
 That, from every error flying,
 No strange fire may in me glow
 That Thine altar doth not know.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
 To Thy living waters lead me;
 Thou from earth my soul release,
 And with grace and mercy feed me;
 Bless Thy word, that it may prove
 Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

4 Let me, with my heart to-day,
 Holy, holy, holy, singing,
 Rapt awhile from earth away,
 All my soul to Thee upspringing,
 Have a foretaste inly given
 How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Hence all care, all vanity!
 For the day to God is holy;
 Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
 Deign to fill this temple lowly;
 Naught to-day my soul shall move,
 Simply resting in Thy love.

SWABIA S. M.

In J. M. Spiess's *David's Harffen-Spiel*, 1745
Arr. by William H. Havergal, 1847

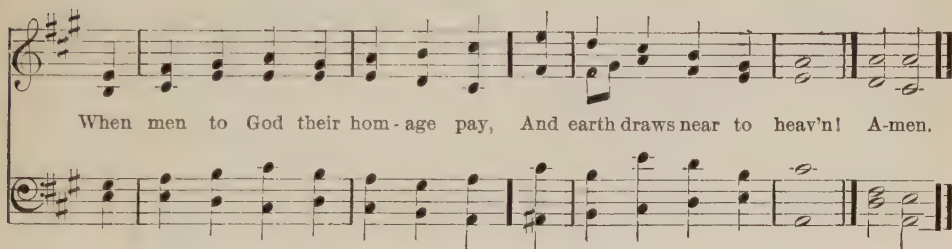
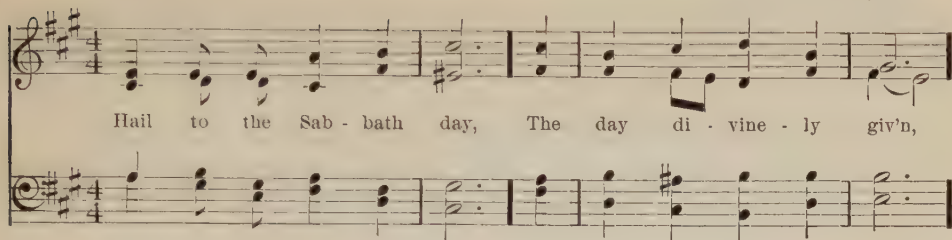
This is the day of light: Let there be light to-day;

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night, And chase its gloom a-way. A-men.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

DOMENICA S. M.

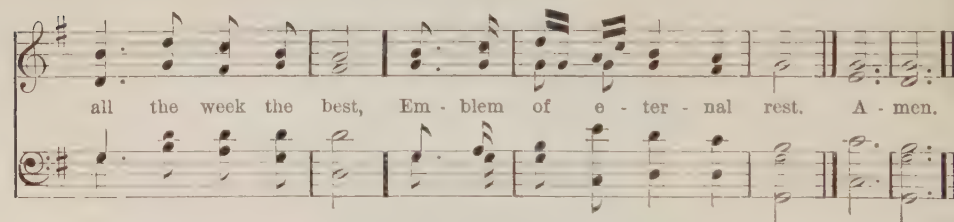
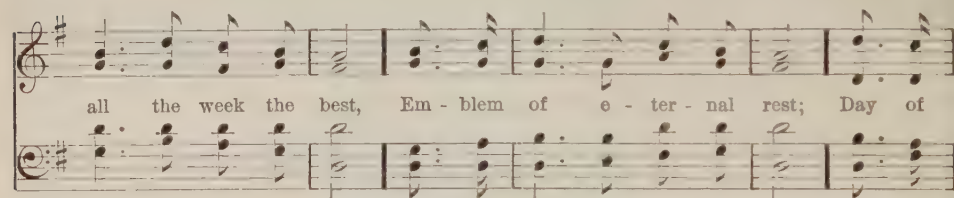
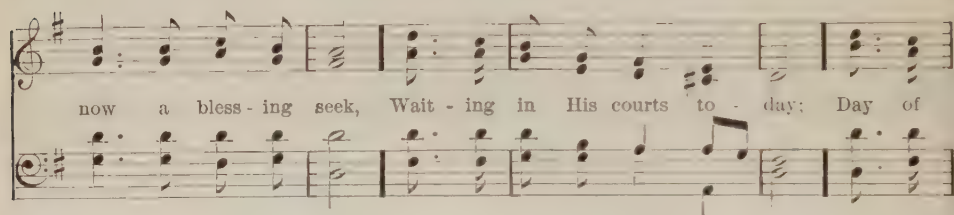
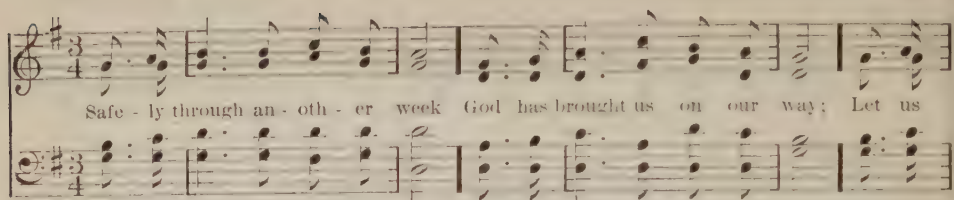
Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874



- 1 **H**AIL to the Sabbath day,
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven!
- 2 Lord, in Thy sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend;
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When crowds adore their God;
- 4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.
- 5 Lord, may a holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And grant us in Thy courts to pray
Of pure unclouded light.

SABBATH Six 7s.

Lowell Mason, 1824



1 SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in His courts to-day;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show Thy reconcil'd face;
 Take away our sin and shame;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise,
 Let us feel Thy presence near;
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 May the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove
 Till we join the Church above.

John Newton, 1774: alt.

GARDEN CITY S. M.

Horatio W. Parker, 1890

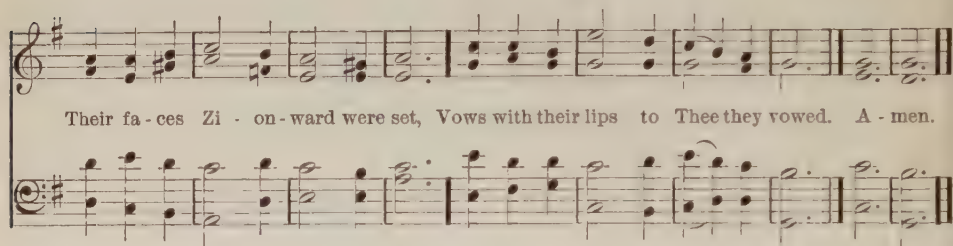
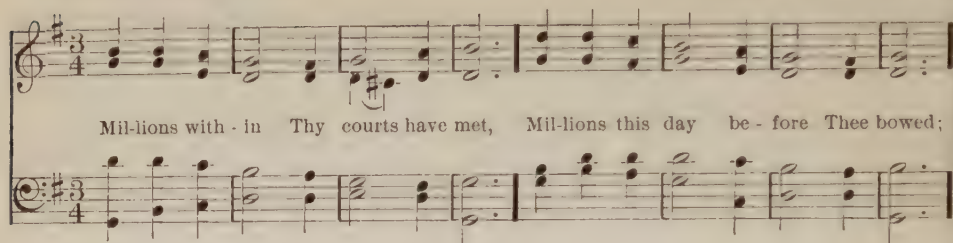
Our day of praise is done,.. The eve - ning shad - ows fall;....

But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that light'nest all. A - men.

- 1 OUR day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.
- 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But O the strains how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!
- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

GRACE CHURCH L. M.

From Ignace J. Pleyel, 1815



1 **M**ILLIONS within Thy courts have met,
 Millions this day before Thee bowed;
 Their faces Zionward were set,
 Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed.

2 Still as the light of morning broke
 O'er island, continent, or deep,
 Thy far-spread family awoke,
 Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 From east to west the sun surveyed,
 From north to south, adoring throngs;
 And still, when evening stretched her shade,
 The stars came out to hear their songs.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
 Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
 To those in trouble Thou wert nigh,
 Not one has sought Thy face in vain.

5 Yet one prayer more, and be it one
 In which both heaven and earth accord;
 Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,
 Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord!

394

Midweek

HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1890

Thou in whose name the two or three Are met to-day to meet with Thee,

Ful - fil to us Thine own sure word, And be Thou here Thy - self, O Lord. A - men.

1 **T**HOU in whose name the two or three
Are met to-day to meet with Thee,
Fulfil to us Thine own sure word,
And be Thou here Thyself, O Lord.

2 To-day our week, but now begun,
Already half its course hath run;
To Thee are known its toils and cares,
To Thee its trials and its snares.

3 Thou, by whose grace alone we live,
Our oft-repeated sins forgive;
Be Thou our Counsel, Help, and Stay,
Through all the perils of our way.

4 Give thankful hearts Thy gifts to share;
Give steadfast wills Thy cross to bear;
And when life's working days are past,
Give rest with all Thy saints at last.

395

The Opening of Worship

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Pseaumes octante trois, Geneva, 1551

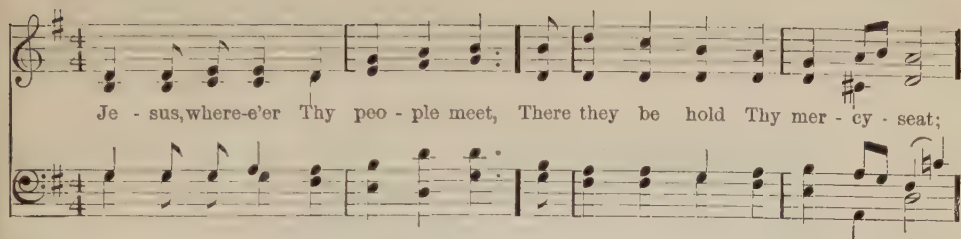
Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. A - men.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

KEBLE L. M.

John B. Dykes, 1875



1 **J**ESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
 Inhabitest the humble mind;
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,
 And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of Thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper, 1769

Pleasant are Thy courts above, In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below, In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy fulness, God of grace. A - men.

1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Felice de Giardini, 1709

Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days. A - men.

For a slightly different arrangement of this tune, see No. 88

- 1 **C**OME, Thou almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise:
 Father, all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.
- 2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend:
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

HOSANNA L. M. With refrain

John B. Dykes, 1865

Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th'in - car - nate Word!

To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King, Let earth, let heav'n, Ho - san - na sing!

Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est! A - men.

1 **H**OSANNA to the living Lord!

Hosanna to the incarnate Word!

To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,

Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!

Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;

Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;

Above, beneath us, and around,

The dead and living swell the sound:

Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,

Return to this Thy house of prayer;

Assembled in Thy sacred name,

Where we Thy parting promise claim:

Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,

Eternal, bid Thy Spirit rest,

And make our secret soul to be

A temple pure, and worthy Thee:

Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again:

Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

ST. GREGORY 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Gregorian, arr. by Joseph Barnby, 1883

Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or

through the realms of light Fly at your Lord's com - mand, As - sist our

song, for else the theme Too high doth seem for mor - tal tongue. A - men.

1 YE holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song, for else the theme
Too high doth seem for mortal tongue.

2 Ye blessed souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold your Saviour's face,
God's praises sound, as in His light
With sweet delight ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives, and praise Him still,
Through good and ill, who ever lives.

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love:
Let all thy days till life shall end,
Whate'er He send, be filled with praise.

HORSHAM 7. 7. 7. 7.

English Traditional Melody

Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;

O do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A - men.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from Thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up
Strong in faith, in love and hope.
- 6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

CAPETOWN 7. 7. 7. 5.

Friedrich Filitz, 1847

God of pit - y, God of grace, When we hum - bly seek Thy face,

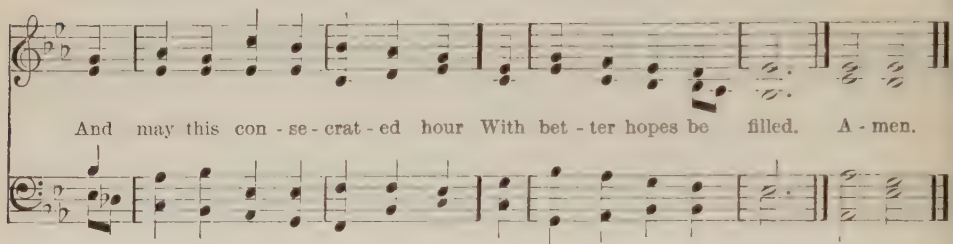
Bend from heav'n, Thy dwelling - place, Hear, for - give and save. A - men.

rit.

- 1 **G**OD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Hear, forgive and save.
- 2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat,
Look from heaven and save.
- 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill,
Lord, accept and save.
- 4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.
- 5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.
- 6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free;
Hear, forgive and save.

ST. PETER C. M.

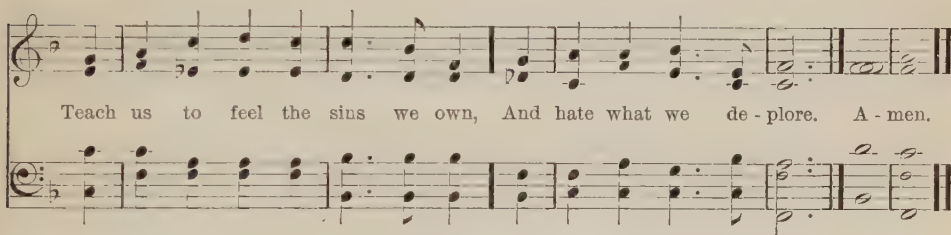
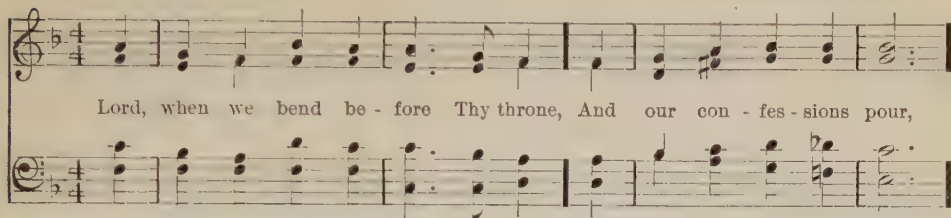
Alexander R. Reinagle, 1836



- 1 **W**HILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1874



1 **L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
 And penitence impart;
 Then let a kindling glance from Thee
 Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
 Their grateful hymns to raise,
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,
 And mount to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign;
 And not a thought our bosom share
 Which is not wholly Thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies,

WAS LEBET, WAS SCHWEBET 12. 10. 12. 10.

From the *Reinhardt MS.*,
Uttingen, 1754

Wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, Bow down be-
fore Him, His glo-ry pro-claim, Gold of o-be-dience and in-cense of
low-li-ness Bring, and a-dore Him; the Lord is His name! A-men.

- 1 **W**ORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim,
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is His name!
- 2 Low at His feet lay Thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee;
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
- 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.
- 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is dear,
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Pseaumes octante trois. Geneva, 1551

All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice;

Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice. A-men.

1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 The Lord ye know is God indeed,
 Without our aid He did us make;
 We are His folk, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto;
 Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

WUNDERBARER KÖNIG 6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 8. 3. 3. 6. 6.

Joachim Neander, 1650-80

{ God Him - self is with us; Let us now a - dore.... Him,
 { God is here a - mong us: All dis - trac - tions end we,

And with rev - erence come be - fore Him, } God to name, God to claim,
 And our - selves in hom - age bend we. }

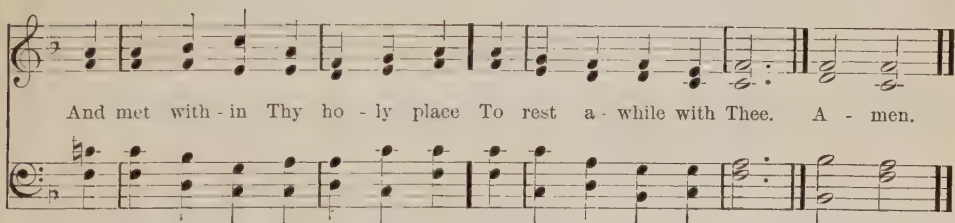
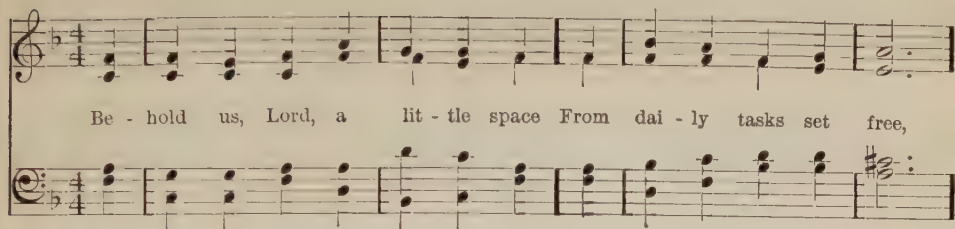
Ren - ders us most low - ly, Makes our hearts His whol - ly. A-men.

1 **G**OD Himself is with us:
 Let us now adore Him,
 And with reverence come before Him,
 God is here among us:
 All distractions end we,
 And ourselves in homage bend we.
 God to name,
 God to claim,
 Renders us most lowly,
 Makes our hearts His wholly.

2 Thou pervadest all things:
 Let Thy radiant beauty
 Light mine eyes to see my duty;
 As the tender flowers
 Eagerly unfold them,
 To the sunlight calmly hold them,
 So let me
 Quietly
 In Thy rays imbue me,
 Let Thy light shine through me.

3 Most majestic Being!
 May I rightly praise Thee,
 And to Thy high service raise me;
 May I, as Thine angels,
 In Thy presence place me,
 That each moment I may face Thee,
 And in all,
 Great and small,
 Seek to do most nearly
 That Thou lovest dearly.

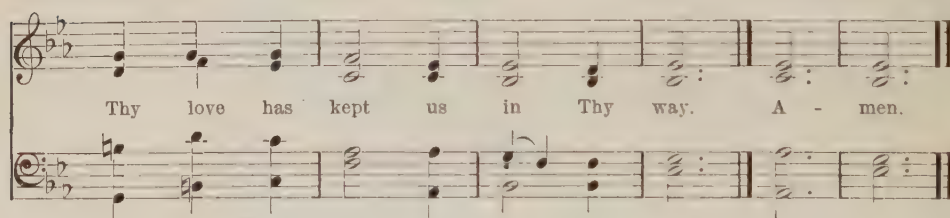
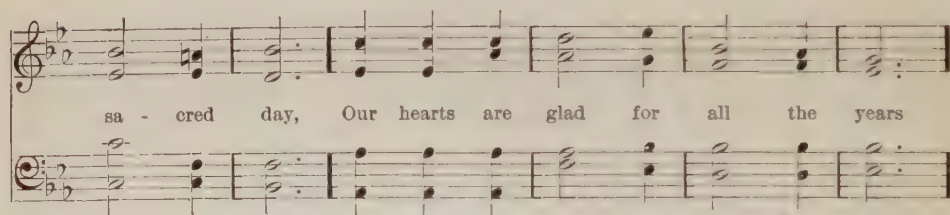
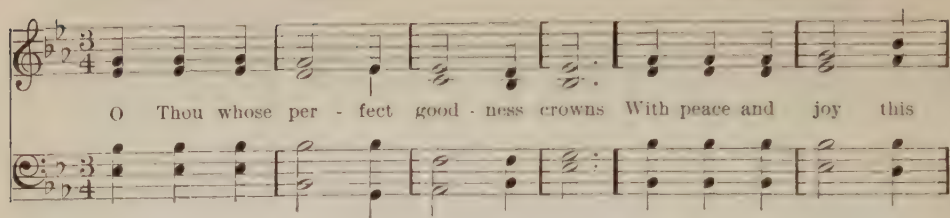
ST. FLAVIAN C. M.

Abr. from John Daye's *Psalms*, 1562

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.
- 2 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.
- 3 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.
- 4 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know,
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.
- 5 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

SAXBY L. M.

Timothy R. Matthews, (1826-)



- 1 **O** THOU whose perfect goodness crowns
With peace and joy this sacred day,
Our hearts are glad for all the years
Thy love has kept us in Thy way.
- 2 For common tasks of help and cheer,
For quiet hours of thought and prayer,
For moments when we seemed to feel
The breath of a diviner air,
- 3 For mutual love and trust that keep
Unchanged through all the changing time,
For friends within the veil who thrill
Our spirits with a hope sublime:—
- 4 For this, and more than words can say,
We praise and bless Thy holy name.
Come life or death, enough to know
That Thou art evermore the same.

WALTON L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815

1. Praise for Thee, Lord, in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall be - siege Thy
tem - - ple gates: All flesh shall to Thy throne re - pair,
And find, through Christ, sal - va - tion there. A - men.

1 PRAISE for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates:
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 How blest Thy saints! how safely led,
How surely kept, how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles, and owns her King.

5 Lord, on our souls Thine influence pour;
The moral waste within restore;
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee!

LONGWOOD 10. 10. 10. 10.

Joseph Barnby, 1872

Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in pen - i - tence be -

neath Thy feet: A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voi - ces raise,

To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise. A - men.

- 1 **F**ATHER, again in Jesus' name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath Thy feet:
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy and to sing Thy praise.
- 2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy works from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?
- 3 Alas, unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft our feet from Thee, our Father, rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.
- 4 O by that name in whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open sweet mercy's gate and take us in!

The Close of Worship

ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869

Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our

part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease;

Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

- 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

BELMONT C. M.

Wm. Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1812

The Lord be with us as ... we bend His blessing
to... re - ceive;... His gift of peace up - on us
send, Be - fore His courts we leave. A - men.

- 1 **T**HE Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before His courts we leave.
- 2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.
- 3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every home the Guest.
- 4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
Crown with His grace His own blest day,
And guard His people's sleep.

FINGAL C. M.

James S. Anderson, 1885

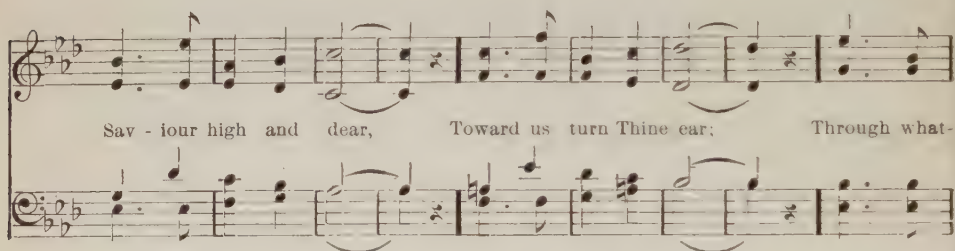
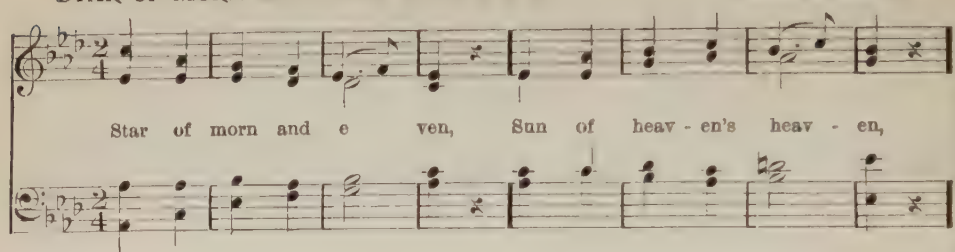
And now the wants are told that brought Thy chil-dren to Thy knee; Here

lin-g'ring still, we ask for naught, But sim-ply wor-ship Thee. A - men.

- 1 **A**ND now the wants are told that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for naught.
But simply worship Thee.
- 2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.
- 3 For Thou art God, the one, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.
- 4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine,
To know that naught in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!
- 5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;
- 6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

STAR OF MORN AND EVEN 6. 6. 5. 5. 5.

James Tilliard, 1867



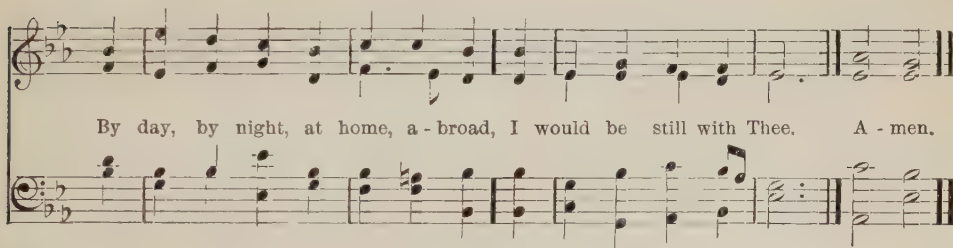
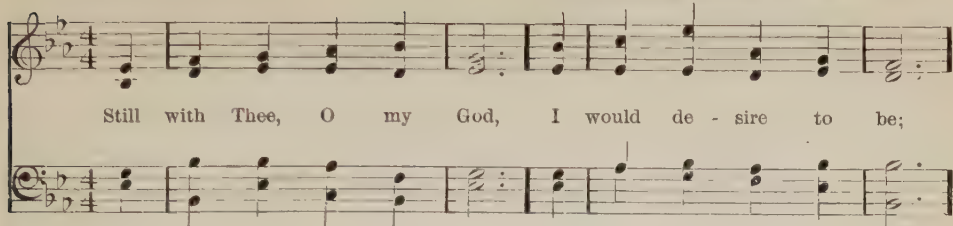
1 **S**TAR of morn and even,
 Sun of heaven's heaven,
 Saviour high and dear,
 Toward us turn Thine ear;
 Through whate'er may come,
 Thou canst lead us home.

3 Saviour pure and holy,
 Lover of the lowly,
 Sign us with Thy sign,
 Take our hands in Thine,
 Take our hands and come,
 Lead Thy children home.

2 Though the gloom be grievous,
 Those we leant on leave us,
 Though the coward heart
 Quit its proper part,
 Though the tempter come,
 Thou wilt lead us home.

4 Star of morn and even,
 Shine on us from heaven;
 From Thy glory-throne
 Hear Thy very own:
 Lord and Saviour, come,
 Lead us to our home

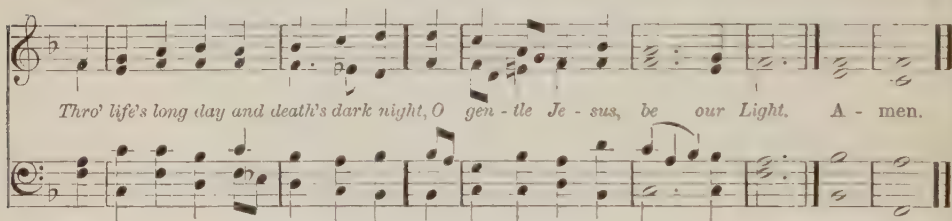
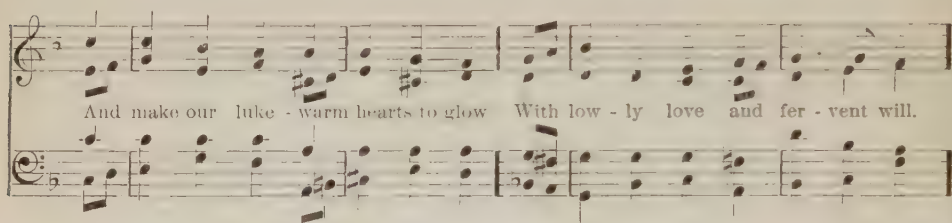
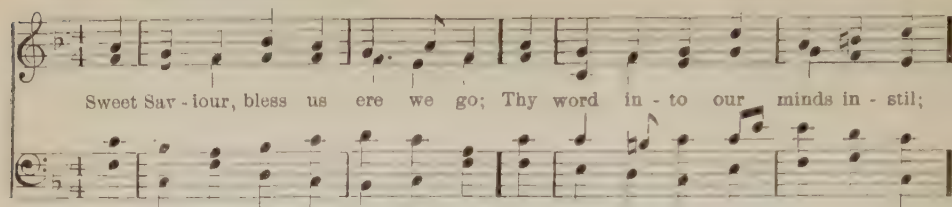
FRANCONIA S. M.

J. B. König's *Harmonischer Liederschatz*, 1738

- 1 **S**TILL with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.
- 2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.
- 4 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.
- 5 With Thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.
- 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

ST. MATTHIAS Six 8s.

William H. Monk, 1861



1 SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
 Thy word into our minds instil:
 And make our luke-warm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
*Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our Light.*

2 The day is done, its hours have run;
 And Thou hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.

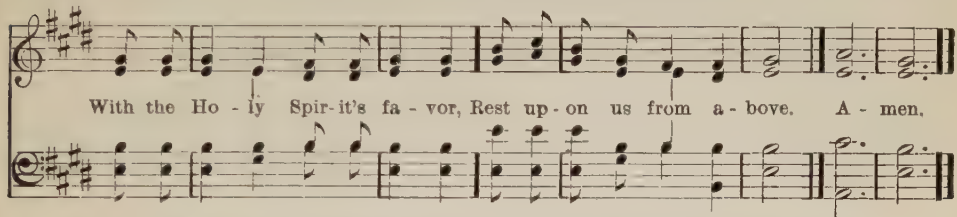
3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release;
 And bless us, more than in past days,
 With purity and inward peace.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
 Sweet fear and sober liberty,
 And loving hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like Thee.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad;
 Thou art our Jesus, and our all.

DORRANCE 8. 7. 8. 7.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1848



1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

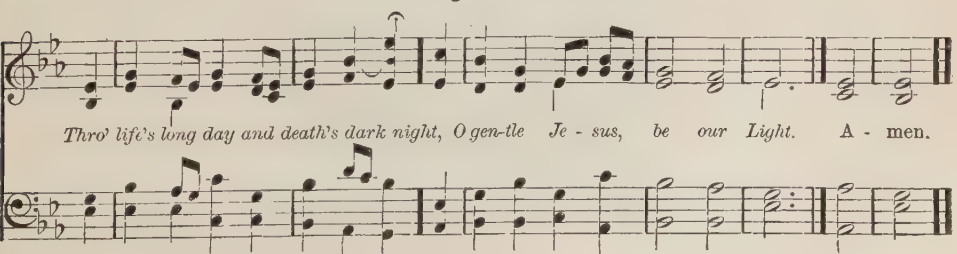
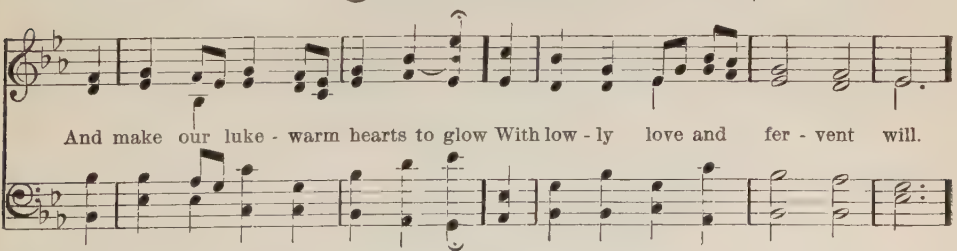
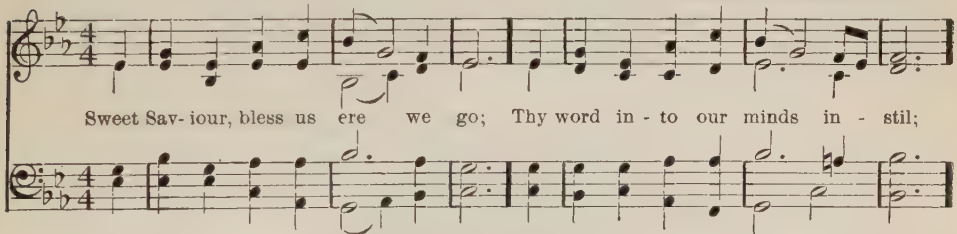
2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton, 1779

(Alternate tune for 417)

LODSWORTH Six 8s.

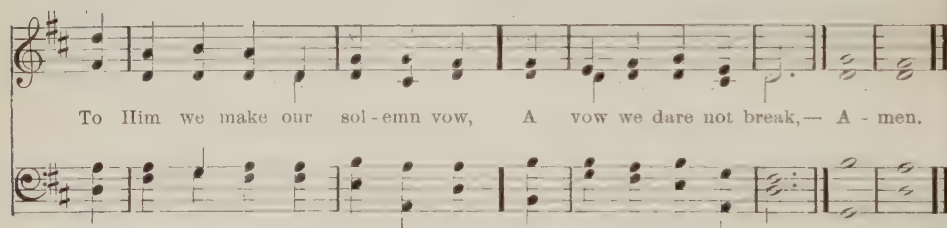
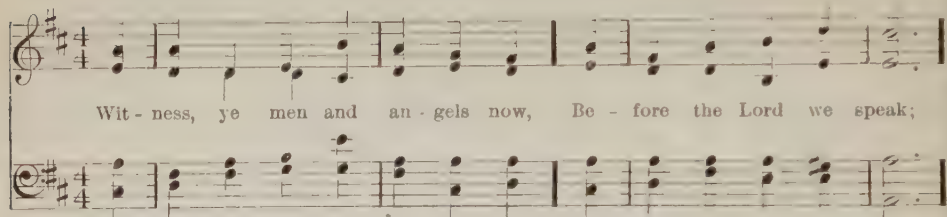
English Traditional Melody



Baptism and Confession of Faith

ST. FULBERT C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



- 1 **W**ITNESS, ye men and angels now,
 Before the Lord we speak;
 To Him we make our solemn vow,
 A vow we dare not break, —
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
 Ourselves to Christ we yield;
 Nor from His cause will we depart,
 Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
 But on His grace rely,
 That, with returning wants, the Lord
 Will all our need supply.
- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
 And keep us in Thy ways;
 And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
 Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

ERNAN L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1850

O Fa-ther, Lord of heav'n and earth, O Son in - car- nate, Christ our King,

O Spir-it, for our guid-ance giv'n, Hear and ac-cept the vow we bring. A-men.

1 **O** FATHER, Lord of heaven and earth,
 O Son incarnate, **Christ** our King,
 O Spirit, for our guidance given,
 Hear and accept the vow we bring.

2 We own Thee, Saviour, crucified;
 We own Thee, Saviour, raised to heaven;
 With Thee our souls to sin have died,
 But now would rise as Thou art risen.

3 Thy gospel, Lord, we would obey;
 We follow, and Thy hand shall guide;
 We seek through Jordan's wave the way
 That leads Thy loved ones to Thy side.

4 Now in Thy baptism—wondrous sign!
 We dedicate ourselves to Thee;
 Now seal the covenant divine,
 And own us Thine eternally.

5 We trust the pledge that Thou hast given
 Of grace to keep us still Thine own;
 And, dying, we shall rise to heaven
 To share Thy glory and Thy throne.

ALL FOR JESUS 8. 7. 8. 7.

John Stainer, 1887

Je - sus, might - y King in Zi - on, Thou a - lone our Guide shalt be;

The first system of the musical score is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is primarily in the Soprano part, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The lyrics are: 'Je - sus, might - y King in Zi - on, Thou a - lone our Guide shalt be;'.

Thy com - mis - sion we re - ly on; We would fol - low none but Thee. A-men.

The second system of the musical score continues the four-part vocal choir and piano accompaniment. The melody concludes with a final cadence. The lyrics are: 'Thy com - mis - sion we re - ly on; We would fol - low none but Thee. A-men.'.

1 JESUS, mighty King in Zion,
 Thou alone our Guide shalt be;
 Thy commission we rely on;
 We would follow none but Thee.

2 As an emblem of Thy passion
 And Thy victory o'er the grave,
 We who know Thy great salvation
 Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue,
 Buried with our Lord, and rising
 To a life divinely new.

SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770

Stand, sol-dier of the cross, Thy high al - le - giance claim, And vow to

hold the world but loss For Thy Re - deem - er's name! A - men.

1 **S**TAND, soldier of the cross,
 Thy high allegiance claim,
 And vow to hold the world but loss
 For Thy Redeemer's name!

2 Arise and be baptized,
 And wash thy sins away;
 Thy league with God be solemnized,
 Thy faith avouched to-day!

3 No more thine own, but Christ's,—
 With all the saints of old,
 Apostles, seers, evangelists,
 And martyr throngs enrolled,—

4 In God's whole armor strong,
 Front hell's embattled powers!
 The warfare may be sharp and long,
 The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
 The song of triumph sweet,
 When faith casts every trophy down
 At our great Captain's feet!

THE HYMN TO JOY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. from Beethoven, 1824

Sav-iour, while my heart is ten-der, I would yield that heart to Thee;

All my pow'rs to Thee sur-ren-der, Thine and on-ly Thine to be.

Take me now, Lord Je-sus, take me, Let my youth-ful heart be Thine,

Thy de-vot-ed serv-ant make me, Fill my soul with love di-vine. A-men.

1 SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
 I would yield that heart to Thee;
 All my powers to Thee surrender,
 Thine and only Thine to be.
 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
 Let my youthful heart be Thine,
 Thy devoted servant make me,
 Fill my soul with love divine.

2 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
 Only do Thou guide my way;
 May Thy grace through life attend me,
 Gladly then shall I obey.
 Let me do Thy will or bear it,
 I would know no will but Thine;
 Should'st Thou take my life or spare it,
 I that life to Thee resign.

3 May this solemn consecration
 Never once forgotten be;
 Let it know no revocation—
 Registered, confirmed by Thee.
 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
 To Thy service set apart;
 Suffer me to leave Thee never,
 Set Thine image on my heart.

DAY OF REST 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

James W. Elliott, 1874

O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend:

I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,

Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide. A - men.

1 O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will:
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

ROCKINGHAM NEW L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

Now I re - solve with all my heart, With all my pow'rs, to
serve the Lord; Nor from His pre - cepts e'er de - part
Whose serv - ice is a rich re - ward. A - men.

1 **N**OW I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er depart
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O be His service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760: v. 1, line 1, alt.

SPANISH HYMN Six 7s.

Arr. by Benjamin Carr, 1896

When Thy sol - diers take their swords, When they speak the sol - emn words,

When they kneel be - fore Thee here, Feel - ing Thee, their Fa - ther, near;

These Thy chil - dren, Lord, de - fend; To their help Thy Spir - it send. A-men.

1 **W**HEN Thy souldiers take their swords,
 When they speak the solemn words,
 When they kneel before Thee here,
 Feeling Thee, their Father, near;
 These Thy children, Lord, defend;
 To their help Thy Spirit send.

2 When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
 When they hear the battle-cry,
 When they rush into the fight,
 Knowing not temptation's might;
 These Thy children, Lord, defend;
 To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.

3 When their hearts are lifted high
 With success or victory,
 When they feel the conqueror's pride;
 Lest they grow self-satisfied,
 These Thy children, Lord, defend;
 Teach their souls to Thee to bend.

4 When the vows that they have made,
 When the prayers that they have prayed,
 Shall be fading from their hearts;
 When their first warm faith departs;
 These Thy children, Lord, defend;
 Keep them faithful to the end.

5 Through life's conflict guard us all,
 Or if wounded some should fall
 Ere the victory be won,
 For the sake of Christ, Thy Son,
 These Thy children, Lord, defend;
 And in death Thy comfort lend.

TALLIS'S ORDINAL C. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1567

Be - fore Thine aw - ful pres - ence, Lord, Thy sin - ful serv - ants bow,
Trem - bling to speak the sol - emn word, To frame the sa - cred vow. A - men.

- 1 **B**EFORE Thine awful presence, Lord,
Thy sinful servants bow,
Trembling to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.
- 2 The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed and word and thought,
Lord, we renounce once more.
- 3 Once more we vow the holy faith
To keep unstained and true;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy holy will to do.
- 4 Again we gird us to the fight,
Again we face the foe,
Resolved, beneath Thy banner bright,
Where Thou shalt lead to go.
- 5 O Father, pardon all the past;
Give back Thy wasted grace;
And strengthen us, while life shall last,
To run the heavenward race.
- 6 Still let Thy blessed Spirit's aid
Our strength and comfort be;
Then, though we sometime be afraid,
We still will trust in Thee.

EVAN C. M.

William H. Havergal, 1846

My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,

That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline. A - men.

1 **M**Y God, accept my heart this day,
 And make it always Thine,
 That I from Thee no more may stray,
 No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,
 Behold, I prostrate fall;
 Let every sin be crucified,
 Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word,
 To Thee be ever given.
 Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
 And death the gate of heaven.

MORLEY 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Thomas Morley, 1867

In life's earnest morn - ing, When our hope was high, Came Thy voice in
sum - mons Not to be put by: Nor in toil nor sor - row,
Weak - ness nor dis - may, Need we ev - er fal - ter— Art not Thou our stay? A - men.

- 1 **I**N life's earnest morning,
When our hope was high,
Came Thy voice in summons
Not to be put by:
Nor in toil nor sorrow,
Weakness nor dismay,
Need we ever falter—
Art not Thou our stay?
- 2 Teach us, Lord, Thy wisdom,
While we seek men's lore;
May the mind be humbled
As we know Thee more;
Let the larger vision
Bring the childlike heart,
And our deeper knowledge
Holier zeal impart.
- 3 Should our faith be palsied
By the touch of doubt,
Should our hearts grow empty,
Faithless, undevout,

- Lord, in mercy lead us
To our springs in Thee,
Where are healing waters
Plentiful and free.
- 4 Should Thy face be clouded
To our spirits' sight,
Speak through human kindness,
Shine through nature's light,
In the face of loved ones,
In the ties of home—
Only, gracious Father,
To Thy children come.
 - 5 Save us, Lord, from seeking
Earth's unhallowed goals;
May our lifelong passion
Be the love of souls;
Let us live and labor,
Father, in Thy sight,
Through the grace of Jesus,
By the Spirit's might.

Ebenezer S. Oakley, 1885

The Lord's Supper

IN MEMORIAM 8. 8. 8. 4.

Frederick C. Maker, 1876

By Christ re-deemed, in Christ re-stored, We keep the mem - o - ry a dored,

And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til He come. A-men.

- 1 **B**Y Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come.
- 2 His body broken in our stead
Is here in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.
- 3 He fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.
- 4 And thus that dark betrayal-night
With the last advent we unite
By one blest chain of loving rite
Until He come :
- 5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word
The Lord shall come.
- 6 O blessed hope ! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

MARTYRDOM C. M.

Hugh Wilson, 1826

Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A - men.

- 1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.
- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

ST. AGNES C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1866

Be known to us in break - ing bread, But do not then de - part,

Sav-iour, a - bide with us, and spread Thy ta - ble in our heart. A - men.

1 **B**E known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

2 There sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

James Montgomery, 1825

LEICESTER C. M.

William Hurst, 1875

I am not wor - thy, ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me;

Speak but the word, one gra - cious word Can set the sin - ner free. A - men.

1 **I** AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word, one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;

How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 O come, in this sweet morning* hour,
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

Henry W. Baker, 1825

* Or evening

HESPERUS L. M.

Henry Baker, 1868

Je - sus, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,

From the best bliss that earth im-parts We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain. A - men.

1 JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
 Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
 From the best bliss that earth imparts
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
 Thou savest those that on Thee call;
 To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
 To them that find Thee all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still;
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
 Make all our moments calm and bright;
 Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver, 1832

Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell By faith and

love in ev - 'ry breast; Then shall we know and

taste and feel The joys that can - not be ex - pressed. A - men.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
 By faith and love in every breast;
 Then shall we know and taste and feel
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

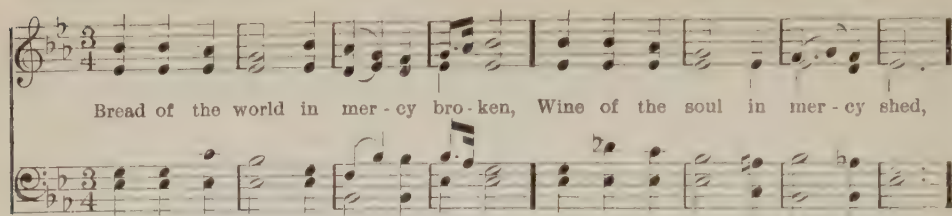
2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
 Make our enlargèd souls possess
 And learn the height, the breadth, and length
 Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honors done
 By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

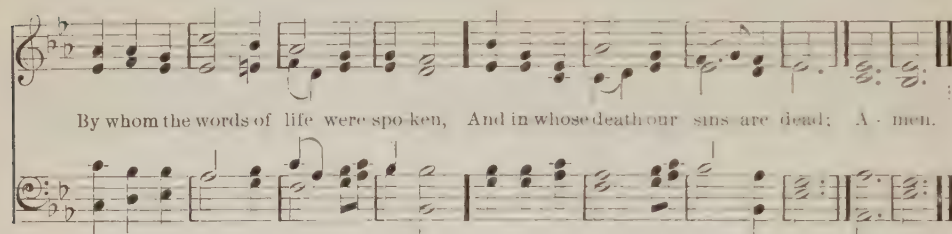
Isaac Watts, 1709

EUCCHARISTIC HYMN 9. 8. 9. 8.

John S. B. Hodges, 1868



Bread of the world in mer-cy bro-ken, Wine of the soul in mer-cy shed,



By whom the words of life were spo-ken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A - men.

1 **B**READ of the world in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead;

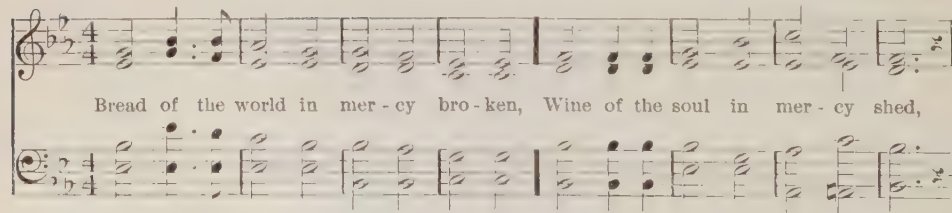
2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed;
 And be Thy feast to us the token
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

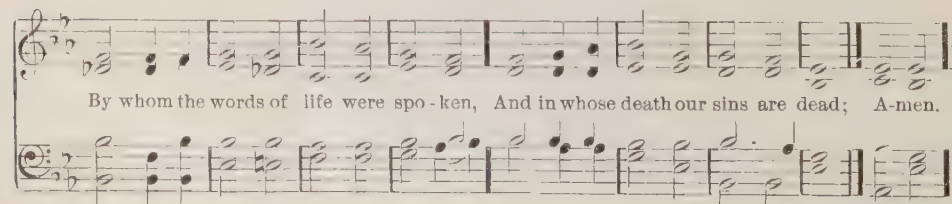
(Alternate Tune)

ELLIS 9. 8. 9. 8.

H. M. W. Moore, 1893



Bread of the world in mer-cy bro-ken, Wine of the soul in mer-cy shed,



By whom the words of life were spo-ken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A-men.

UNDE ET MEMORES Six 10s.

William H. Monk, 1875

Our God and Fa-ther, mind-ful of the love That bought us, once for

all, on Cal-vary's tree, We join our wills with His, who reigns a-bove,

And, for His king-dom, here pre-sent to Thee That on-ly of-f'ring

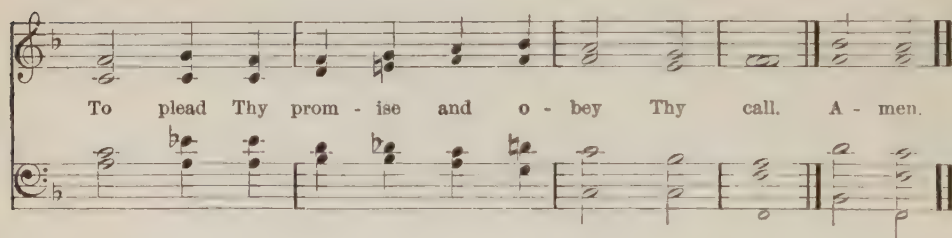
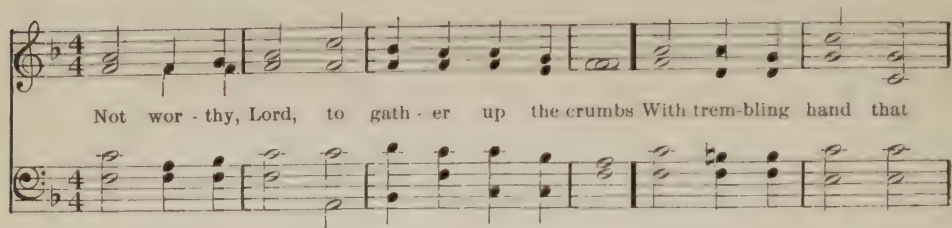
wel-come in Thine eyes, Our-selves,—perforce a will-ing sac-ri-fice. A men.

- 1 **O**UR God and Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Cal-vary's tree,
We join our wills with His, who reigns above,
And, for His kingdom, here present to Thee
That only offering welcome in Thine eyes,
Ourselves,—perforce a willing sacrifice.
- 2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And look on us as dedicate to Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim:
For lo, between our sins and their reward
We set Thy love revealed in Christ, our Lord.
- 3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By these, Thy heartening tokens, we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with grace to persevere.
- 4 And not for them alone, O Lord, we plead,
But for the world Thou gav'st Thyself to win;
Prepare us by this feast to meet its need,
To succor weakness and to conquer sin;
In this Thy service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

William Bright, 1874
Rewritten by the Editors, 1909

LANGRAN 10. 10. 10. 10.

James Langran, 1861



1 NOT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs
 With trembling hand that from Thy table fall,
 A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
 To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
 Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
 Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
 I only ask one reconciling word.

3 I hear Thy voice: Thou bidd'st me come and rest;
 I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy pierced feet;
 Thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest
 Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.

4 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
 My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
 Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
 Lord, let me sup with Thee, sup Thou with me.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1872

LACRYMÆ 7. 7. 7.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

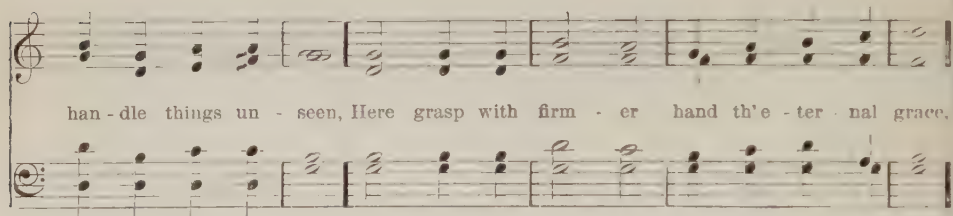
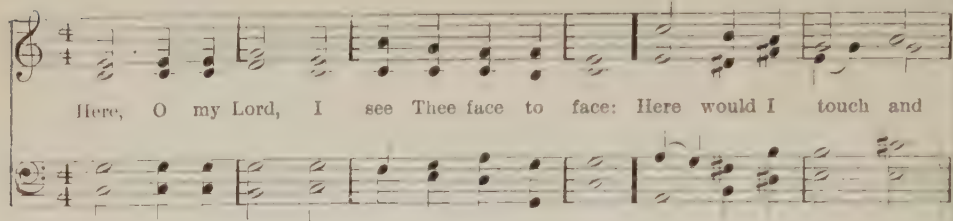
Je - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - ery

heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread. A - men.

- 1 JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.
- 2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.
- 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.
- 4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine out-poured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.
- 5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.
- 6 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land.

MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10.

Frederick C. Atkinson, 1870



1 **H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face:
 Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
 This is the heavenly table spread for me:
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
 The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1855

ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869

Too soon we rise; the sym-bols dis-ap-pear; The feast, though not the

love, is past and gone. The bread and wine re-move, but Thou art here,—

Near-er than ev-er,— still my Shield and Sun. A-men.

1 **T**OO soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
 The feast, though not the love, is past and gone.
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
 Nearer than ever,—still my Shield and Sun.

2 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
 Another arm save Thine to lean upon.
 It is enough, my Lord, enough, indeed;
 My strength is in Thy might—Thy might alone.

3 I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
 My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in one;
 No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,
 No teaching do I crave save Thine alone.

4 I know that deadly evils compass me,
 Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,
 Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee,—
 Thou, O my Christ, art Buckler, Sword and Spear.

5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by;
 Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

GORTON S. M.

Arr. from Beethoven, 1770-1827

A part - ing hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord; A -

gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord. A - men.

- 1 **A** PARTING hymn we sing
 Around Thy table, Lord;
 Again our grateful tribute bring,
 Our solemn vows record.
- 2 Here have we seen Thy face,
 And felt Thy presence here;
 So may the savor of Thy grace
 In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of Thy blood,
 By sin no longer led,
 The path our dear Redeemer trod
 May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetting love
 Be our communion shown,
 Until we join the Church above,
 And know as we are known.

BATTY 8. 7. 8. 7.

J. Thommen's *Christenschatz*, 1745

From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing, Which for us the

Lord hath spread; May our souls, re - fresh - ment find - ing,

Grow in all things like their Head. A - men.

1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread;
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like their Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day:

444

Marriage

O PERFECT LOVE 11. 10. 11. 10.

Joseph Barnby, 1889

O per - fect Love, all hu - man thought tran - scend - ing,

Low - ly we kneel in pray'r be - fore Thy throne,

That theirs may be the love which knows no end - ing,

Whom Thou for ev - er - more dost join in one. A - men.

1 O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
 Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
 That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
 Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
 Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
 Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
 With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
 Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
 And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
 That dawns upon eternal love and life.

ST. ANSELM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Joseph Barnby, 1869

O Love di - vine and gold - en, Mys - te - rious depth and
height, To Thee the world be - hold - en, Looks up for life and light:
To Thee
O Love di - vine and gen - tle, The bless - er and the blest,
Be - neath whose care par - en - tal The world lies down to rest, A - men.

1 O LOVE divine and golden,
Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden,
Looks up for life and light:
O Love divine and gentle,
The blesser and the blest,
Beneath whose care parental
The world lies down to rest,

2 The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing Thy praise,
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise;
Thou art the joy of gladness,
The life of life Thou art,
The dew of gentle sadness
That droppeth on the heart.

3 O Love divine and tender
That through our homes doth move
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love,
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labor without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessedness are blest.

4 God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on;
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above,
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where God is love.

With the omission of the 4th verse the hymn is adapted for general use.

John S. B. Monsell, 1857

Now the la-b'rer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past;

Now up-on the far-ther shore Lands the voy-a-ger at last. Fa-ther,

in Thy gra-cious keep-ing Leave we now Thy serv-ant sleep-ing. A-men.

1 **N**OW the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace:
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

REST L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1843

A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none

ev - er wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis - turbed re -

pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes. A - men.

- 1 **A**SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost the venom'd sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

VICTORY 13. 11. 13. 11.

Joseph Barnby, 1867

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not de-plore thee, Though sor-rows and

dark-ness en-com-pass the tomb; The Sav-iour hath passed through its por-tal be-

fore thee, And the lamp of His love is thy guide thro' the gloom. A-men.

- 1 **T**HOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
 The Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave and, its mansion forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
 But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
 And the sound that thou heard'st was the cherubim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
 Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide;
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Reginald Heber, 1818

MEINHOLD 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Lüneburgisches Gesangbuch, 1686

Gen - tle Shep - herd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing;

Ah, how peace - ful, pale, and mild, In the nar - row bed he's sleep - ing,

And no sigh of an - guish sore Heaves that lit - tle 'bo - som more. A - men.

1 GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
 Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;
 Ah, how peaceful, pale and mild,
 In the narrow bed *he's* sleeping,
 And no sigh of anguish sore
 Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave *him*;
 To the sunny, heavenly plain
 Thou dost now with joy receive *him*;
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now *he* dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where *he* lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That *his* heavenly food are giving;
 Then the gain of death we prove,
 Though Thou take what most we love.

CROSSING THE BAR Irregular

Joseph Barnby, 1893

Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there

be no moan - ing of the bar, When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and

foam, When that which drew from out the bound - less deep Turns a - gain

home. Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And aft - er that the dark!

home. Twi - - - light and and evening bell,

Burial of the Dead

And may there be no sad - ness of fare-well, When I em - bark;

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do.* *rit.*
For, though from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far,

f
I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A - men.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

451

The Old and New Year

MORNING HYMN L. M.

François H. Barthélémon, 1789

E - ter - nal Source of ev - 'ry joy! Well may Thy praise our lips em - ploy,
While in Thy tem - ple we ap - pear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year. A - men.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring at Thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in Thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make Thy mercies known
Around Thy board and round our own.

DAS ALTE JAHR L. M.

Melody by Bartholomäus Gesius, 1605

Great God, we sing that might - y hand By which sup - port - ed

still we stand; The op - 'ning year Thy mer - cy shows;

That mer - cy crowns it till it close. A - men.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our Joy, and Thou our Rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues;
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751

BENEVENTO 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Samuel Webbe, 1782

While with cease - less course the sun Hast - ed through the for - mer year,

Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;

We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle none can know. A - men.

1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below—
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find,
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind—

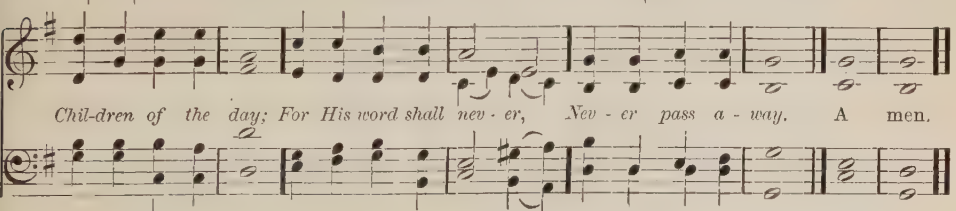
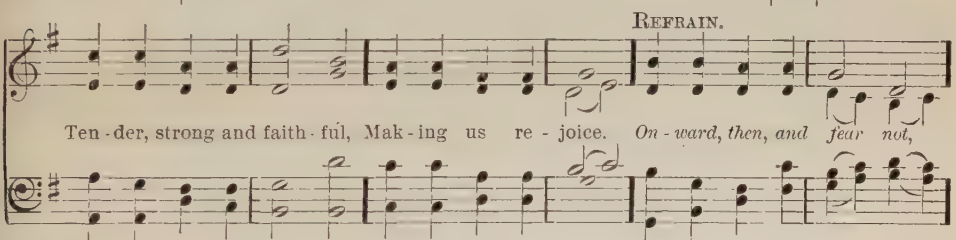
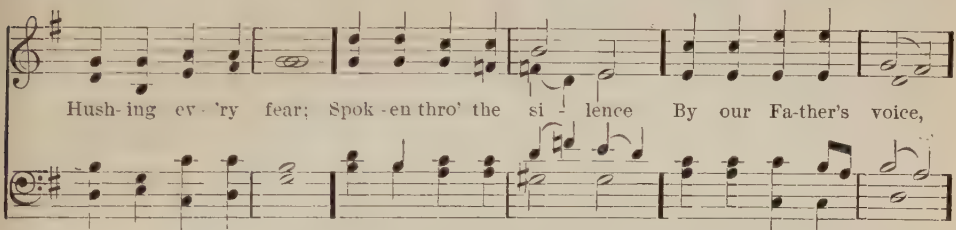
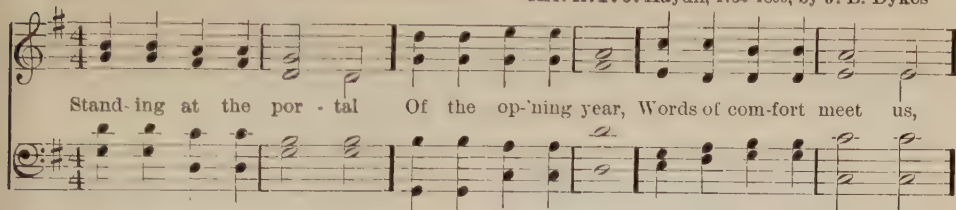
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view;
 Bless Thy word to young and old;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

John Newton, 1774

ST. ALBAN 6. 5. 6. 5. D. With refrain

Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn, 1792-1809, by J. B. Dykes



1 **STANDING** at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

*Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day;
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.*

2 "I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed.
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;

Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."

3 For the year before us,
O what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

MIRFIELD C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1874

Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break! Me-lo-dious voic-es move!

On, roll-ing time! thou canst not make The Fa-ther cease to love. A-men.

- 1 **B**REAK, newborn year, on glad eyes break!
Melodious voices move!
On, rolling time! thou canst not make
The Father cease to love.
- 2 The parted year had winged feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:
The new year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.
- 3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams:
Our sins are swelling evermore,
But pardoning grace still streams.
- 4 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight:
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright.
- 5 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou wouldst take us home.
- 6 O golden then the hours must be;
The year must needs be sweet;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

ES IST DAS HEIL

German melody in *Ellich Cristliche Lyeder*, 1524,
harmonized by C. L. Safford, 1909

A - cross the sky the shades of night This win-ter's eve are fleet - ing; We seek Thee,
ev - er - last - ing Light, In sol - emn wor - ship meet - ing; And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our ear - nest cry, Once more Thy love en - treat - ing. A - men.

- 1 **A** CROSS the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting;
We seek Thee, everlasting Light,
In solemn worship meeting;
And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.
- 2 Before the cross, subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear,
And crown us with Thy blessing.
- 3 In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us;
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm around us.
- 4 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us;
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all at last,
And to our lost restore us.
- 5 Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us,
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil and strife,
Heaven shall enfold and hide us.

Spring

SOHO C. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1838-1896

The glo - ry of the spring how sweet! The new - born life how glad!

What joy the hap - py earth to greet In new, bright raiment clad! A - men.

- 1 **T**HE glory of the spring how sweet!
The new-born life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet
In new, bright raiment clad!
- 2 Divine Renewer, Thee I bless,
I greet Thy going forth;
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewed earth.
- 3 But O these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine,
- 4 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair,
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrantcy of prayer!
- 5 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine,
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine.
- 6 Still let new life and strength upspring,
Still let new joy be given;
And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and heaven.

Summer

RUTH 6, 5, 6, 5, D.

Samuel Smith, 1865

Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea, Hap - py light is
flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free. Ev - 'ry-thing re - joice - es In the
mel - low rays; All earth's thousand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise. A - men.

1 SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

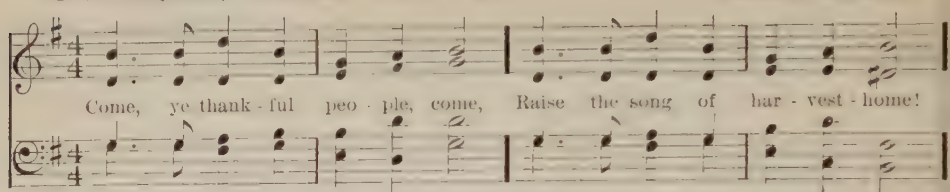
2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting,
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

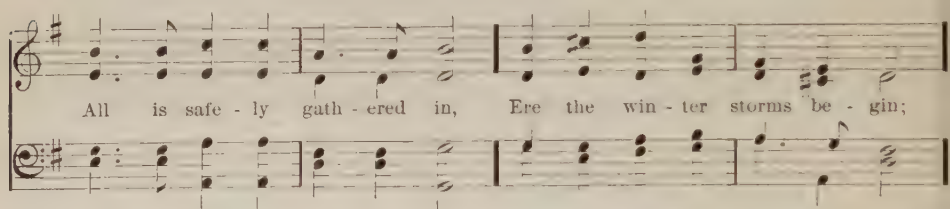
4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

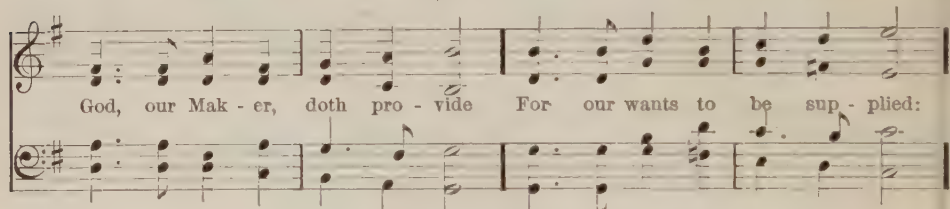
George J. Elvey, 1858



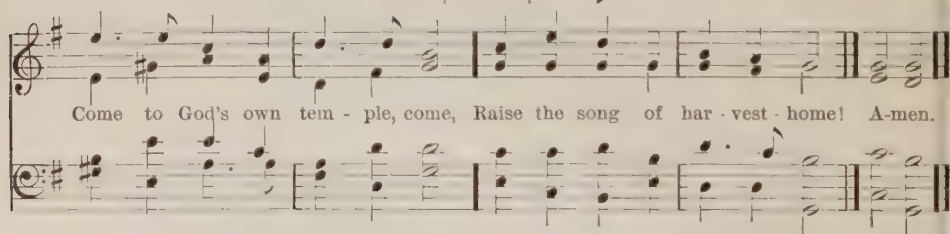
Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home!



All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;



God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:



Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest - home! A-men.

1 **C**OME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:—
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

Henry Alford, 1844 (text of 1867)

DIE TUGEND 9. 8. 9. 8. 10.

Melody in *Geistreiches Gesangbuch*, Freylinghausen, 1704

Arr. by Chas. L. Safford, 1909

Now sing we a song for the har - vest: Thanks-giv - ing and hon - or and praise

For all that the boun - ti - ful Giv - er Hath giv - en to glad - den our days.

For grass - es of up - land and low - land, For fruits of the gar - den and field,

For gold which the mine and the fur - row To del - ver and hus - band - man yield. A - men.

1 NOW sing we a song for the harvest:
 Thanksgiving and honor and praise
 For all that the bountiful Giver
 Hath given to gladden our days,
 For grasses of upland and lowland,
 For fruits of the garden and field,
 For gold which the mine and the furrow
 To deliver and husbandman yield.

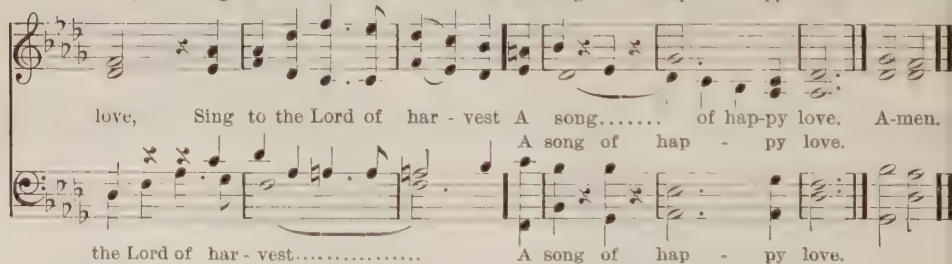
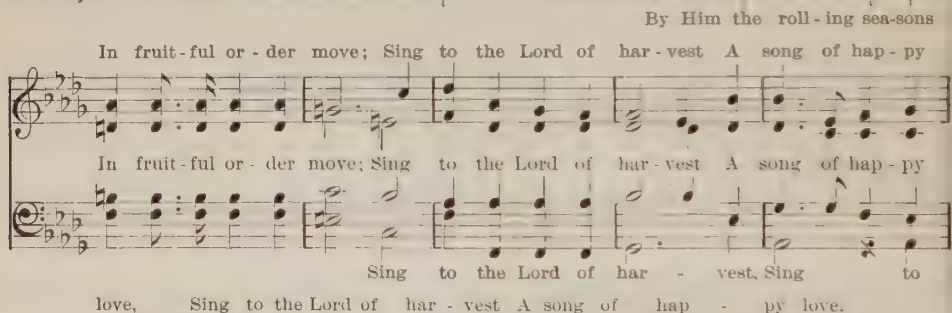
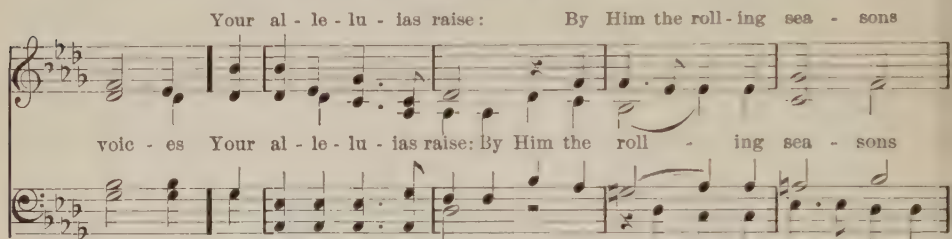
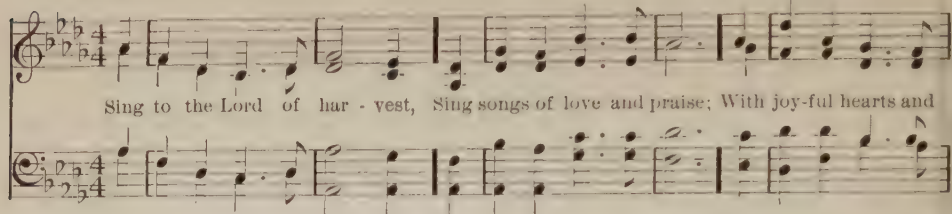
2 And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
 For that which the hands cannot hold, —
 The harvest eyes only can gather,
 And only our hearts can unfold.

We reap it on mountain and moorland;
 We glean it from meadow and lea;
 We garner it in from the cloudland;
 We bind it in sheaves from the sea.
 3 But the song it goes deeper and higher;
 There are harvests that eye cannot see;
 They ripen on mountains of duty,
 Are reaped by the brave and the free.
 O Thou, who art Lord of the harvest,
 The Giver who gladdens our days,
 Our hearts are for ever repeating
 Thanksgiving and honor and praise.

John W. Chadwick, 1871

LEIPSIC 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809-1847



- 1 SING to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise:
By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move;
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

- 2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:

He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

- 3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save:
Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

John S. B. Monsell, 1866

LLANGLOFFAN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Welsh Melody,
in D. Evans' *Hymnau a Thonau*, 1865

The year is swift - ly wan - ing; The sum - mer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speed - ing; The end is near - ing fast.
The ev - er - chang - ing sea - sons In si - lence come and go;
But Thou, e - ter - nal Fa - ther, No time or change canst know. A-men.

1 THE year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding;
The end is nearing fast.
The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou, eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

2 O pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

3 O, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,—
Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

463

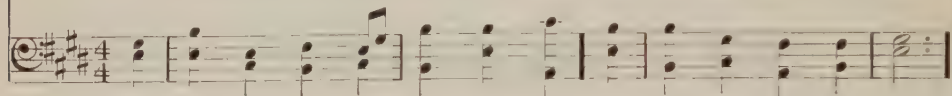
Dedication of a Church

DUNDEE C. M.

The cl Psalms, Edinburgh, 1615



O Thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands Built o - ver earth and sea,



Ac - cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised to wor - ship Thee. A - men.



1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

DAY OF REST 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

James W. Elliott, 1874

O Thou whose hand has brought us Un - to this joy - ful day,

Ac - cept our glad thanks-giv - ing, And list - en as we pray;

And may our prep - a - ra - tion For this day's serv - ice be

With one ac - cord to of - fer Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee. A - men.

1 **O** THOU whose hand has brought us
Unto this joyful day,
Accept our glad thanksgiving,
And listen as we pray;
And may our preparation
For this day's service be
With one accord to offer
Ourselves, O Lord, to Thee.

3 And oft as here we gather,
And hearts in worship blend,
May truth reveal its power,
And fervent prayer ascend;
Here may the busy toiler
Rise to the things above,
The young, the old, be strengthened,
And all men learn Thy love,

2 For this Thy house we praise Thee,
Reared by Thine own command,
For every generous bosom,
And every willing hand;
And now within Thy temple
Thy glory let us see,
For all its strength and beauty
Are nothing without Thee.

4 And as the years roll over,
And strong affections twine,
And tender memories gather
About this sacred shrine,
May this its chief distinction,
Its glory, ever be,
That multitudes within it
Have found their way to Thee,

NETHERLANDS 13. 12. 13. 12.

Old Dutch melody in the *Collection*
by Adrianus Valerius, 1625

In our day of thanks-giv-ing one psalm let us of-fer For the saints who be-

fore us have found their re-ward; When the shad-ow of death fell up-on... them, we

sor-row'd, But now.. we re-joice that they rest in the Lord. A-men.

- 1 **I**n our day of thanksgiving one psalm let us offer
For the saints who before us have found their reward;
When the shadow of death fell upon them, we sorrowed,
But now we rejoice that they rest in the Lord.
- 2 In the morning of life, and at noon, and at even,
He called them away from our worship below;
But not till His mercy and tender compassion
Had girt them with grace for the way they should go.
- 3 These stones that have echoed their praises are holy,
And dear is the ground where their feet have once trod;
Yet here they confessed they were strangers and pilgrims,
And still they were seeking the city of God.
- 4 Sing praise, then, for all who here sought and here found Him,
Whose journey is ended, whose perils are past;
They believed in the Light; and its glory is round them,
Where the clouds of earth's sorrow are lifted at last.

William. H. Draper, 1894, 1910

Farewell Service

GOD BE WITH YOU 9. 8. 8. 9. With refrain

William G. Tomer, 1882

God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,
Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain. A - men.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

1 **G**OD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.
*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.*

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,—
God be with you till we meet again!

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.
*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.*

For Those at Sea

MELITA Six 8s.

John B. Dykes, 1861

E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest - less wave,
 Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep:
 O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea! A - men.

1 **E**THERNAL Father, strong to save,
 Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
 Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
 Its own appointed limits keep:

O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
 Upon the chaos dark and rude,
 Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
 And gavest light and life and peace:

O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
 The winds and waves submissive heard,
 Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
 And calm amid its rage didst sleep:

O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power,
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
 And ever let there rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1860 (text of 1869)

11 **STILLE NACHT** Irregular

Franz Gruber, 1818

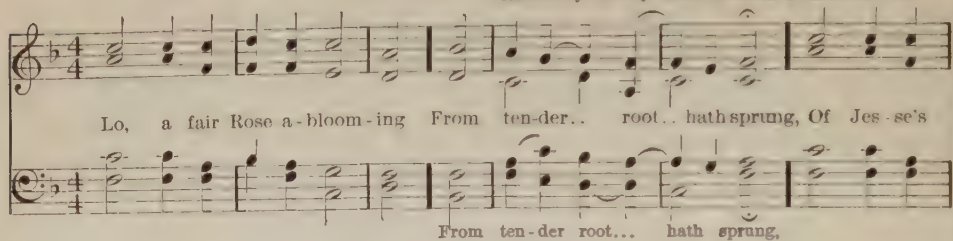
Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der

where they sweet vig - ils keep O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep

Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace. A - men.

- 1 **H**OLY night! peaceful night!
 All is dark, save the light
 Yonder where they sweet vigils keep
 O'er the Babe who in silent sleep
 Rests in heavenly peace,
 Rests in heavenly peace.
- 2 Holy night! peaceful night!
 Only for shepherds' sight
 Came blest visions of angel throngs,
 With their loud alleluia songs,
 Saying, Christ is come,
 Saying, Christ is come.
- 3 Holy night! peaceful night!
 Child of heaven, O how bright
 Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast born!
 Blest indeed was that happy morn;
 Full of heavenly joy,
 Full of heavenly joy.

ES IST EIN' ROS' ENTSPRUNGEN. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. 6. Ancient German Melody,
Harmony chiefly from Michael Praetorius, 1600



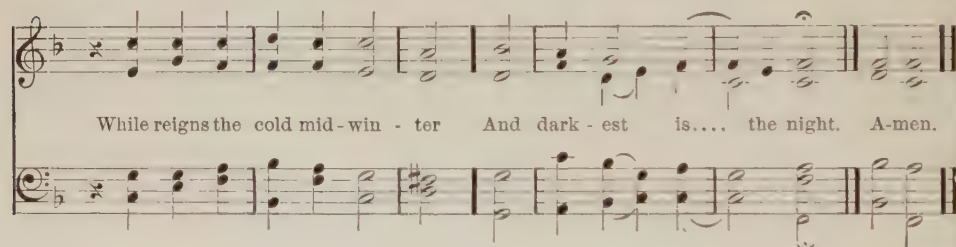
Lo, a fair Rose a-bloom-ing From ten-der... root... hath sprung, Of Jes-se's

From ten-der root... hath sprung,



lin-eage com-ing, As men a-fore-time sung; It bears a Flow'ret bright,

As men a-fore-time sung;



While reigns the cold mid-win-ter And dark-est is.... the night. A-men.

1 **L**O, a fair Rose abloom-ing
From tender root hath sprung,
Of Jesse's lineage coming,
As men aforesung;
It bears a Flow'et bright,
While reigns the cold midwinter
And darkest is the night.

2 The little Rose I'm singing,
Whereof Isaiah spoke,
Mary to us is bringing,
A maid of humble folk;
By God's eternal might
For us a Child she beareth,
While darkest is the night.

3 The Floweret so lowly,
Whose fragrance none can tell,
With brightness strange and holy
Doth all our dark dispel:
True Man, true God is He;
From every ill He saveth;
God grant we saved may be!

IRBY 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1868

Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y, Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed,

Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed;

Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A - men.

1 ONCE in royal David's city
 Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
 Where a mother laid her Baby
 In a manger for His bed:
 Mary was that mother mild,
 Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
 Who is God and Lord of all,
 And His shelter was a stable,
 And His cradle was a stall:
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
 He would honor and obey,
 Love and watch the lowly maiden
 In whose gentle arms He lay:
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
 Day by day like us He grew,
 He was little, weak and helpless,
 Tears and smiles like us He knew,
 And He feeleth for our sadness,
 And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
 Through His own redeeming love;
 For that Child so dear and gentle
 Is our Lord in heaven above,
 And He leads His children on
 To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 With the oxen standing by,
 We shall see Him, but in heaven,
 Set at God's right hand on high;
 When like stars His children crowned
 All in white shall wait around.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,

The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name;

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,

He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song. A - men.

1 **W**HEN, His salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to His name;
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But, as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.

2 And, since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill,

We'll flock around His banner
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son!"

3 For, should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No! while our hearts are tender,
 They too shall be the Lord's.

MEDITATION C. M.

John H. Gower, 1890

There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all. A-men.

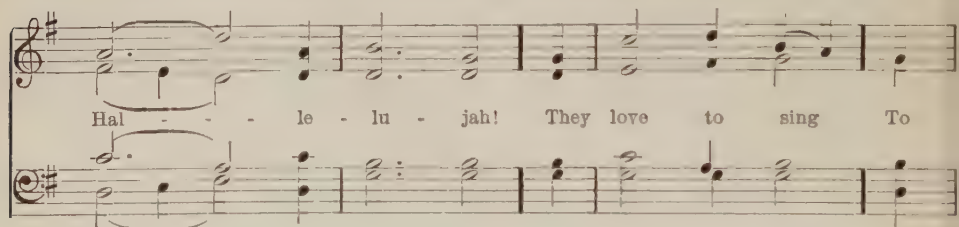
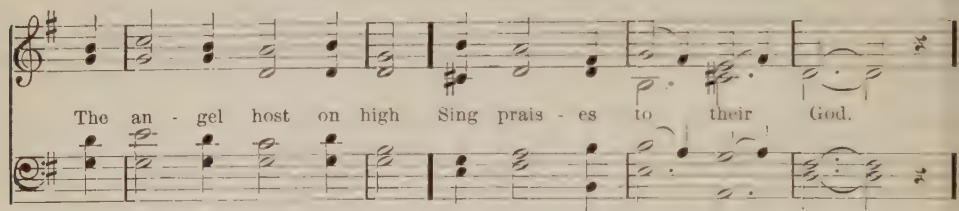
Copyright, by John H. Gower.

- 1 **T**HERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.
- 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

CHILDREN'S VOICES 6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1818-1901



1 **A**BOVE the clear blue sky,
 In heaven's bright abode,
 The angel host on high
 Sing praises to their God.
 Hallelujah!
 They love to sing
 To God their King,
 Hallelujah!

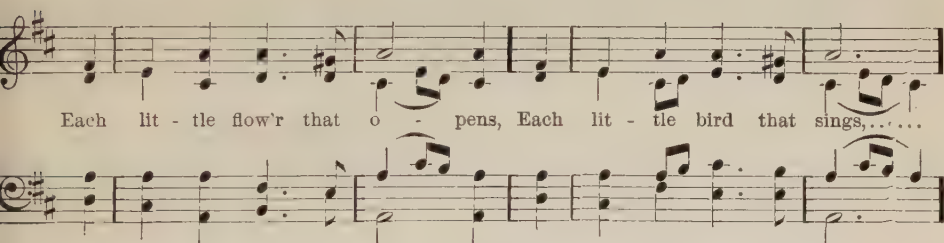
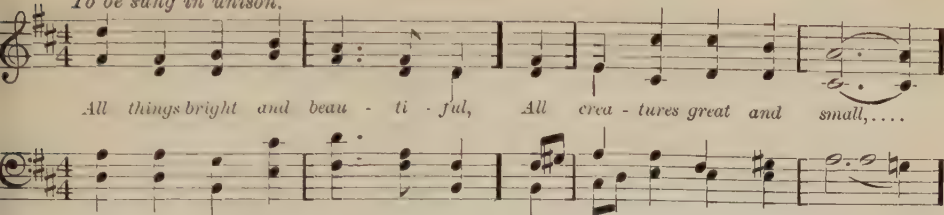
2 But God from infant tongues
 On earth receiveth praise;
 We then our cheerful songs
 In sweet accord will raise.
 Hallelujah!
 We too will sing
 To God our King,
 Hallelujah!

3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth
 To us Thy babes impart,
 And teach us in our youth
 To know Thee as Thou art.
 Hallelujah!
 Then shall we sing
 To God our King,
 Hallelujah!

4 O may Thy holy word
 Spread all the world around;
 All then with one accord
 Shall lift the joyful sound.
 Hallelujah!
 All then shall sing
 To God their King,
 Hallelujah!

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL 7. 6. 7. 6.

William H. Monk, 1887

To be sung in unison.

1 *ALL things bright and beautiful*
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
 Each little bird that sings,
 He made their glowing colors,
 He made their tiny wings.

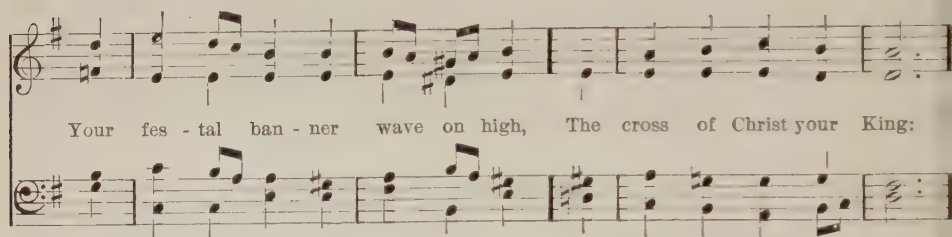
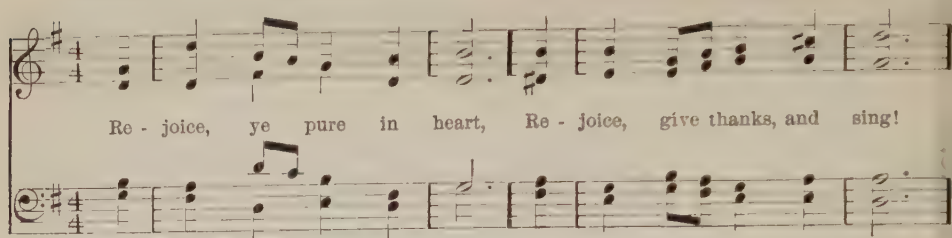
5 He gave us eyes to see them,
 And lips that we might tell
 How great is God Almighty,
 Who has made all things well.

3 The purple-headed mountain,
 The river running by,
 The sunset and the morning
 That brightens up the sky,

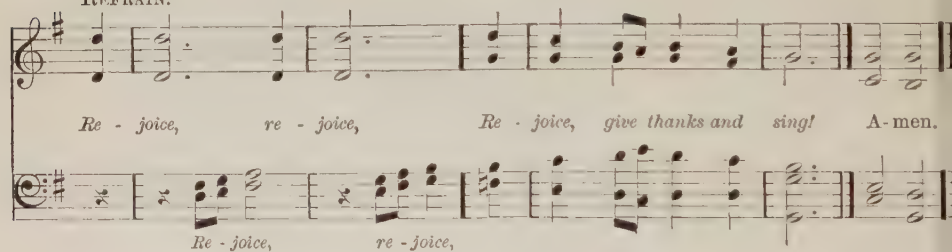
4 The cold wind in the winter,
 The pleasant summer sun,
 The ripe fruits in the garden,—
 He made them every one.

MARION S. M. With refrain

Arthur H. Messiter, 1883



REFRAIN.



1 **R**EJOICE, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
 Your festal banner wave on high,
 The cross of Christ your King:
Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing!

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
 Strong men and maidens meek,
 Raise high your free, exulting song,
 God's wondrous praises speak:

3 With all the angel choirs,
 With all the saints on earth,
 Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
 True rapture, noblest mirth:

4 Yes, on through life's long path,
 Still chanting as ye go,
 From youth to age, by night and day,
 In gladness and in woe:

5 At last the march shall end,
 The wearied ones shall rest,
 The pilgrims find their Father's house,
 Jerusalem the blest:

6 Then on, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
 Your glorious banner wave on high,
 The cross of Christ your King.

Edward H. Plumptre, 1865

SAMUEL 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The
lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When sud - den -
ly a voice di - vine Rang through the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.

1 **H**USHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

James D. Burns, 1857

SWEET STORY Irregular

Traditional English Melody

I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
lambs to His fold, I should like.. to have been with them then. A - men.

- 1 I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me.
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
- 4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
- 6 I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

PLEASANT PASTURES 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

William B. Bradbury, 1816 1868

Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us,.. Much we need Thy ten - der care;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us,.. For our use Thy folds pre-pare.

Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,

Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-men.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear the children when they pray!

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still!

CHRISTMAS MORN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1818 1901

The wise may bring their learn - ing, The rich may bring their wealth,

And some may bring their great - ness, And some bring strength and health;

We, too, would bring our treas - ures To of - fer to the King;

We have no wealth or learn - ing: What shall we chil - dren bring? A - men.

1 **T**HE wise may bring their learning,
 The rich may bring their wealth,
 And some may bring their greatness,
 And some bring strength and health;
 We, too, would bring our treasures
 To offer to the King;
 We have no wealth or learning:
 What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
 We'll bring Him thankful praise,
 And young souls meekly striving
 To walk in holy ways:

And these shall be the treasures
 We offer to the King,
 And these are gifts that even
 The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
 We'll have to do each day;
 We'll try our best to please Him,
 At home, at school, at play:
 And better are these treasures
 To offer to our King
 Than richest gifts without them;
 Yet these a child may bring.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

7. 6. 7. 6. D. With refrain

William G. Fischer, 1869

I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true;
REFRAIN.
It sat - is - fies my longings As nothing else would do. I love to tell the sto - ry,
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - men.

1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

*I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.*

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;

And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

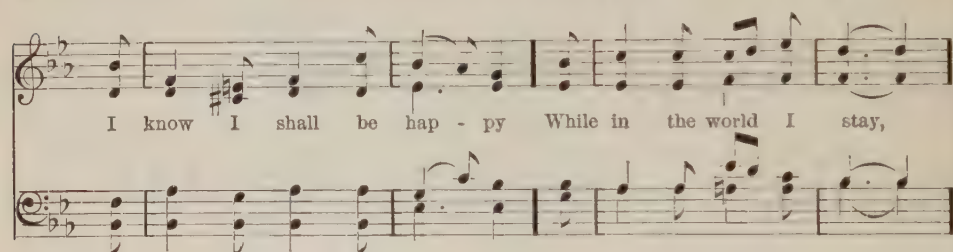
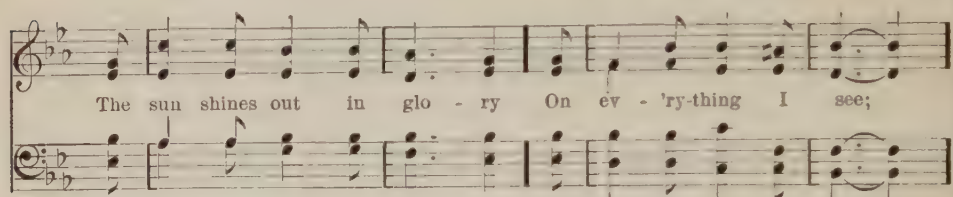
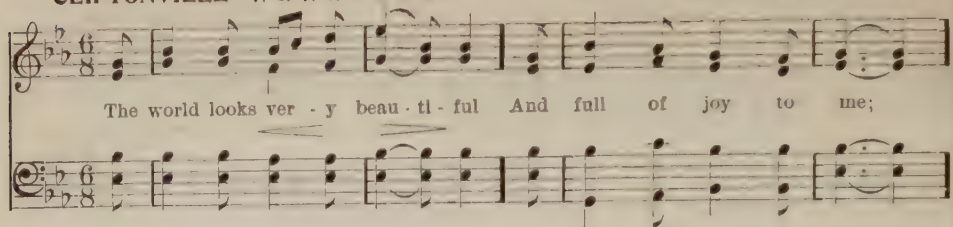
3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Katherine Hankey, 1866; refrain added

CLIFTONVILLE 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 3.

Frederick C. Maker, 1843-



1 THE world looks very beautiful

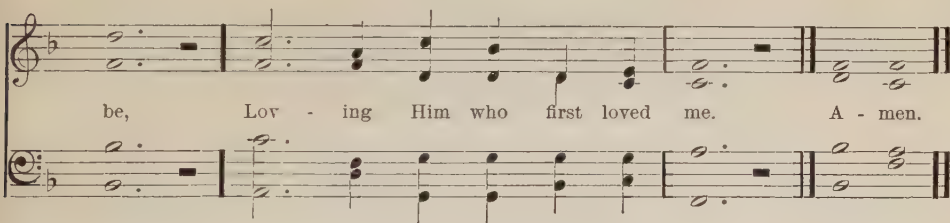
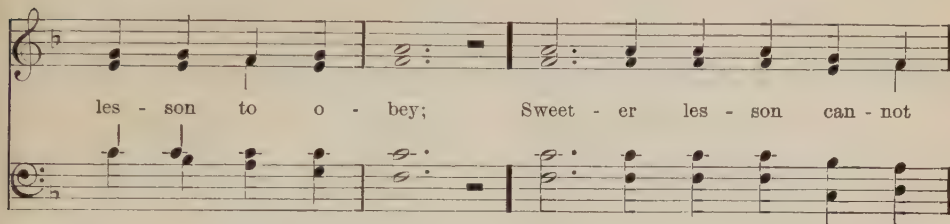
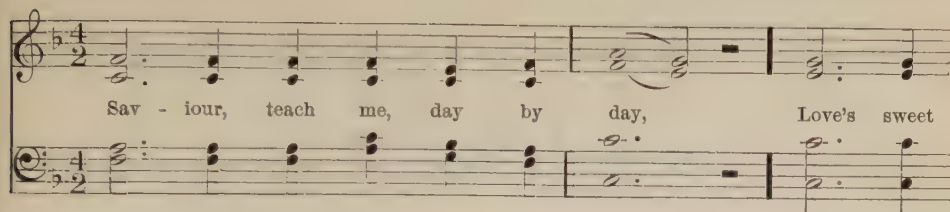
And full of joy to me;
 The sun shines out in glory
 On everything I see;
 I know I shall be happy
 While in the world I stay,
 For I will follow Jesus
 All the way.

2 I'm but a little pilgrim,
 My journey's just begun;
 They say I shall meet sorrow
 Before my journey's done;
 "The world is full of sorrow
 And suffering," they say,
 But I will follow Jesus
 All the way.

3 Then, like a little pilgrim,
 Whatever I may meet,
 I'll take it, joy or sorrow,
 To lay at Jesus' feet.
 He'll comfort me in trouble;
 He'll wipe my tears away;
 With joy I'll follow Jesus
 All the way.

4 Then trials cannot vex me,
 And pain I need not fear,
 For when I'm close by Jesus,
 Grief cannot come too near.
 Not even death can harm me;
 When death I meet one day,
 To heaven I'll follow Jesus
 All the way.

DIJON 7. 7. 7. 7.

Fliedner's *Liederbuch*, 1842

1 SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
 Love's sweet lesson to obey;
 Sweeter lesson cannot be,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a child's glad heart of love
 At Thy bidding may I move,
 Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in Thy grace,
 Learning how to love from Thee,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
 In obedience all her joy;
 Ever new that joy will be,
 Loving Him who first loved me.

THEODORA 7. 7. 7. 7.

Arr. from George F. Handel, 1749

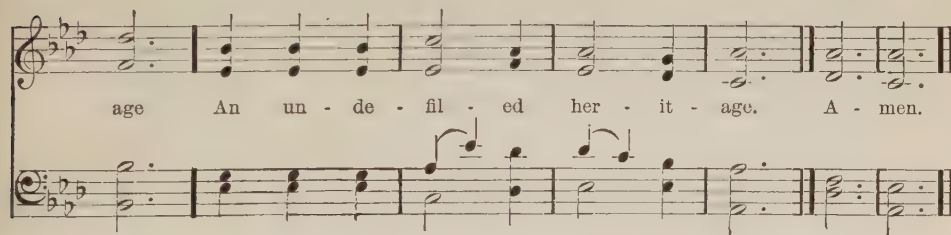
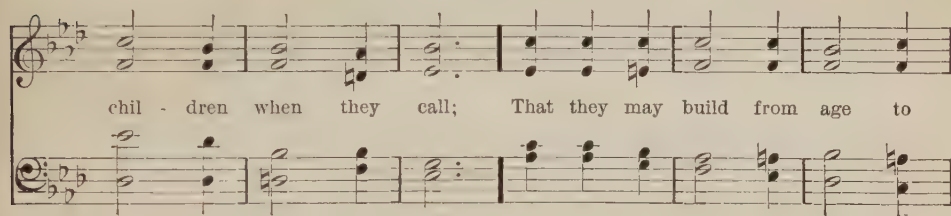
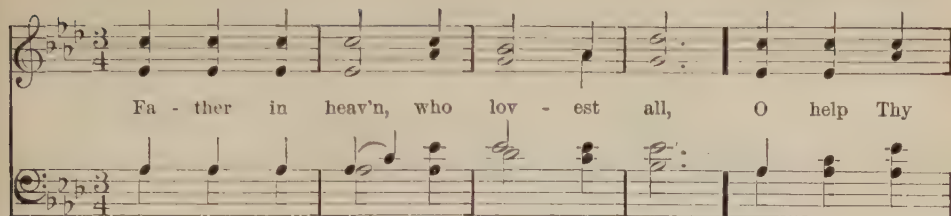
Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee. A-men.

- 1 **G**ENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee.
- 2 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.
- 3 Let me above all fulfil
God, my heavenly Father's, will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.
- 4 Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please,
God was all Thy happiness.
- 5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.
- 6 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, 1868



*(Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.)*

1 **F**ATHER in heaven, who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves away,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

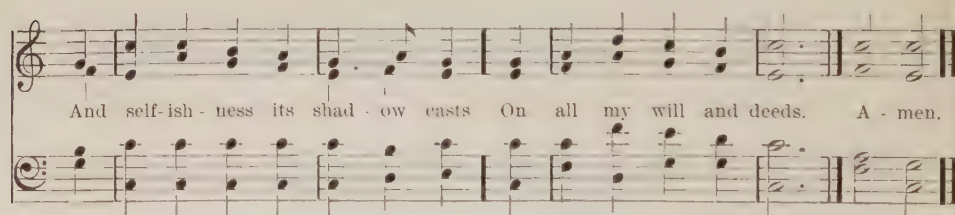
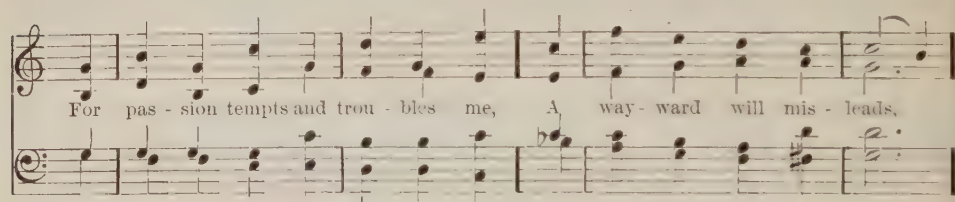
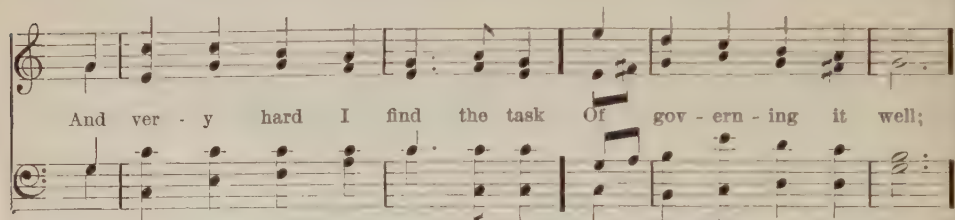
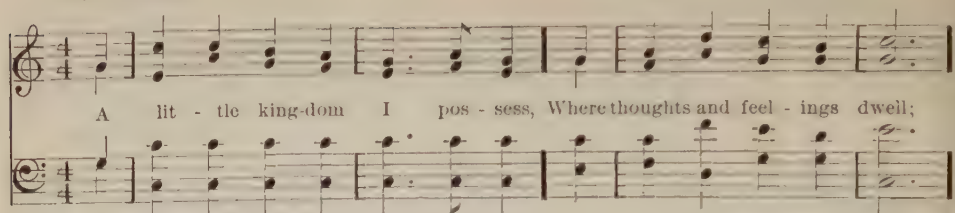
6 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

*(Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.)*

Rudyard Kipling, 1906

BETHLEHEM C. M. D.

G. W. Fink, 1842, arr. by Arthur Sullivan



1 **A** LITTLE kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my will and deeds.

2 How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

3 Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou art very near,
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Dost soothe and comfort all.

4 I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my Guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

LANDSDOWNE 7. 5. 7. 5. 7. 7.

John B. Dykes, 1823-76

Ev - 'ry morning the red sun Ris - es warm and bright; But the eve-ning
com - eth on, And the dark, cold night: There's a bright land
far a - way, Where 'tis nev - er - end - ing day. A - men.

1 **E**VERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night:
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

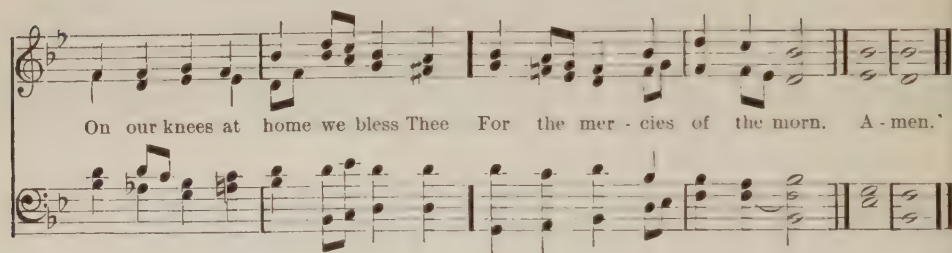
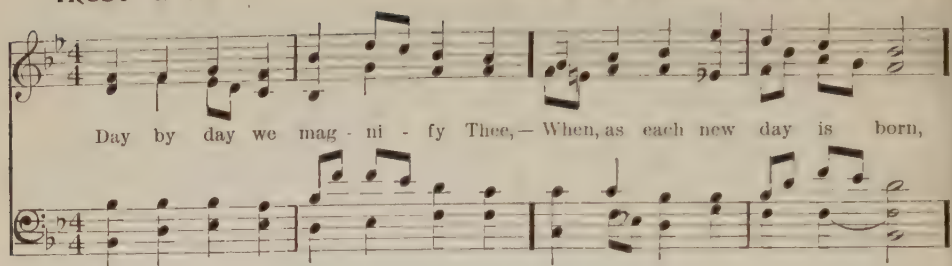
3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song:
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim:
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right;
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

TRUST 8. 7. 8. 7.

Arr. fr. J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1840



1 DAY by day we magnify Thee,—
 When, as each new day is born,
 On our knees at home we bless Thee
 For the mercies of the morn.

2 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 Not in words of praise alone;
 Truthful lips and meek obedience
 Show Thy glory in Thine own.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 When for Jesus' sake we try
 Every wrong to bear with patience,
 Every sin to mortify.

4 Day by day we magnify Thee,—
 Till our days on earth shall cease,
 Till we rest from these our labors,
 Waiting for Thy day in peace.

5 Then on that eternal morning,
 With Thy great redeemed host,
 May we fully magnify Thee,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

BROCKLESBY 8. 7. 8. 7.

C. A. Barnard, c. 1868

Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle
lamb to - night, Through the dark - ness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morn - ing light. A - men.

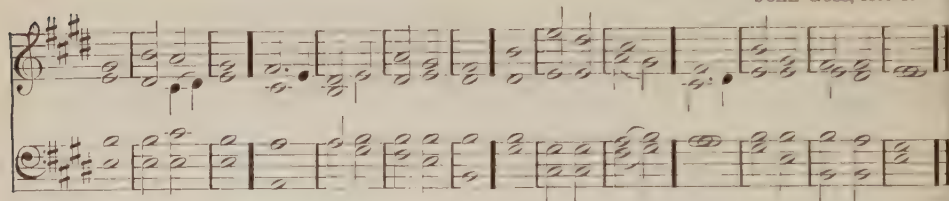
- 1 JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.
- 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer:—
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

DOMINI EST TERRA

James Turle, 1802-82



John Goes, 1800-80

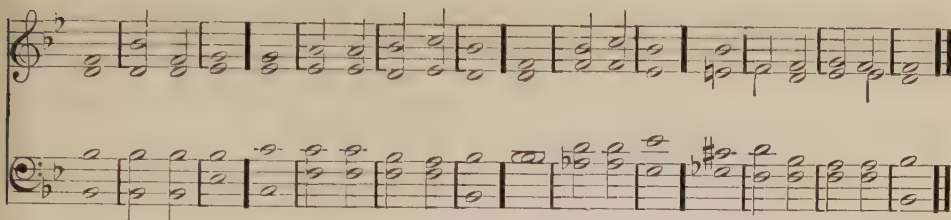


Psalm xxiv

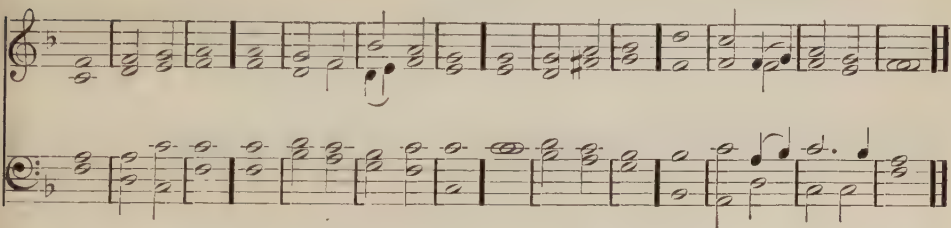
- | | | | | | |
|----|---|---------|--------|-----------|----------------|
| 1 | The earth is the <i>Lord's</i>and the | fulness | there- | of, | |
| | The <i>world</i>and | they | that | dwell | there- in. |
| 2 | For He hath founded <i>it</i>up- | on | the | seas, | |
| | And established..... | it | up- | on | the floods. |
| 3 | Who shall ascend into the <i>hill</i> | of | the | Lord? | |
| | Or who shall <i>stand</i> | in | His | ho- | ly place? |
| 4 | He that hath clean <i>hands</i>and a | pure | — | heart; | |
| | Who hath not lifted up his soul unto | | | | |
| | vanity* <i>nor</i> | sworn | de- | ceit- | ful- ly. |
| 5 | He shall receive the <i> blessing</i> | from | the | Lord, | |
| | And righteousnessfrom the | God | of | his | sal- vation. |
| 6 | This is the generation.....of | them | that | seek Him, | |
| | <i>That</i> | seek | Thy | face | O Jacob. |
| 7 | Lift up your heads, O ye gates* and be | | | | |
| | ye lifted up ye ever- - - | last- | ing | doors, | |
| | And the <i>King</i>of | glo- | ry | shall | come in. |
| 8 | Who <i>is</i>this | King | of | glory? | |
| | The Lord strong and mighty* the <i>Lord</i> | nicht- | — | y | in battle. |
| 9 | Lift up your heads, O ye gates* even | | | | |
| | lift them up ye ever- - - | last- | ing | doors, | |
| | And the <i>King</i>of | glo- | ry | shall | come in. |
| 10 | Who <i>is</i>this | King | of | glory? | |
| | The Lord of <i>hosts</i>He | is | to | the King | of glory. |
| | Glory be to the <i>Father</i> | and | to | the Son, | |
| | <i>And</i> | to | the | Ho- | ly Ghost; |
| | As it was in the beginning* is <i>now</i> , and | ev- | er | shall be, | |
| | <i>World</i> | end. | — | A- | — men. |

DEUS MISEREATUR

Arranged from Beethoven, 1770-1827



Richard Langdon, 1729-1803

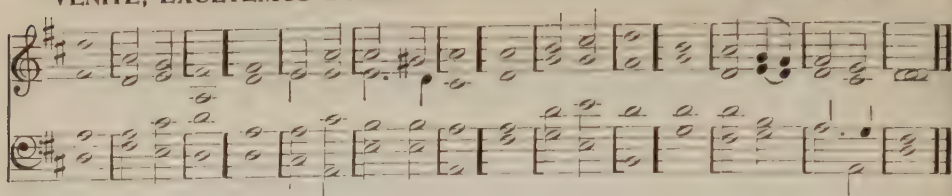


Psalm lxxvii

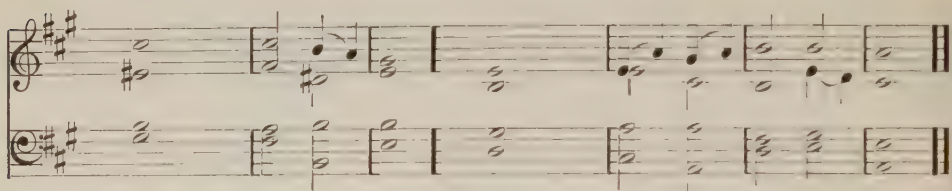
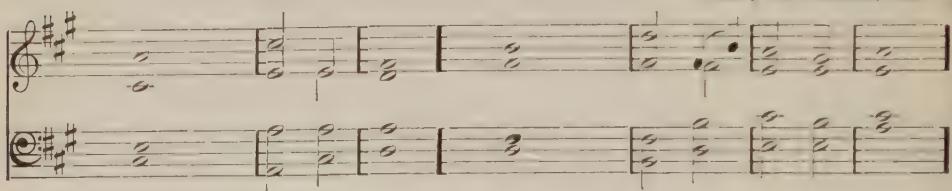
- 1 God be merciful *unto* | us and | bless us;
 And show us the light of His counte-
 nance* *and* be | merci- ful | un- to | us.
- 2 That Thy *way* may be | known upon | earth,
 Thy *saving* | health a - | mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God;
 Yea let | all the | peo- ple | praise Thee.
- 4 O let the nations *rejoice* | and be | glad,
 For Thou shalt judge the folk right-
 eously* and *govern* the | nations up - | on — | earth.
- 5 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God;
 Yea let | all the | peo- ple | praise Thee.
- 6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase,
 And God, even our own *God* . . . shall | give — | us His | blessing.
- ^{2d} ^{part} 7 *God* shall | bless — | us,
 And all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | Him.
 Glory be to the *Father* | and to the | Son,
 And to the | Ho- ly | Ghost.
 As it was in the beginning* is *now* . . and | ev- er | shall be,
 World without | end. — | A- — | men.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

William Boyce, 1740



Henry M. Dunham, 1909

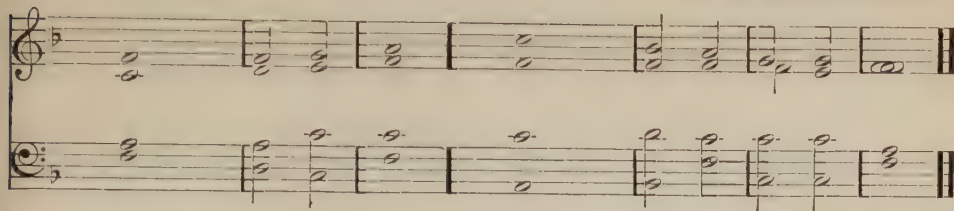


Psalm xev

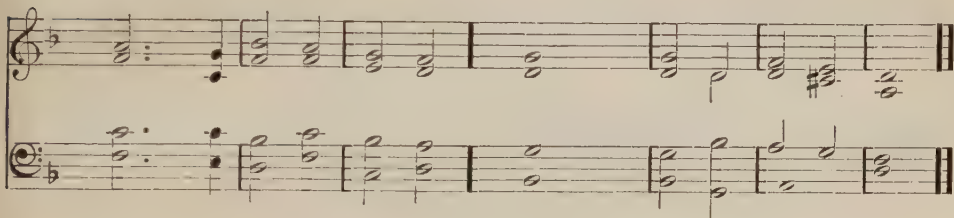
- 1 O come let us *sing* unto the Lord;
 Let us heartily *rejoice* in the strength of our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before His *presence* with thanks- — | giving,
 And *show* ourselves glad in Him with psalms.
- 3 For the *Lord* is a great — | God:
 And a *great* King a- | bove all gods.
- 4 In His hands are all the *corners* of the earth:
 And the *strength* of the hills is His — | also.
- 5 The sea is *His* and He made it:
 And His *hands* pre- | pared the dry — | land.
- 6 O come let us *worship* and fall — | down:
 And *kneel* be- | fore the Lord our | Maker.
- 7 For *He* is the Lord our | God:
 And we are the people of His pasture, * |
 ana the sheep of His — | hand.
- 8 O worship the *Lord* in the beauty of holiness:
 Let the whole *earth* stand in awe of Him.
- 9 For He cometh, for He *cometh*, ... to judge the earth:
 And with righteousness to judge the |
 world and the peo- ple with His | truth.
 Glory be to the *Father* and to the Son
 And to the Ho- ly | Ghost.
 As it was in the beginning* is *now*, and ev- er shall be,
 World without end — | A- — | men.

BONUM EST CONFITERI

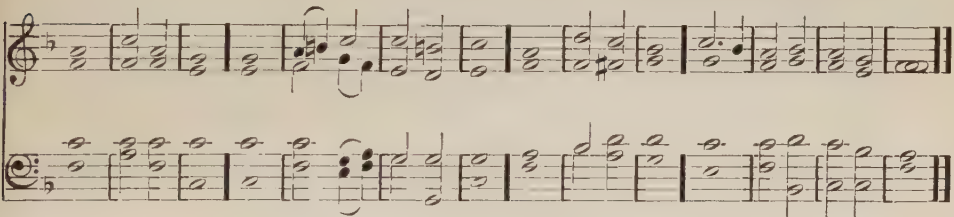
Richard Farrant, 1530-85



Tonus Peregrinus



Henry Aldrich, 1647-1710

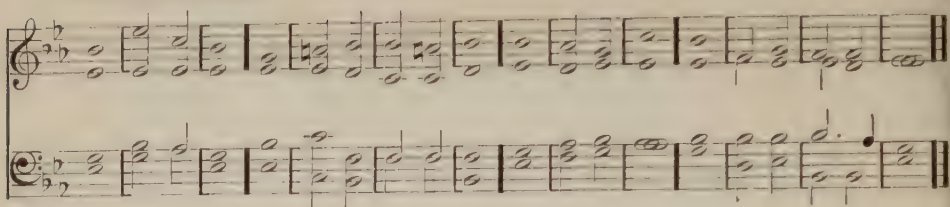


Psalm xcii

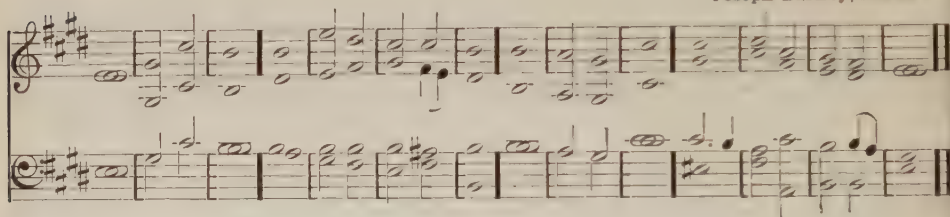
- 1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto the | Lord;
 And to sing praises *unto* Thy | name — | O Most | Highest;
- 2 To tell of Thy loving kindness *ear* - ly | in the | morning,
 And of Thy *truth* | in the | night — | season.
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings*
and up- | on the | lute.
 Upon a loud *instrument* | and up- | on the | harp.
- 4 For Thou Lord hast made me *glad* . . . | through Thy | works,
 And I will rejoice in giving praise for
 the *oper* - - - - | a- tions | of Thy | hands.
 Glory be to the *Fa* - - - ther | and to the | Son,
And | to the | Ho- ly | Ghost.
 As it was in the beginning* is *now* . and | ev- er | shall be,
World without | end. — | A- — | men.

CANTATE DOMINO

John Robinson, 1632-1702



Joseph Barnby, 1838-96

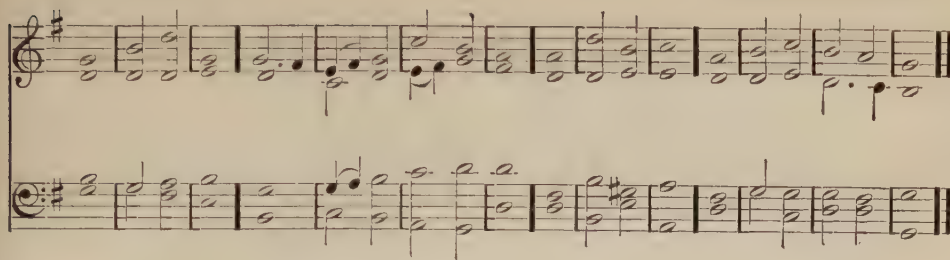


Psalm xciii

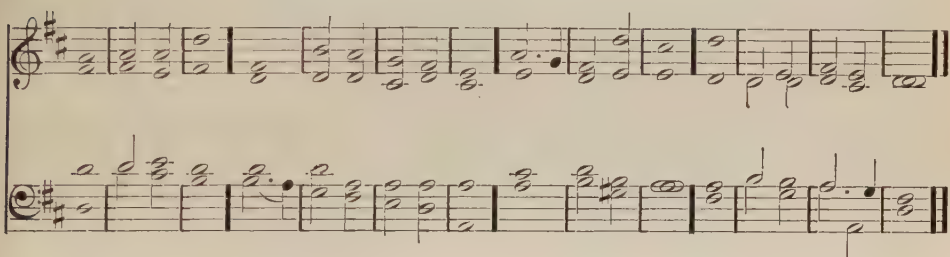
- 1 O sing unto the *Lord*..... a | new — | song;
 For *He*..... hath | done — | marvel- | lous | things.
 With His own right hand* and *with* His | ho- | ly | arm,
Hath..... He | gotten Him- | self the | victory.
- 2 The Lord declared..... | His sal- | vation;
 His righteousness hath He openly |
showed..... in the | sight — | of the | heathen.
 He hath remembered His mercy and
 truth *toward*..... the | house of | Israel;
 And all the ends of the world have
seen..... the sal- | va- | tion | of our | God.
- 3 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord*. | all | ye | lands;
Sing..... re- | joice and | give — | thanks.
 Praise the *Lord*..... up- | on the | harp;
 Sing to the *harp*..... with a | psalm of | thanks- — | giving.
- 4 With *trumpets*..... | also and | shawms,
 O show yourselves *joyful*..... | fore the | Lord, the | King.
 Let the sea make a noise* and *all*.. that | there- | in is;
 The round *world*..... and | they that | dwell there- | in.
- 5 Let the floods clap their hands* and let
 the hills be joyful *together*.... | fore the | Lord;
For..... He | cometh to | judge the | earth.
 With righteousness *shall*..... He | judge the | world,
And..... the | peo- | ple with — | equity.
 Glory be to the *Father*..... | and to the | Son,
And..... | to the | Ho- | ly | Ghost;
 As it was in the beginning* is *now*.. and | ev- | er | shall be,
World..... without | end — | A- — | men.

JUBILATE DEO

Thomas Norris, 1770



Richard Woodward, 1744-77

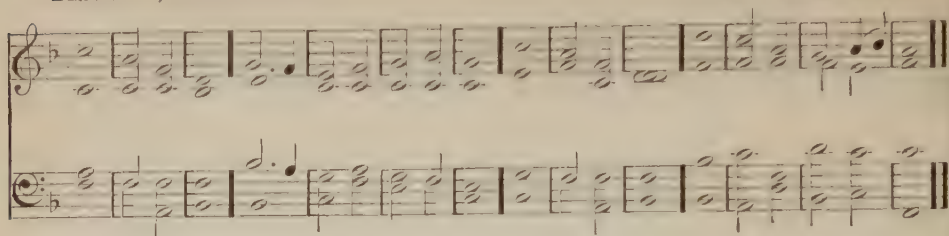


Psalm c.

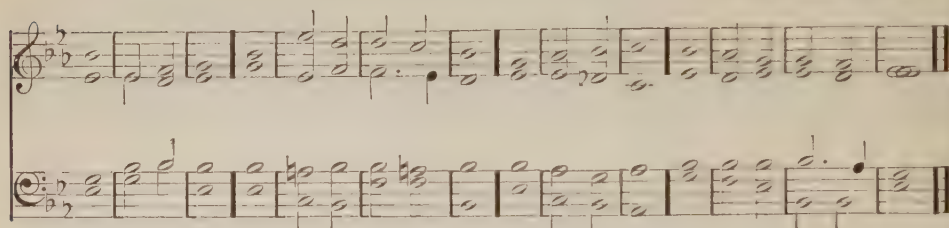
- 1 O be joyful in the *Lord*..... | all ye | lands.
 Serve the Lord with gladness* and come |
 before His | pres- ence | with a | song.
- 2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God,
 It is He that hath made us,* and not we |
 ourselves,* we are His people *and* the | sheep of | His — | pasture.
- 3 O go your way into His gates with |
 thanksgiving* and *into*..... His | courts with | praise.
 Be thankful unto *Him*..... and | speak good | of His | name.
- 4 For the Lord is gracious* His *mercy*. . is | ev- er- | lasting;
 And His truth endureth from *gener-* | ation to | gen- er- | ation.
 Glory be to the *Father*..... | and to the | Son,
 And | to the | Ho- ly | Ghost.
 As it was in the beginning* is *now*. . and | ev- er | shall be;
 World..... without | end. — | A- — | men.

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA

Isaac Barrow, 1712-89



John Randall, 1715-99

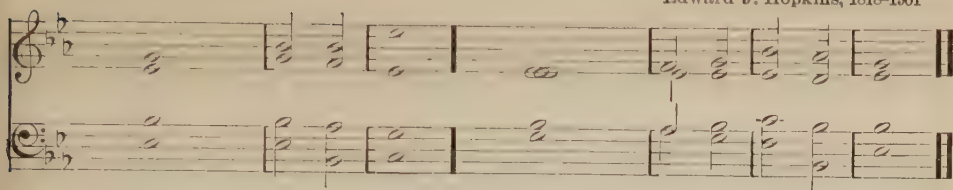


Psalm ciii, 1-4; 20-22.

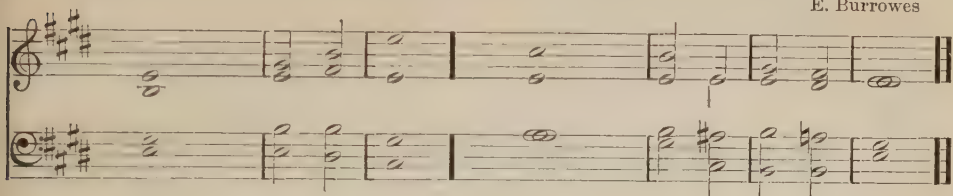
- | | | | | |
|-------------|---|----------------|---------------------------------|--|
| 1 | Praise the <i>Lord</i> | O | my soul; | |
| | And all that is within..... | me praise | His ho- ly name. | |
| 2 | Praise the <i>Lord</i> | O | my soul, | |
| | <i>And</i> | for- get | not all His benefits; | |
| 3 | Who forgiveth..... | all | thy sin; | |
| | And <i>healeth</i> | all | — thine in- firmities; | |
| 4 | Who saveth thy <i>life</i> | from | de- struc- tion; | |
| | And crowneth <i>thee</i> | with mercy | and lov- ing kindness. | |
| 5 | O praise the Lord, ye angels of His* | | | |
| | <i>ye</i> | that ex- cel | in strength; | |
| | Ye that fulfil His commandment* and | | | |
| | <i>hearken</i> | un- to | the voice of His word. | |
| 6 | O praise the <i>Lord</i> | all ye | His hosts; | |
| | <i>Ye servants</i> | of His | that do His pleasure. | |
| 2nd
part | 7 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works | | | |
| | of His* in all <i>places</i> | of His | do- min- ion. | |
| | Praise <i>thou</i> | the Lord | — O my soul. | |
| | Glory be to the <i>Father</i> | and | to the Son, | |
| | <i>And</i> | to | the Ho- ly Ghost. | |
| | As it was in the beginning* is <i>now</i> ..and | ev- er | shall be, | |
| | <i>World</i> | without end. | — A- — men. | |

LEVAVI OCULOS

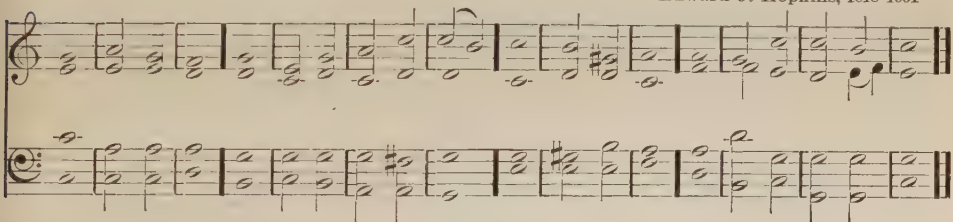
Edward J. Hopkins, 1818-1901



E. Burrowes



Edward J. Hopkins, 1818-1901

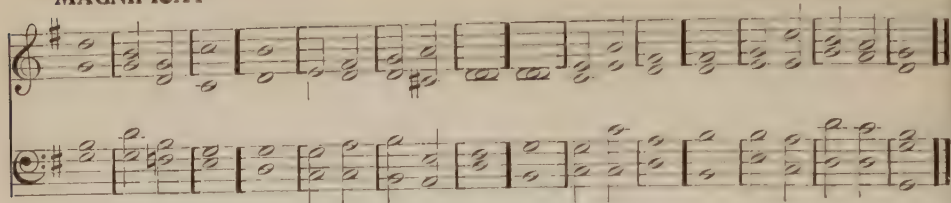


Psalm cxxi

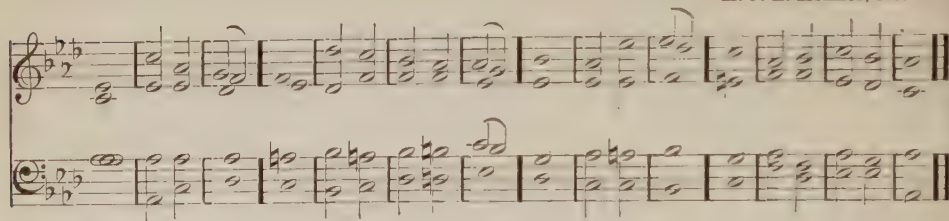
- | | | | | |
|--|---------|--------|------------|----------------|
| 1 I will lift up mine eyes.....un- | to | the | hills, | |
| From whence..... | com- | eth | my | — help. |
| 2 My help cometh..... | from | the | Lord, | |
| Which..... | made | — | heaven and | earth. |
| 3 He will not suffer.....thy | foot | to be | moved; | |
| He.....that | keepeth | thee | will | not slumber. |
| 4 Behold He.....that | keep- | eth | Israel, | |
| Shall..... | nei- | ther | slumber | nor sleep. |
| 5 The Lord..... | is | thy | Keeper, | |
| The Lord is thy shade.....up- | on | thy | right | — hand. |
| 6 The sun shall not snite..... | thee | by | day, | |
| Nor.....the | moon | — | by | — night. |
| 7 The Lord shall preserve thee..... | from | all | evil, | |
| He..... | shall | pre- | serve | thy soul. |
| 8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out* | | | | |
| and.....thy | com- | ing | in, | |
| From this time forth.....and | even | for | ev- | er more. |
| Glory be to the Father..... | and | to the | Son, | |
| And..... | to | the | Ho- | ly Ghost; |
| As it was in the beginning* is now..and | ev- | er | shall be, | |
| World.....without | end. | — | A- | — men. |

MAGNIFICAT

Henry Smart, 1813-79



H. J. E. Holmes, 1852-

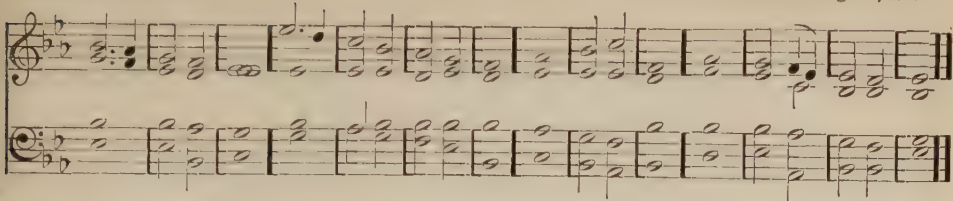


Luke i, 46-55.

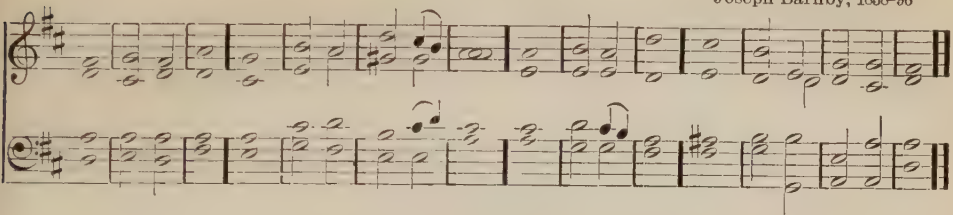
- 1 My soul doth mag- - - ni- | fy the | Lord;
And my spirit hath re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour.
- 2 For He | hath re- | garded
The low- - - li- | ness of | His hand- | maiden.
- 3 For be- | hold from | henceforth
All gener- | ations shall | call me | blessed.
- 4 For He that is mighty hath | magni- | fied me,
And ho- - | ly is His | name.
- 2nd part 5 And His mercy is on | them that | fear Him,
Through- - - - | out all | gen- er- | ations.
- 6 He hath showed strength with His | arm.
He hath scattered the proud in the
imagin- - - - a- | tion | of their | hearts.
- 7 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seat,
And hath ex- |alted the | humble and | meek.
- 8 He hath filled the hungry with | good
And the rich He hath | sent - | things;
- | empty a- | way.
- 9 He remembering His mercy hath
holpen His serv- | ant | Israel;
As He promised to our forefathers*
Abraham and his | seed for | ever.
Glory be to the Father | and to the | Son,
And to the | Ho- ly | Ghost.
As it was in the beginning* is now . . and | ev- er | shall be;
World without | end. - | A- - | men.

BENEDICTUS

The Earl of Mornington, 1760



Joseph Barnby, 1838-96

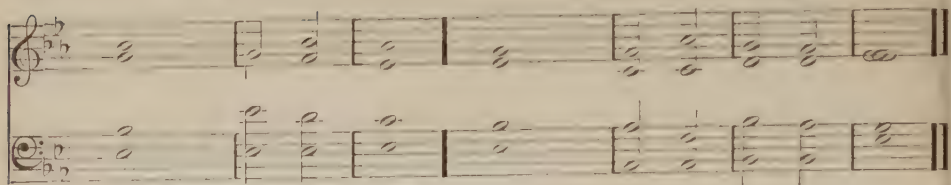


Luke i, 68-79

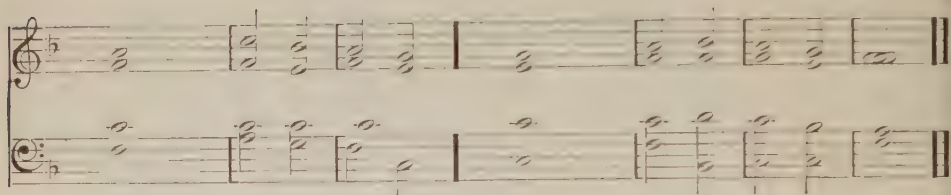
1	Blessed be the <i>Lord</i>	God	of	Israel;	
	For He hath <i>visited</i>	and	re-	deemed	His people;
2	And hath raised up a <i>mighty</i>	va-	tion	for us;	
	In the <i>house</i>	of	His	serv-	ant David.
3	As He spake by the <i>mouth</i>	ho-	ly	prophets;	
	Which have <i>been</i>	since	the	world	be- gan;
4	That we should be <i>saved</i>	from	our	enemies,	
	And from the <i>hand</i>	all	that	hate	— us.
5	To perform the mercy <i>promised</i> to	our	fore-	fathers,	
	And to remember	His	ho-	ly	cov- e- nant;
6	To perform the oath which He sware				
	to our forefathers	A-	bra-	ham,	
	<i>That</i>	He	would	give	— us;
7	That we being delivered out of the				
	<i>hand</i>	of	our	enemies	
	<i>Might</i>	serve	Him	with-	out fear;
8	In holiness and <i>righteous-</i> - -	ness	be-	fore Him	
	<i>All</i>	the	—	of	our life.
9	And thou child* shalt be called the				
	<i>prophet</i>	of	the	Highest,	
	For thou shalt go before the face of				
	the <i>Lord</i> *	to	pre-	pare	His ways;
10	To give knowledge of salvation un-	to	His	people	
	<i>For</i>	the	re-	mission	of their sins,
11	Through the tender <i>mercy</i>	of	our	God,	
	Whereby the <i>dayspring</i>	from	high	hath	visit- ed us;
12	To give light to them that sit in dark-				
	ness* and <i>in</i>	the	shadow	of	death,
	And to guide our <i>feet</i>	in-	to	the	way
	Glory be to the <i>Father</i>	and	to	the	Son,
	<i>And</i>	to	the	Ho-	ly Ghost;
	As it was in the beginning* is <i>now</i> , and	ev-	er	shall be,	
	<i>World</i>	without	end.	—	A- men.

NUNC DIMITTIS

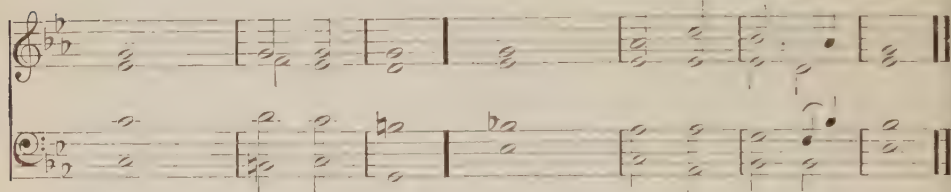
Joseph Barnby, 1938-96



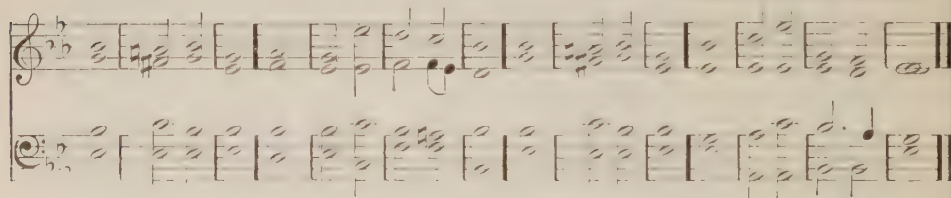
Gregorian



William Felton, 1740



Lewis T. Downes, 1827-1907

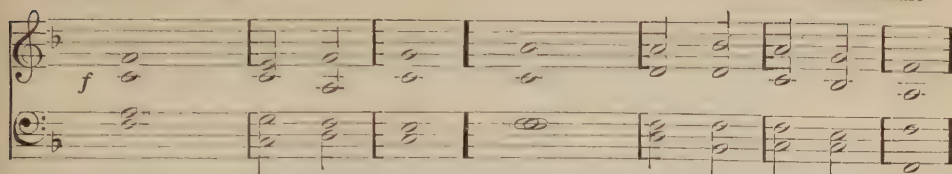


Luke ii, 29-32

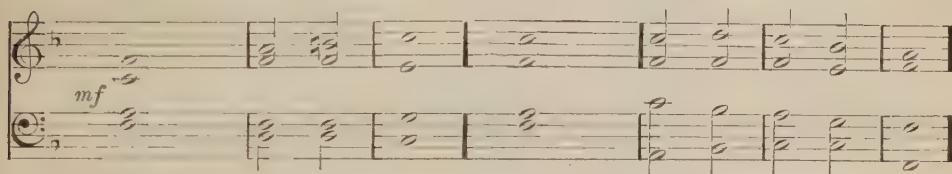
- | | | | | |
|--|---------|---------|-----------|--------------|
| 1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant de- | part | in | peace, | |
| Ac- | - | cord- | ing | to Thy word: |
| 2 For | mine | eyes | have | seen |
| Thy | — | sal- | va- | — tion, |
| 3 Which | Thou | hast | pre- | pared |
| Before | the | face | of | — people; |
| 4 To be a light | to | lighten | the | Gentiles |
| And to be the glory | of Thy | peo- | ple | Is- ra- el. |
| Glory be to the Father | and | to the | Son, | |
| And | to | the | Ho- | ly Ghost; |
| As it was in the beginning* is now, and | ev- | er | shall be, | |
| World | without | end. | — A- | — men. |

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

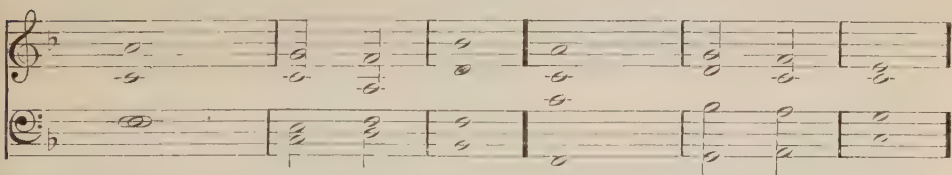
Old Chant



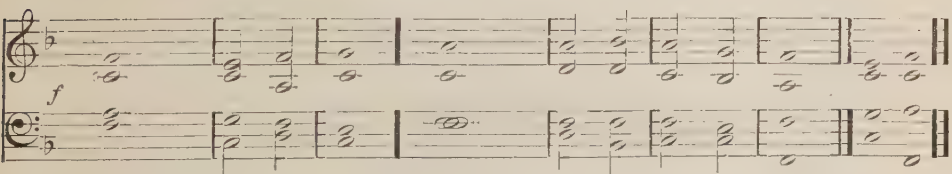
- 1 Glory *be*..... to | God on high,
 And on *earth* | peace good will towards | men.
 2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee*,...we wor- ship | Thee,
 We glorify Thee, we give *thanks*.... to | Thee for Thy great | glory.



- 3 O Lord *God* | heav'n- ly King,
God.....the | Fa- ther al- — | mighty.
 4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je- sus Christ;
 O Lord God, Lamb of *God*,..... | Son — of the | Father.



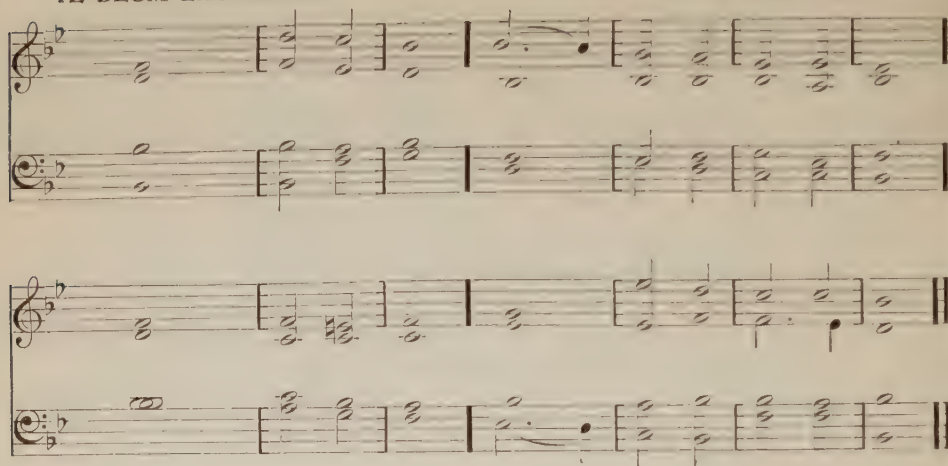
- 5 That takest *away*..... the | sins of the | world
 Have *mercy*..... up- on us.
 6 Thou that takest *away* the | sins of the | world
 Have *mercy*..... up- on us.
 7 Thou that takest *away* the | sins of the | world
Re- - - - - - ceive our | prayer.
 8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father,
 Have *mercy*..... up- on us.



- 9 For *Thou* | only art | holy,
 Thou | on- ly | art the | Lord
 10 Thou only, O *Christ*,.....with the | Ho- ly | Ghost;
 Art most *high*.....in the | glory of | God the | Father

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Henry Lawes, 1596-1662

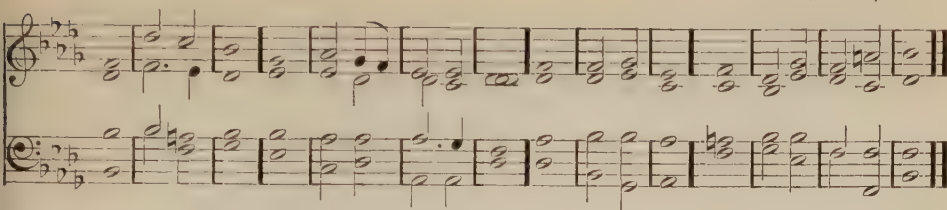


- | | | | | | | | | |
|---|--|--|------------|-------|--|----------|---------|---------------------|
| 1 | We <i>praise</i> | | Thee | O | | God; | | |
| | We <i>acknowledge</i> | | Thee | to | | be | the | Lord. |
| | All the <i>earth</i> | | doth | wor- | | ship | | Thee |
| | <i>The</i> | | Fa- | ther | | ev- | er- | lasting. |
| 2 | To thee all <i>angels</i> | | cry | a- | | loud; | | |
| | The <i>heavens</i> | | and | all | | the | | powers there- in. |
| | To Thee <i>cherubim</i> | | and | ser- | | aph- | | im; |
| | <i>Con</i> - - - - - | | tin- | ual- | | ly | do | cry. |
| 3 | <i>Holy</i> | | ho- | ly | | holy; | | |
| | <i>Lord</i> | | God | of | | Sa- | ba- | oth. |
| | Heaven and earth are <i>full</i> | | of | the | | ma- | jes- | ty |
| | <i>Of</i> | | Thy | — | | glo- | — | ry. |
| 4 | The glorious <i>company</i> | | of | the | | a- | postles | |
| | <i>Praise</i> | | — | — | | — | — | Thee. |
| | The goodly <i>fellowship</i> | | of | the | | prophets | | |
| | <i>Praise</i> | | — | — | | — | — | Thee. |
| 5 | The noble..... | | army | of | | martyrs | | |
| | <i>Praise</i> | | — | — | | — | — | Thee. |
| | The holy <i>Church</i> | | throughout | all | | the | | world |
| | <i>Doth</i> | | ac- | know- | | — | — | ledge Thee. |
| 6 | <i>The</i> | | Fa- | — | | ther | | |
| | <i>Of</i> | | an | infi- | | nite | ma- | jes- ty. |
| | Thine adorable <i>true</i> | | and | on- | | ly | Son | |
| | Also the Holy <i>Ghost</i> | | the | Com- | | — | fort- | — er. |
| 7 | <i>Thou</i> art..... | | the | King | | of | glory | |
| | <i>O</i> | | — | — | | — | — | Christ. |
| | Thou art the <i>ever</i> - - - | | last- | ing | | Son | | |
| | <i>Of</i> | | — | the | | Fa- | — | ther. |

Canticles and Ancient Hymns

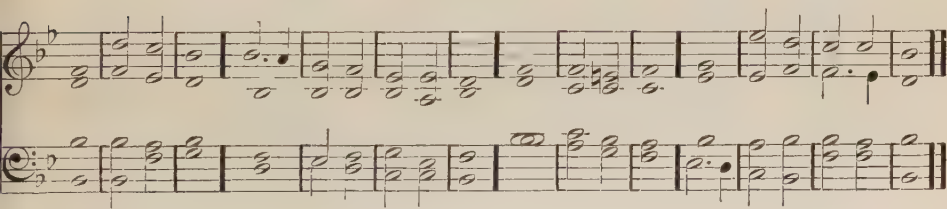
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Robert Cooke, 1800



- 8 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- | liv- er | man,
 Thou didst humble Thyself to be | born — of a | virgin.
 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of death,
 Thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven to all be- | lievers.
- 9 Thou sittest at the right | hand of God
In the | glo- ry of the | Father.
 We believe that | Thou shalt come
 To be — our — | Judge.
- 10 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy servants
 Whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy pre- cious | blood.
 Make them to be numbered with Thy saints
In glo- ry ev- er- | lasting.
- 11 O Lord | save Thy people,
 And bless Thine her- it- | age.
 Gov- - - - - | — ern them,
 And lift them up for | ever.

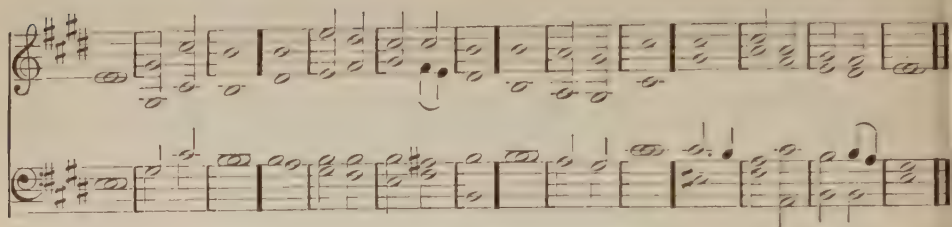
Henry Lawes



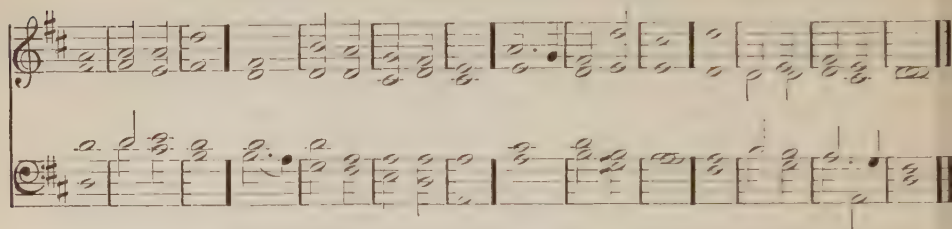
- 12 Day | by — | day,
 We | mag- ni- fy — | Thee.
 And we | worship Thy name
 Ever | world with- out — | end.
- 13 Vouch- - - - - | safe O Lord,
 To keep us this | day with- out — | sin;
 O Lord have | mercy up- on us,
 Have mer- — cy up- on us.
- 14 O Lord, let Thy mercy | be up- on us,
 As our | trust — is in | Thee.
 O Lord in Thee | have I | trusted;
 Let me | nev- er | be con- | founded.

THE EASTER CHANT

Joseph Barnby, 1838-96



Richard Woodward, 1744 77

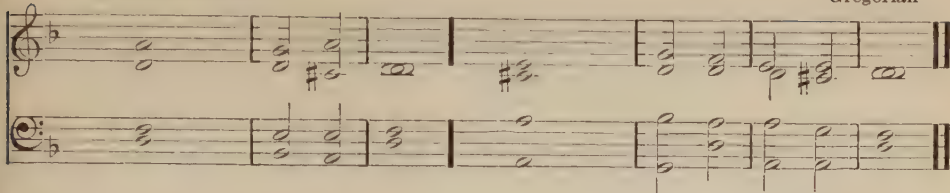


1 Corinthians v, 7. 8; Romans vi, 9-11; 1 Corinthians xv, 20-22.

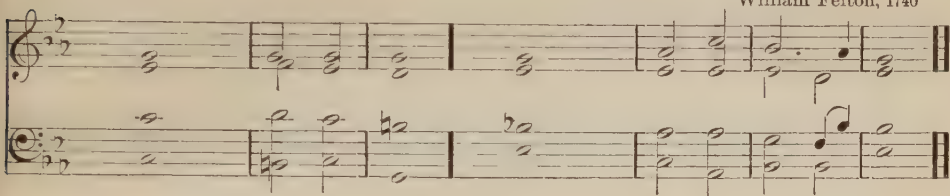
- 1 Christ our passover is *sac-* - *ri-* ficed for us:
Therefore..... let us keep the feast.
- 2 Not with the old leaven* nor with the
leaven of malice and wickedness,
But with the unleavened *bread*... of sin cer- i- ty and truth.
- 3 Christ being raised from the *dead*... dieth no more;
Death hath no *more*..... do- min- ion o- ver Him.
- 4 For in that He died,* He *died*... unto sin — once;
But in that He *liveth*..... He liv- eth un- to God
- 5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to
be dead *indeed*..... un- to sin.
But alive unto *God*..... through Je- sus Christ our Lord.
- 6 Now is Christ *risen* from the dead,
And become the *first* - - - fruits of them that slept.
- 7 For *since* by man came death,
By Man came also the *res-* - *ur-* rec- tion of the dead.
- 8 For as in *Adam*..... all — die,
Even so in *Christ*..... shall all be made a- live.
Glory be to the *Father*..... and to the Son,
And..... to the Ho- ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning* is *now*.. and ev- er shall be,
World..... without end. — A- — men.

FAC NOTUM MIHI

Gregorian



William Felton, 1740

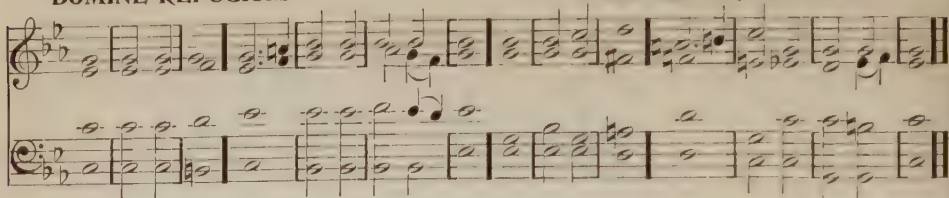


Psalm xxxix, 4-13.

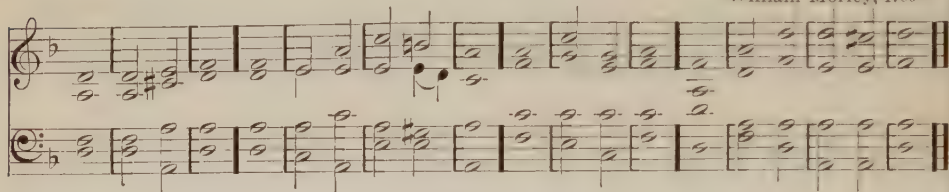
- 1 Lord let me know mine end* and the
number..... of my | days,
 That I may be certified:..... how long I | have to | live.
- 2 Behold* Thou hast made my days as it
were a span — | long,
 And mine age is even as nothing in re-
 spect of Thee* and verily every man
living is ar- to- | geth- er | vanity.
- 3 For man walketh in a vain shadow* and
disquieteth..... him- self in | vain,
 He heapeth up riches and cannot *tell*.. | who shall | gath- er | them
- 4 And now *Lord*..... what is my | hope?
Truly..... my hope is | even in | Thee.
- 5 Deliver me from *all*..... mine of- | fences,
 And make me *not* a re- buke un- | to the | foolish.
- 6 When Thou with rebukes dost chasten
 man for sin* Thou makest his beauty
 to consume away* like as it were a
moth..... fretting a | garment,
 Every *man*..... there- fore | is but | vanity.
- 7 Hear my prayer O Lord* and with
 Thine *ears*..... con- sider my | calling,
 Hold *not*..... Thy peace — | at my | tears;
- 8 For I am a stranger with *Thee* ... and a so- | journeyer
As..... all my fa- | thers | were.
- 9 O spare me a little* that I *may* ... re- cover my strength,
 Before I go *hence*..... and be no more | seen.
 Glory be to the *Father*..... and to the | Son,
And..... to the Ho- | ly | Ghost.
 As it was in the beginning* is *now*... and ev- er | shall be;
World..... without end. — | A- — | men,

DOMINE REFUGIUM

Beethoven, arr. by John Goss, 1800-80



William Morley, 1700

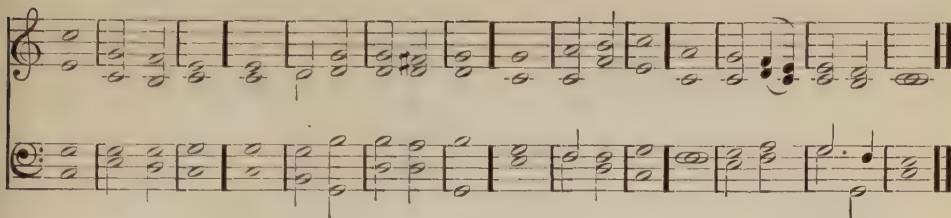


Psalm xc.

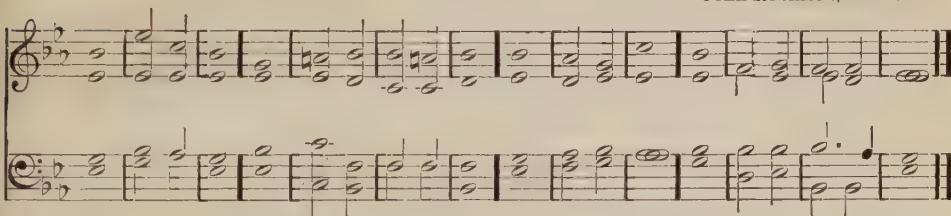
- | | | | | |
|----------------|---|------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| 1 | Lord <i>Thou</i> | hast been | our refuge, | |
| | From <i>one</i> | gener- a- | tion to | an- other. |
| 2 | Before the mountains were brought | | | |
| | forth* or ever the <i>earth</i> | and the world | were made, | |
| | Thou art God from everlasting | and world | with- out | — end. |
| 3 | Thou turnest <i>man</i> | to de- | struction, | |
| | Again Thou sayest, <i>Come</i> | a- gain | ye children | of men. |
| 4 | For a thousand years in Thy <i>sight</i> | are but | as yesterday, | |
| | Seeing that is <i>past</i> | as a watch | — in | the night. |
| 5 | As soon as thou scatterest them* they | | | |
| | are <i>even</i> | as | a sleep, | |
| | And <i>fade</i> | away sudden- | ly like | the grass. |
| 6 | In the morning it is <i>green</i> | and grow- | eth up, | |
| | But in the evening it is cut <i>down</i> | dried — | up and | withered. |
| 7 | For we consume <i>away</i> | in Thy | dis- pleasure, | |
| | And are <i>afraid</i> | at Thy wrath- | ful in- | dig- nation. |
| 8 | Thou hast <i>set</i> | our mis- deeds | be- fore Thee, | |
| | And our secret <i>sins</i> | in the light | — of | Thy countenance. |
| 9 | For when Thou art angry <i>all</i> | our days | are gone, | |
| | We bring our years to an end* as it | | | |
| | <i>were</i> | a tale | — that | is told. |
| 10 | The days of our age are threescore | | | |
| | years and ten* and though men be so | | | |
| | strong that they <i>come</i> | to four- | score years, | |
| | Yet is their strength then but labor | | | |
| | and sorrow* so soon <i>passeth</i> | it a- way | and we | are gone. |
| 2nd
part 11 | O <i>teach</i> | us to number | our days, | |
| | That we may <i>apply</i> | our hearts | — un- | to wisdom. |
| | Glory be to the <i>Father</i> | and to the | Son, | |
| | <i>And</i> | to the | Ho- ly | Ghost. |
| | As it was in the beginning* is <i>now</i> | and ev- | er shall be; | |
| | <i>World</i> | without end. | — A- | — men. |

GLORIA PATRI

William Boyce, 1740

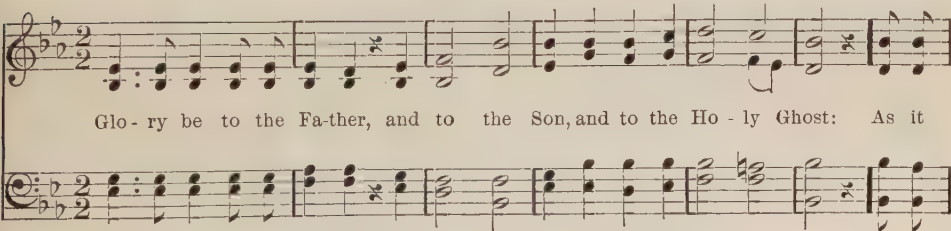


John Robinson, 1662-1762

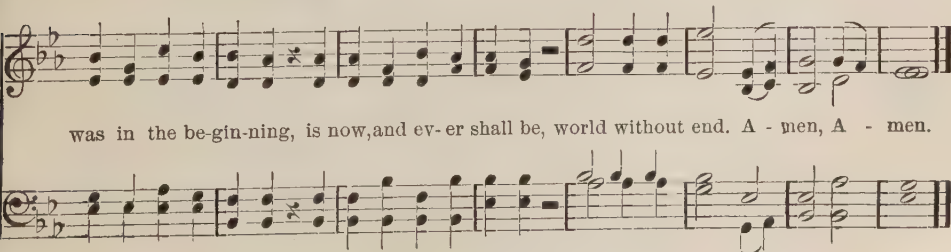


Glory be to the *Father* | and to the | Son,
And | to the | Ho- ly | Ghost.
 As it was in the beginning* is *now* ..and | ev- er | shall be;
Worldwithout | end. — | A- — | men.

Henry W. Greatorex, 1851



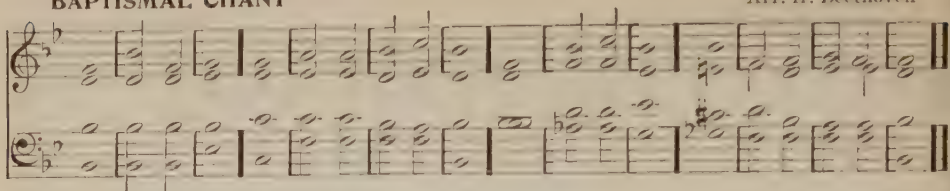
Glo- ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho- ly Ghost: As it



was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

BAPTISMAL CHANT

Arr. fr. Beethoven



Psalm cii, 17, 18.

- 1 The mercy of the Lord is from ever-
lasting* to everlasting . . . upon them that | fear Him,
And His righteousness un- to chil- dren's | children.
2 To such as keep His Covenant.
And to those that remember His com- mand- ments to do — | them.

Mark, x 14.

- 3 Suffer the little children to come un-
to Me and for- bid them | not.
For of such is the | kingdom of | God.

Acts, ii 39.

- 4 For the promise is unto you . . . and | to your | children.
And to all that are afar off,* even as
many as the Lord our | God shall | call.

507

The Blessing

Numbers vi, 24-26.

Arr. by Lowell Mason

pp Slowly. *cres.*

The Lord bless thee,* and keep thee: The Lord make His face to
shine up - on thee, and be gra - cious un - to thee: The
Lord lift up His coun - te-nance up - on thee, and give thee peace.

* Or you, and so throughout.

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Pseaumes octante trois, Geneva, 1551

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures

here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host;

Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1697

Dresden Amen

pp *cres.*
A - - - men, A - - - men.

Threefold Amen

A - men, A - men, A - - - - - men.

Fourfold Amen

p *cres.* *mf* *dim.* John Stainer
A - - men, A - - men, A - - - men, A - - men.
A - - - men.

Seventfold Amen

Slow and sustained. *pp* *cres.* *f* J. Stainer
A - men, A - men, A - - - men, A - - - - men, A -
A - - - men, A - - - men, *f*
pp A - - - men, *ppp* *Slower.*
men, A - - - - men, A - - - men.
f A - - - men.

The Psalter

According to the English Revised Version, arranged for

Morning and Evening Worship

Together with

Portions from the Prophets

for Advent and Lent

NOTE

As far as the English version and the exigencies of Responsive Reading permit, the Psalter and the Selections from the Prophets are arranged in accordance with the principle of Hebrew poetry, the minister taking one member of the parallelism and the people taking the other.

The slight and infrequent deviations that are made from the text of the English Revision follow either its marginal readings or the American Revision or the Ancient Versions.

The Psalter is arranged in accordance with the days of the month to aid in securing familiarity with all the Psalms that lend themselves to public worship. The Selections from the Prophets are intended to aid those churches which hold Lenten services and which emphasize the Christmas Season.

GENERAL PRAYERS

TO BE SAID IN UNISON

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. AMEN.

A GENERAL CONFESSION OF SIN

Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep; we have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts; we have offended against Thy holy laws; we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare Thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore Thou those who are penitent, according to Thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus, our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of Thy holy name. AMEN.

This confession was added by the English Reformers to the Book of Common Prayer in 1552. It is modelled upon the confession in the order of worship in use in a congregation of French Presbyterian refugees in Glastonbury, and published by their pastor, Valerand Pullain, in Latin in 1551; and upon the confession in use in another congregation of exiles from the Continent worshipping in London and published by their pastor, John a-Lasco. Both these ministers were followers of John Calvin, whom Pullain had succeeded as pastor of the Church of the Strangers in Strasburg, and their forms of worship were based upon Calvin's.

A GENERAL THANKSGIVING

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we, Thine unworthy servants, do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men. We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all Thine mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we may show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. AMEN.

This prayer was written by Edward Reynolds, D.D., in 1661. Dr. Reynolds was a leading Presbyterian minister in London, a frequent preacher before the Long Parliament, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford under the Commonwealth, and a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, where he served on the committee which prepared the Catechisms. After the Restoration he was a member of the group of Puritan ministers who asked for a revision of the Book of Common Prayer, and in this connection wrote this general thanksgiving. He decided to accept the overtures of Charles II to enter the reorganized Church of England, and became Bishop of Norwich.

THE PSALTER

SELECTION 1

THE FIRST DAY
MORNING WORSHIP
PSALM 1

BLESSED is the man that walketh
not in the counsel of the wicked,

Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the
LORD;

And in his law doth he meditate
day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted
by the streams of water,

That bringeth forth its fruit in
its season,

Whose leaf also doth not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall
prosper.

The wicked are not so;

But are like the chaff which the
wind driveth away.

Therefore the wicked shall not
stand in the judgment,

Nor sinners in the congregation
of the righteous.

For the LORD knoweth the way of
the righteous:

But the way of the wicked shall
perish.

PSALM 2

WHY do the nations rage,
And the peoples imagine a vain
thing?

The kings of the earth set them-
selves,

And the rulers take counsel to-
gether, against the Lord and
against his anointed, saying,

Let us break their bands asunder,
And cast away their cords from
us.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall
laugh:

The Lord shall have them in de-
rision.

Then shall he speak unto them in
his wrath,

And vex them in his sore dis-
pleasure:

Yet I have set my king upon my
holy hill of Zion.

I will tell of the decree: The
Lord said unto me, Thou art my
son;

This day have I begotten thee.

Ask of me, and I will give thee
the nations for thine inheritance,

And the uttermost parts of the
earth for thy possession.

The Psalter

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;

Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Now therefore be wise, O ye kings:

Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

Serve the Lord with fear,

And rejoice with trembling.

Lay hold of instruction lest he be angry, and ye perish in the way,

For his wrath will soon be kindled.

Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

PSALM 3

LORD, how are mine adversaries increased!

Many are they that rise up against me.

Many there be which say of my soul,

There is no help for him in God.

But thou, O LORD, art a shield about me;

My glory, and the lifter up of mine head.

I cry unto the LORD with my voice,

And he answereth me out of his holy hill.

I laid me down and slept;

I awaked; for the Lord sustaineth me.

I will not be afraid of ten thousands of the people, that have set

themselves against me round about.

Arise, O Lord; save me, O my God:

For thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone;

Thou hast broken the teeth of the wicked.

Salvation belongeth unto the LORD:

Thy blessing be upon thy people.

SELECTION 2

THE FIRST DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 4

ANSWER me when I call, O God of my righteousness;

Thou hast set me at large when I was in distress: have mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long shall my glory be turned into dishonour?

How long will ye love vanity, and seek after falsehood?

But know that the LORD hath set apart him that is godly for himself:

The Lord will hear when I call unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not:

Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness,

And put your trust in the Lord.

Many there be that say, Who will shew us any good?

Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us,

Thou hast put gladness in my heart,

More than they have when their corn and their wine are increased.

In peace will I both lay me down and sleep:

For thou, Lord, alone makest me dwell in safety.

PSALM 8

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength, because of thine adversaries,

That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,

The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him?

And the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him but little lower than God,

And crownest him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;

Thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O LORD, our Lord,

How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

SELECTION 3

THE SECOND DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 9

I WILL give thanks unto the LORD with my whole heart;

I will shew forth all thy marvelous works.

I will be glad and exult in thee:

I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

When mine enemies turn back,

They stumble and perish at thy presence.

For thou hast maintained my right and my cause;

Thou satest in the throne judging righteously.

Thou hast rebuked the nations, thou hast destroyed the wicked,

Thou hast blotted out their name for ever and ever.

The enemy are come to an end, they are desolate for ever;

And the cities which thou hast overthrown, their very memorial is perished.

But the LORD sitteth as king for ever:

He hath prepared his throne for judgment.

And he shall judge the world in
righteousness,

He shall minister judgment to
the peoples in uprightness.

The LORD also will be a high
tower for the oppressed,

A high tower in times of trouble;

And they that know thy name will
put their trust in thee;

For thou, Lord, hast not forsaken
them that seek thee.

Sing praises to the LORD, which
dwelleth in Zion:

Declare among the peoples his
doings.

For he that maketh inquisition
for blood remembereth them:

He forgetteth not the cry of the
poor.

Have mercy upon me, O LORD;
behold my affliction which I suffer
of them that hate me,

Thou that liftest me up from the
gates of death;

That I may shew forth all thy
praise:

In the gates of the daughter of
Zion I will rejoice in thy salvation.

The nations are sunk down in the
pit that they made:

In the net which they hid is their
own foot taken.

The LORD hath made himself
known, he hath executed judgment:

The wicked is snared in the work
of his own hands.

The wicked shall return to Sheol,

Even all the nations that forget
God.

For the needy shall not alway be
forgotten,

Nor the expectation of the poor
perish for ever.

Arise, O LORD; let not man pre-
vail:

Let the nations be judged in thy
sight.

Put them in fear, O LORD:

Let the nations know themselves
to be but men.

SELECTION 4

THE SECOND DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 10

WHY standest thou afar off, O
LORD?

Why hidest thou thyself in times
of trouble?

In the pride of the wicked the
poor is hotly pursued;

They are taken in the devices that
they have imagined.

For the wicked boasteth of his
heart's desire,

And the covetous renounceth,
yea, contemneth the Lord.

The wicked, in the pride of his
countenance, saith, He will not re-
quire it.

All his thoughts are, There is no
God.

His ways are firm at all times;

Thy judgments are far above out-
of his sight: as for all his adversa-
ries, he puffeth at them.

He saith in his heart, I shall not
be moved:

To all generations I shall not be
in adversity.

His mouth is full of cursing and
deceit and oppression:

Under his tongue is mischief and
iniquity.

He sitteth in the lurking places of
the villages:

In the covert places doth he mur-
der the innocent:

His eyes are privily set against
the helpless.

He lurketh in the covert as a lion
in his den:

He lieth in wait to catch the poor:

He doth catch the poor, when he
draweth him in his net.

He croucheth, he boweth down,

And the helpless fall by his strong
ones.

He saith in his heart, God hath
forgotten:

He hideth his face; he will never
see it.

Arise, O LORD; O God, lift up
thine hand:

Forget not the poor.

Wherefore doth the wicked con-
temn God,

And say in his heart, Thou wilt
not require it?

Thou hast seen it:

For thou beholdest mischief and
spite, to take it into thy hand:

The helpless committeth himself
unto thee;

Thou hast been the helper of the
fatherless.

Break thou the arm of the
wicked;

And as for the evil man, seek out
his wickedness till thou find none.

The LORD is King for ever and
ever:

The nations are perished out of
his land.

LORD, thou hast heard the desire
of the meek:

Thou wilt prepare their heart,
thou wilt cause thine ear to hear:

To judge the fatherless and the
oppressed,

That man which is of the earth
may be terrible no more.

PSALM 11: 1-2, 4-7

IN the LORD put I my trust:

How say ye to my soul, Flee as
a bird to your mountain?

For, lo, the wicked bend the bow,

They make ready their arrow
upon the string, that they may shoot
in darkness at the upright in heart.

The LORD is in his holy temple,

The Lord, his throne is in heav-
en;

His eyes behold, his eyelids try,
the children of men.

The Lord trieth the righteous:

But the wicked and him that
loveth violence his soul hateth.

Upon the wicked he shall rain
snares;

Fire and brimstone and burning
wind shall be the portion of their
cup.

For the Lord is righteous;
 He loveth righteousness:
 The upright shall behold his face.

SELECTION 5

THE THIRD DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 14

THE fool hath said in his heart,
 There is no God.

They are corrupt, they have done
 abominable works: there is none
 that doeth good.

The LORD looked down from
 heaven upon the children of men,

To see if there were any that did
 understand, that did seek after God.

They are all gone aside; they are
 together become filthy;

There is none that doeth good,
 no, not one.

Have all the workers of iniquity
 no knowledge?

Who eat up my people as they
 eat bread, and call not upon the
 Lord.

There were they in great fear:

For God is in the generation of
 the righteous.

Ye put to shame the counsel of
 the poor,

Because the Lord is his refuge.

Oh that the salvation of Israel
 were come out of Zion!

When the Lord bringeth back the
 captivity of his people, then shall
 Jacob rejoice, and Israel shall be
 glad.

PSALM 15

LORD, who shall sojourn in thy
 tabernacle?

Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and
 worketh righteousness,

And speaketh truth in his heart.

He that slandereth not with his
 tongue,

Nor doeth evil to his friend, nor
 taketh up a reproach against his
 neighbour.

In whose eyes a reprobate is de-
 spised;

But he honoureth them that fear
 the Lord.

He that sweareth to his own hurt,
 and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his
 money to usury,

Nor taketh reward against the
 innocent.

He that doeth these things shall
 never be moved.

PSALM 16

PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee
 do I put my trust.

I have said unto the Lord, Thou
 art my Lord: I have no good be-
 yond thee.

As for the saints that are in the
 earth,

They are the excellent in whom
 is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied
 that exchange the LORD for another
 god;

Their drink offerings of blood
will I not offer, nor take their names
upon my lips.

The LORD is the portion of mine
inheritance and of my cup:

Thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in
pleasant places;

Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the LORD, who hath
given me counsel:

Yea, my reins instruct me in the
night seasons.

I have set the LORD always before
me:

Because he is at my right hand,
I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and
my glory rejoiceth:

My flesh also shall dwell in
safety.

For thou wilt not leave my soul
to Sheol;

Neither wilt thou suffer thine
holy one to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of
life:

In thy presence is fulness of joy:
in thy right hand there are pleasures
for evermore.

SELECTION 6

THE THIRD DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 18: 1-39

I LOVE thee, O LORD, my strength.

The Lord is my rock, and my
fortress, and my deliverer;

My God, my strong rock, in him
will I trust;

My shield, and the horn of my
salvation, my high tower.

I will call upon the LORD, who is
worthy to be praised:

So shall I be saved from mine en-
emies.

The cords of death compassed
me,

And the floods of ungodliness
made me afraid.

The cords of Sheol were round
about me:

The snares of death came upon
me.

In my distress I called upon the
LORD,

And cried unto my God:

He heard my voice out of his
temple,

And my cry before him came into
his ears.

Then the earth shook and trem-
bled,

The foundations also of the
mountains moved and were shaken,
because he was wroth.

There went up a smoke out of
his nostrils, and fire out of his
mouth devoured:

Coals were kindled by it.

He bowed the heavens also, and
came down;

And thick darkness was under his
feet.

And he rode upon a cherub, and
did fly:

Yea, he flew swiftly upon the wings of the wind.

He made darkness his hiding place, his pavilion round about him;

Darkness of waters, thick clouds of the skies.

At the brightness before him his thick clouds passed,

Hailstones and coals of fire.

The LORD also thundered in the heavens,

And the Most High uttered his voice; hailstones and coals of fire.

And he sent out his arrows, and scattered them;

Yea, lightnings manifold, and discomfited them.

Then the channels of waters appeared,

And the foundations of the world were laid bare,

At thy rebuke, O LORD,

At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

He sent from on high, he took me;

He drew me out of many waters.

He delivered me from my strong enemy,

And from them that hated me, for they were too mighty for me.

They came upon me in the day of my calamity:

But the Lord was my stay.

He brought me forth also into a large place;

He delivered me, because he delighted in me.

The LORD rewarded me according to my righteousness;

According to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.

For I have kept the ways of the LORD,

And have not wickedly departed from my God.

For all his judgments were before me,

And I put not away his statutes from me.

I was also perfect with him,

And I kept myself from mine iniquity.

Therefore hath the LORD recompensed me according to my righteousness,

According to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.

With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful;

With the perfect man thou wilt shew thyself perfect;

With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure;

And with the perverse thou wilt shew thyself froward.

For thou wilt save the afflicted people;

But the haughty eyes thou wilt bring down.

For thou wilt light my lamp:

The Lord my God will lighten my darkness.

For by thee I run upon a troop;

And by my God do I leap over a wall.

As for God, his way is perfect:
the word of the LORD is tried;

He is a shield unto all them that
trust in him.

For who is God, save the LORD?
And who is a rock, beside our
God?

The God that girdeth me with
strength,

And maketh my way perfect.

He maketh my feet like hinds'
feet:

And setteth me upon my high
places.

He teacheth my hands to war;

So that mine arms do bend a bow
of brass.

Thou hast also given me the
shield of thy salvation:

And thy right hand hath holden
me up, and thy gentleness hath
made me great.

Thou hast enlarged my steps un-
der me,

And my feet have not slipped.

I will pursue mine enemies, and
overtake them:

Neither will I turn again till they
are consumed.

I will smite them through that
they shall not be able to rise:

They shall fall under my feet.

For thou hast girded me with
strength unto the battle:

Thou hast subdued under me
those that rose up against me.

SELECTION 7

THE FOURTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 19

THE heavens declare the glory of
God;

And the firmament sheweth his
handy-work.

Day unto day uttereth speech,

And night unto night sheweth
knowledge.

There is no speech nor language;

Their voice cannot be heard.

Their line is gone out through all
the earth,

And their words to the end of the
world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle
for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming
out of his chamber,

And rejoiceth as a strong man to
run his course.

His going forth is from the end
of the heaven,

And his circuit unto the ends of
it:

And there is nothing hid from
the heat thereof.

The law of the LORD is perfect,
restoring the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure,
making wise the simple.

The precepts of the LORD are
right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is
pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever:

The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

In keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can discern his errors?

Clear thou me from hidden faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;

Let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be perfect,

And I shall be clear from great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight,

O Lord, my rock, and my redeemer.

PSALM 20

THE LORD answer thee in the day of trouble;

The name of the God of Jacob set thee up on high;

Send thee help from the sanctuary,

And strengthen thee out of Zion;

Remember all thy offerings,

And accept thy burnt sacrifice;

Grant thee thy heart's desire,

And fulfil all thy counsel.

We will triumph in thy victory,
And in the name of our God we will set up our banners:

The LORD fulfil all thy petitions.

Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed;

He will answer him from his holy heaven

With the saving strength of his right hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses:

But we will make mention of the name of the Lord our God.

They are bowed down and fallen:

But we are risen, and stand upright.

Save, LORD:

Let the King answer us when we call.

SELECTION 8

THE FOURTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 22: 1-28

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?

O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou answerest not;

And in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy,

O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee:

They trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered:

They trusted in thee, and were not ashamed.

But I am a worm, and no man;

A reproach of men, and despised of the people.

All they that see me laugh me to scorn:

They shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying,

Commit thyself unto the LORD; let him deliver him:

Let him deliver him, seeing he delighteth in him.

But thou art he that took me out of the womb:

Thou didst make me trust when I was upon my mother's breasts.

I was cast upon thee from the womb:

Thou art my God since my mother bare me.

Be not far from me; for trouble is near;

For there is none to help.

Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

They gape upon me with their mouth, as a ravening and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water,

And all my bones are out of joint:

My heart is like wax;

It is melted within me.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd;

And my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

For dogs have compassed me:

The assembly of evil-doers have inclosed me;

They pierced my hands and my feet.

I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me:

They part my garments among them,

And upon my vesture do they cast lots.

But be not thou far off, O LORD;

O thou my succour, haste thee to help me.

Deliver my soul from the sword;

My darling from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth;

Yea, from the horns of the wild-oxen thou hast answered me.

I will declare thy name unto my brethren:

In the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

Ye that fear the LORD, praise him;

All ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him;

And stand in awe of him, all ye the seed of Israel.

For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted;

Neither hath he hid his face from him;

But when he cried unto him, he heard.

Of thee cometh my praise in the great congregation:

I will pay my vows before them that fear him.

The meek shall eat and be satisfied:

They shall praise the Lord that seek after him: their heart shall live for ever.

All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the LORD:

And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him.

For the kingdom is the LORD's:

And he is the ruler over the nations.

SELECTION 9

THE FIFTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 23

THE LORD is my shepherd;

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the

valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;

For thou art with me: Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

PSALM 24

THE earth is the LORD's, and the fulness thereof;

The world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas,

And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD?

And who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;

Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, and hath not sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive a blessing from the LORD,

And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek after him,

That seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting
doors:

And the King of glory shall come
in.

Who is the King of glory?

The LORD strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting
doors:

And the King of glory shall come
in.

Who is this King of glory?

The LORD of hosts,
He is the King of glory.

SELECTION 10

THE FIFTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 25

UNTO thee, O LORD, do I lift up
my soul.

O my God, in thee have I trusted,
Let me not be ashamed;

Let not mine enemies triumph
over me.

Yea, none that wait on thee shall
be ashamed;

They shall be ashamed that deal
treacherously without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O LORD;
teach me thy paths.

Guide me in thy truth, and teach
me;

For thou art the God of my sal-
vation;

On thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O LORD, thy tender
mercies and thy lovingkindnesses:
for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my
youth, nor my transgressions:

According to thy lovingkindness
remember thou me,

For thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the LORD:

Therefore will he instruct sinners
in the way.

The meek will he guide in justice;

And the meek will he teach his
way.

All the paths of the LORD are lov-
ingkindness and truth unto such as
keep his covenant and his testimo-
nies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord,
pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the
LORD?

Him shall he instruct in the way
that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease;

And his seed shall inherit the
land.

The secret of the LORD is with
them that fear him

And he will shew them his cov-
enant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the
LORD;

For he shall pluck my feet out of
the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have
mercy upon me;

For I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged:

O bring thou me out of my distresses.

Consider mine affliction and my travail;

And forgive all my sins.

Consider mine enemies, for they are many;

And they hate me with cruel hatred.

O keep my soul, and deliver me:

Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, for I wait on thee.

Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.

SELECTION 11

THE SIXTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 27

THE LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh,

Even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:

Though war should rise against me, even then will I be confident.

One thing have I asked of the LORD,

That will I seek after;

That I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the day of trouble he shall keep me secretly in his pavilion:

In the covert of his tabernacle shall he hide me;

He shall lift me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;

And I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice:

Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face;

My heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face from me;

Put not thy servant away in anger:

Thou hast been my help;

Cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

For my father and my mother have forsaken me,

But the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O LORD;

And lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries:

For false witnesses are risen up
against me, and such as breathe out
cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had be-
lieved to see the goodness of the
LORD in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord:

Be strong, and let thine heart take
courage;

Yea, wait thou on the Lord.

PSALM 29

GIVE unto the LORD, O ye sons of
the mighty,

Give unto the Lord glory and
strength.

Give unto the LORD the glory due
unto his name;

Worship the Lord in the beauty
of holiness.

The voice of the LORD is upon the
waters:

The God of glory thundereth,

Even the LORD upon many wa-
ters.

The voice of the Lord is power-
ful;

The voice of the LORD is full of
majesty.

The voice of the Lord breaketh
the cedars;

Yea, the LORD breaketh in pieces
the cedars of Lebanon.

He maketh them also to skip like
a calf;

Lebanon and Sirion like a young
wild-ox.

The voice of the Lord cleaveth
the flames of fire.

The voice of the LORD shaketh
the wilderness;

The Lord shaketh the wilderness
of Kadesh.

The voice of the LORD maketh the
hinds to calve, and strippeth the for-
ests bare:

And in his temple every thing
saith, Glory.

The LORD sat as king at the
Flood;

Yea, the Lord sitteth as king for
ever.

The LORD will give strength unto
his people;

The Lord will bless his people
with peace.

SELECTION 12

THE SIXTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 31

IN thee, O LORD, do I put my
trust; let me never be ashamed:

Deliver me in thy righteousness.

Bow down thine ear unto me; de-
liver me speedily:

Be thou to me a strong rock, an
house of defence to save me.

For thou art my rock and my
fortress;

Therefore for thy name's sake
lead me and guide me.

Pluck me out of the net that they
have laid privily for me;

For thou art my strong hold.

Into thine hand I commend my
spirit:

Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord,
thou God of truth.

I hate them that regard lying vanities:

But I trust in the Lord.

I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast seen my affliction;

Thou hast known my soul in adversities:

And thou hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy;

Thou hast set my feet in a large place.

Have mercy upon me, O LORD, for I am in distress:

Mine eye wasteth away with grief, yea, my soul and my body.

For my life is spent with sorrow, and my years with sighing:

My strength faileth because of mine iniquity, and my bones are wasted away.

Because of all mine adversaries I am become a reproach,

Yea, unto my neighbours exceedingly, and a fear to mine acquaintance:

They that did see me without fled from me.

I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel.

For I have heard the defaming of many,

Terror on every side:

While they took counsel together against me,

They devised to take away my life.

But I trusted in thee, O LORD:
I said, Thou art my God.

My times are in thy hand:

Deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant:

Save me in thy lovingkindness.

Let me not be ashamed, O LORD; for I have called upon thee:

Let the wicked be ashamed, let them be silent in Sheol.

Let the lying lips be dumb;

Which speak against the righteous insolently with pride and contempt.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee,

Which thou hast wrought for them that put their trust in thee, before the sons of men!

In the covert of thy presence shalt thou hide them from the plottings of man:

Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

Blessed be the LORD:

For he hath shewed me his marvellous lovingkindness in a strong city.

As for me, I said in my alarm, I am cut off from before thine eyes:

Nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.

O love the LORD, all ye his saints:

The Lord preserveth the faithful,
And plentifully rewardeth the
proud doer.

Be strong, and let your heart take
courage, all ye that wait for the
Lord.

SELECTION 13

THE SEVENTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 32

BLESSED is he whose transgres-
sion is forgiven,

Whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the
LORD imputeth not iniquity,

And in whose spirit there is no
guile.

When I kept silence, my bones
waxed old

Through my roaring all the day
long.

For day and night thy hand was
heavy upon me:

My moisture was changed as with
the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee,

And mine iniquity have I not hid:

I said, I will confess my trans-
gressions unto the LORD;

And thou forgavest the iniquity
of my sin.

For this let every one that is god-
ly pray unto thee in a time when
thou mayest be found:

Surely when the great waters
overflow they shall not reach unto
him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou
wilt preserve me from trouble;

Thou wilt compass me about with
songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee
in the way which thou shalt go:

I will counsel thee with mine eye
upon thee.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the
mule, which have no understanding:

Whose trappings must be bit and
bridle to hold them in.

Many sorrows shall be to the
wicked:

But he that trusteth in the LORD,
mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice,
ye righteous:

And shout for joy, all ye that are
upright in heart.

SELECTION 14

THE SEVENTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 33

REJOICE in the LORD, O ye right-
eous:

Praise is comely for the upright.

Give thanks unto the LORD with
harp:

Sing praises unto him with the
psaltery of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song;

Play skilfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the LORD is
right;

And all his work is done in faith-
fulness.

He loveth righteousness and justice:

The earth is full of the loving-kindness of the Lord.

By the word of the LORD were the heavens made;

And all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap:

He layeth up the deeps in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the LORD:

Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done;

He commanded, and it stood fast.

The LORD bringeth the counsel of the nations to nought:

He maketh the thoughts of the people to be of none effect.

The counsel of the LORD standeth fast for ever,

The thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD;

The people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The LORD looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men;

From the place of his habitation he looketh forth upon all the inhabitants of the earth;

He that fashioneth the hearts of them all,

That considereth all their works.

There is no king saved by the multitude of an host:

A mighty man is not delivered by great strength.

A horse is a vain thing for safety. Neither shall he deliver any by his great power.

Behold, the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him,

Upon them that hope in his mercy;

To deliver their soul from death, And to keep them alive in famine.

Our soul hath waited for the LORD:

He is our help and our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name,

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we have hoped in thee.

SELECTION 15

THE EIGHTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 34

I WILL bless the LORD at all times: His praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the LORD:

The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the LORD with me, And let us exalt his name together.

I sought the LORD, and he answered me,

And delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened:

And their faces shall never be confounded.

This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the LORD is good:

Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the LORD, ye his saints:

For there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:

But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me:

I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.
Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the LORD are toward the righteous,

And his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the LORD is against them that do evil,

To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cried, and the LORD heard,

And delivered them out of all their troubles.

The LORD is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,

And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous:

But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones:

Not one of them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked:

And they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.

The LORD redeemeth the soul of his servants:

And none of them that trust in him shall be condemned.

SELECTION 16

THE EIGHTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 36: 5-12

THY lovingkindness, O LORD, is in the heavens;

Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the skies.

Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God;

Thy judgments are a great deep:
O Lord, thou preservest man and
beast.

How precious is thy lovingkind-
ness, O God!

And the children of men take ref-
uge under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied
with the fatness of thy house;

And thou shalt make them drink
of the river of thy pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of
life:

In thy light shall we see light.

O continue thy lovingkindness
unto them that know thee;

And thy righteousness to the up-
right in heart.

Let not the foot of pride come
against me,

And let not the hand of the
wicked drive me away.

There are the workers of iniquity
fallen:

They are thrust down, and shall
not be able to rise.

PSALM 37: 1-7

FRET not thyself because of evil-
doers,

Neither be thou envious against
them that work unrighteousness.

For they shall soon be cut down
like the grass,

And wither as the green herb,

Trust in the LORD, and do good;

Dwell in the land, and feed on his
faithfulness.

Delight thyself also in the LORD;
And he shall give thee the desires
of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the LORD;
Trust also in him, and he shall
bring it to pass.

And he shall make thy righteous-
ness to go forth as the light,

And thy justice as the noonday.

Rest in the LORD,

And wait patiently for him.

SELECTION 17

THE NINTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 37: 8-29; 35-37

FRET not thyself because of him
who prospereth in his way,

Because of the man who bringeth
wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake
wrath:

Fret not thyself, it tendeth only
to evil-doing.

For evil-doers shall be cut off:

But those that wait upon the
Lord, they shall inherit the land.

For yet a little while, and the
wicked shall not be:

Yea, thou shalt diligently consid-
er his place, and he shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the
land;

And shall delight themselves in
the abundance of peace.

The wicked plotteth against the
just,

And gnasheth upon him with his teeth.

The Lord shall laugh at him:

For he seeth that his day is coming.

The wicked have drawn out the sword,

They have bent their bow;

To cast down the poor and needy,
To slay such as be upright in the way:

Their sword shall enter into their own heart,

And their bows shall be broken.

Better is a little that the righteous hath

Than the abundance of many wicked.

For the arms of the wicked shall be broken:

But the Lord upholdeth the righteous.

The LORD knoweth the days of the perfect:

And their inheritance shall be for ever.

They shall not be ashamed in the time of evil:

And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

But the wicked shall perish,

And the enemies of the Lord shall be as the excellency of the pastures:

They shall consume;

In smoke shall they consume away.

The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again:

But the righteous dealeth graciously, and giveth.

For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the land;

And they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.

A man's goings are established of the LORD;

And he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down:

For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old;

Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.

All the day long he dealeth graciously, and lendeth;

And his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good;

And dwell for evermore.

For the LORD loveth justice,

And forsaketh not his saints;

They are preserved for ever:

But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

The righteous shall inherit the land,

And dwell therein for ever.

I have seen the wicked in great power,

And spreading himself like a green tree in its native soil.

But I passed by, and, lo, he was not:

Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright:

For the latter end of that man is peace.

SELECTION 18

THE NINTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 39

I SAID, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue:

I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

I was dumb with silence,

I held my peace, even from good;

And my sorrow was stirred.

My heart was hot within me;

While I was musing the fire kindled:

Then spake I with my tongue:

LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is;

Let me know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as handbreadths;

And mine age is as nothing before thee:

Surely every man at his best estate is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain shew:

Surely they are disquieted in vain:

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what wait I for?

My hope is in thee.

Deliver me from all my transgressions:

Make me not the reproach of the foolish.

I was dumb,

I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.

Remove thy stroke away from me:

I am consumed by the blow of thy hand.

When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity,

Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity.

Hear my prayer, O LORD,

And give ear unto my cry;

Hold not thy peace at my tears:

For I am a stranger with thee,

A sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

SELECTION 19

THE TENTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 40: 1-13, 16, 17

I WAITED patiently for the LORD

And he inclined unto me, and

heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay ;

And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God :

Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

Blessed is the man that maketh the LORD his trust,

And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

Many, O LORD my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done,

And thy thoughts which are to us-ward :

They cannot be set in order unto thee ;

If I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou hast no delight in ;

Mine ears hast thou opened : burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

Then said I, Lo, I am come ;
In the roll of the book it is prescribed to me.

I delight to do thy will, O my God ;

Yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have published righteousness in the great congregation ;

Lo, I will not refrain my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart ; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation :

I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O LORD :

Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

For innumerable evils have compassed me about,

Mine iniquities have overtaken me, so that I am not able to look up ;

They are more than the hairs of mine head,

And my heart hath failed me.

Be pleased, O LORD, to deliver me :

Make haste to help me, O Lord.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee :

Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

But I am poor and needy ;

Yet the Lord thinketh upon me :

Thou art my help and my deliverer ;

Make no tarrying, O my God.

SELECTION 20

THE TENTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALMS 42 AND 43

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,

So panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:

When shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my food day and night,

While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,

How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God,

With the voice of joy and praise,
A multitude keeping holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?

And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,

Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

My soul is cast down within me:

Therefore do I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:

All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the LORD will command his lovingkindness in the day-time,

And in the night his song shall be with me, a prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me;

While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?

And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,

Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:

O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength; why hast thou cast me off?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me:

Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy:

And upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul?

And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,

Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

SELECTION 21

THE ELEVENTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 44: 1-8

WE have heard with our ears, O
God,

Our fathers have told us,

What work thou didst in their
days,

In the days of old.

Thou didst drive out the nations
with thy hand,

But them didst thou plant;

Thou didst afflict the peoples,

But them didst thou spread
abroad.

For they gat not the land in pos-
session by their own sword,

Neither did their own arm save
them:

But thy right hand, and thine
arm, and the light of thy counte-
nance,

Because thou hadst a favour unto
them.

Thou art my King, O God:

Command deliverance for Jacob.

Through thee will we push down
our adversaries:

Through thy name will we tread
them under that rise up against us.

For I will not trust in my bow,

Neither shall my sword save me.

But thou hast saved us from our
adversaries,

And hast put them to shame that
hate us.

In God have we made our boast
all the day long,

And we will give thanks unto thy
name for ever.

PSALM 46

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear,
though the earth do change,

And though the mountains be
moved in the heart of the seas;

Though the waters thereof roar
and be troubled,

Though the mountains shake
with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams
whereof make glad the city of God,

The holy place of the tabernacles
of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she
shall not be moved:

God shall help her, and that right
early.

The nations raged, the kingdoms
were moved:

He uttered his voice, the earth
melted.

The LORD of hosts is with us;

The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the
LORD,

What desolations he hath made
in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the
end of the earth;

He breaketh the bow, and cutteth
the spear in sunder; he burneth the
chariots in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God :
 I will be exalted among the na-
 tions, I will be exalted in the earth.
 The LORD of hosts is with us ;
 The God of Jacob is our refuge.

SELECTION 22

THE ELEVENTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 47

O CLAP your hands, all ye peo-
 ples ;

Shout unto God with the voice of
 triumph.

For the LORD Most High is terri-
 ble ;

He is a great King over all the
 earth.

He shall subdue the peoples under
 us,

And the nations under our feet.

He shall choose our inheritance
 for us,

The excellency of Jacob whom he
 loved.

God is gone up with a shout,

The Lord with the sound of a
 trumpet.

Sing praises to God, sing praises :

Sing praises unto our King, sing
 praises.

For God is the King of all the
 earth :

Sing ye praises with understand-
 ing.

God reigneth over the nations :

God sitteth upon his holy throne.

The princes of the peoples are

gathered together unto the people
 of the God of Abraham :

For the shields of the earth be-
 long unto God ; he is greatly ex-
 alted.

PSALM 48

GREAT is the LORD, and highly to
 be praised, in the city of our God,
 in his holy mountain.

Beautiful in elevation, the joy of
 the whole earth,

Is mount Zion, on the sides of the
 north, the city of the great King.

God hath made himself known in
 her palaces for a refuge.

For, lo, the kings assembled them-
 selves,

They passed by together.

They saw it, then were they
 amazed ;

They were dismayed, they hasted
 away.

Trembling took hold of them
 there ;

Pain, as of a woman in travail.

With the east wind thou breakest
 the ships of Tarshish.

As we have heard, so have we
 seen in the city of the Lord of hosts,
 in the city of our God :

God will establish it for ever.

We have thought on thy loving-
 kindness, O God, in the midst of
 thy temple.

As is thy name, O God, so is thy
 praise unto the ends of the earth :

Thy right hand is full of right-
 eousness.

Let mount Zion be glad,
 Let the daughters of Judah re-
 joice, because of thy judgments.
 Walk about Zion,
 And go round about her:
 Number the towers thereof.
 Mark ye well her bulwarks,
 Consider her palaces;
 That ye may tell it to the genera-
 tion following.

For this God is our God for ever
 and ever:

He will be our guide even unto
 death.

SELECTION 23

THE TWELFTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 49

HEAR this, all ye peoples;
 Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the
 world:

Both low and high,
 Rich and poor together.
 My mouth shall speak wisdom;
 And the meditation of my heart
 shall be of understanding.

I will incline mine ear to a para-
 ble:

I will open my dark saying upon
 the harp.

Wherefore should I fear in the
 days of evil,

When iniquity at my heels com-
 passeth me about?

They that trust in their wealth,
 And boast themselves in the mul-
 titude of their riches;

None of them can by any means
 redeem his brother,

Nor give to God a ransom for
 him:

(For the redemption of their soul
 is costly,

And must be let alone for ever:)

That he should still live away,

That he should not see corrup-
 tion.

For he seeth that wise men die,
 The fool and the brutish together
 perish,

And leave their wealth to others.

Their inward thought is, that
 their houses shall continue for ever.

And their dwelling places to all
 generations;

They call their lands after their
 own names.

But man abideth not in honour:

He is like the beasts that perish.

This their way is their folly:

Yet after them men approve their
 sayings.

They are appointed as a flock for
 Sheol;

Death shall be their shepherd;

And the upright shall have do-
 minion over them in the morning;

And their beauty shall be for
 Sheol to consume, that there be no
 habitation for it.

But God will redeem my soul
 from the power of Sheol:

For he shall receive me.

Be not thou afraid when one is
 made rich,

When the glory of his house is increased:

For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away;

His glory shall not descend after him.

Though while he lived he blessed his soul,

(And men praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself,)

He shall go to the generation of his fathers;

Which never more see the light.

Man that is in honour, and understandeth not,

Is like the beasts that perish.

SELECTION 24

THE TWELFTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 50

God, even God the LORD, hath spoken,

And called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.

Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined forth.

Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence:

A fire shall devour before him,

And it shall be very tempestuous round about him.

He shall call to the heavens above,

And to the earth, that he may judge his people:

Gather my saints together unto me;

Those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.

And the heavens shall declare his righteousness;

For God is judge himself.

Hear, O my people, and I will speak;

O Israel, and I will testify unto thee: I am God, even thy God.

I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices;

And thy burnt offerings are continually before me.

I will take no bullock out of thy house,

Nor he-goats out of thy folds.

For every beast of the forest is mine,

And the cattle upon a thousand hills.

I know all the fowls of the mountains:

And the wild beasts of the field are mine.

If I were hungry, I would not tell thee:

For the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.

Will I eat the flesh of bulls,

Or drink the blood of goats?

Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving;

And pay thy vows unto the Most High:

And call upon me in the day of trouble;

I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

But unto the wicked God saith,
What hast thou to do to declare my
statutes,

And that thou hast taken my cov-
enant in thy mouth?

Seeing thou hatest instruction,
And castest my words behind
thee.

When thou sawest a thief, thou
consentedst with him,

And hast been partaker with adul-
terers.

Thou givest thy mouth to evil,
And thy tongue frameth deceit.
Thou sittest and speakest against
thy brother;

Thou slanderest thine own moth-
er's son.

These things hast thou done, and
I kept silence;

Thou thoughtest that I was alto-
gether such an one as thyself:

But I will reprove thee, and set
them in order before thine eyes.

Now consider this, ye that forget
God,

Lest I tear you in pieces,
And there be none to deliver:

Whoso offereth the sacrifice of
thanksgiving glorifieth me;

And to him that ordereth his way
aright will I shew the salvation of
God.

SELECTION 25

THE THIRTEENTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 51: 1-17

HAVE mercy upon me, O God,
according to thy lovingkindness:

According to the multitude of
thy tender mercies blot out my
transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine
iniquity,

And cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgres-
sions:

And my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I
sinned,

And done that which is evil in
thy sight:

That thou mayest be justified
when thou speakest,

And be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;

And in sin did my mother con-
ceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the
inward parts:

And in the hidden part thou shalt
make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall
be clean:

Wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Make me to hear joy and glad-
ness;

That the bones which thou hast
broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins,

And blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O
God;

And renew a right spirit within
me.

Cast me not away from thy pres-
ence;

And take not thy holy spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation:

And uphold me with a free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;

And sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness,
O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips;

And my mouth shall 'shew forth thy praise.

For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:

Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

SELECTION 26

THE THIRTEENTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 55:1-8, 16-18, 22

GIVE ear to my prayer, O God;
And hide not thyself from my supplication.

Attend unto me, and answer me:
I am restless in my complaint, and moan;

Because of the voice of the enemy,

Because of the oppression of the wicked;

For they cast iniquity upon me,
And in anger they persecute me.

My heart is sore pained within me:

And the terrors of death are fallen upon me.

Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me,

And horror hath overwhelmed me.

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove!

Then would I fly away, and be at rest.

Lo, then would I wander far off,
I would lodge in the wilderness.

I would haste me to a shelter from the stormy wind and tempest.

As for me, I will call upon God;
And the Lord shall save me.

Evening, and morning, and at noonday, will I complain, and moan:
And he shall hear my voice.

He hath redeemed my soul in peace from the battle that was against me:

For they were many that strove with me.

Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and he shall sustain thee:

He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

PSALM 56:3, 9, 11-13

WHAT time I am afraid,
I will put my trust in thee.

Then shall mine enemies turn
back in the day that I call:

This I know, that God is for me.

In God have I put my trust, I
will not be afraid;

What can man do unto me?

Thy vows are upon me, O God:

**I will render thank offerings unto
thee.**

For thou hast delivered my soul
from death:

**That I may walk before God in
the light of the living.**

SELECTION 27

THE FOURTEENTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 57

BE merciful unto me, O God, be
merciful unto me; for my soul taketh
refuge in thee:

**Yea, in the shadow of thy wings
will I take refuge, until these calamities
be overpast.**

I will cry unto God Most High;

**Unto God that performeth all
things for me.**

He shall send from heaven, and
save me, when he that would swallow
me up reproacheth;

**God shall send forth his mercy
and his truth.**

My soul is among lions;

**I lie among them that are set on
fire,**

Even the sons of men, whose teeth
are spears and arrows,

And their tongue a sharp sword.

Be thou exalted, O God, above
the heavens;

**Let thy glory be above all the
earth.**

They have prepared a net for my
steps;

My soul is bowed down:

They have digged a pit before
me;

**They are fallen into the midst
thereof themselves.**

My heart is fixed, O God, my
heart is fixed:

**I will sing, yea, I will sing
praises.**

Awake up, my glory; awake,
psaltery and harp:

I myself will awake right early.

**I will give thanks unto thee, O
Lord, among the peoples:**

**I will sing praises unto thee
among the nations.**

For thy mercy is great unto the
heavens,

And thy truth unto the skies.

Be thou exalted, O God, above
the heavens;

**Let thy glory be above all the
earth.**

PSALM 61

HEAR my cry, O God;

Attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth will
I call unto thee, when my heart is
overwhelmed:

**Lead me to the rock that is higher
than I.**

For thou hast been a refuge for me,

A strong tower from the enemy.

I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever:

I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings.

For thou, O God, hast heard my vows:

Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

Thou wilt prolong the king's life:

His years shall be as many generations.

He shall abide before God for ever:

O prepare lovingkindness and truth, that they may preserve him.

So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever,

That I may daily perform my vows.

SELECTION 28

THE FOURTEENTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 62

My soul waiteth only upon God:
From him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation:

He is my high tower; I shall not be greatly moved.

How long will ye set upon a man,
That ye may slay him, all of you,

Like a bowing wall, like a tottering fence?

They only consult to thrust him down from his excellency;

They delight in lies:

They bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.

My soul, wait thou only upon God;

For my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation:

He is my high tower; I shall not be moved.

With God is my salvation and my glory:

The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times, ye people;

Pour out your heart before him:
God is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:

In the balances they will go up;
they are together lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:

If riches increase, set not your heart thereon.

God hath spoken once,

Twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God:

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy:

For thou renderest to every man according to his work.

SELECTION 29

THE FIFTEENTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 63

O God, thou art my God; earnest-
ly will I seek thee:

My soul thirsteth for thee, my
flesh longeth for thee,

In a dry and weary land,

Where no water is.

So have I looked upon thee in the
sanctuary,

To see thy power and thy glory.

For thy lovingkindness is better
than life;

My lips shall praise thee.

So will I bless thee while I live:

I will lift up my hands in thy
name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with
marrow and fatness;

And my mouth shall praise thee
with joyful lips;

When I remember thee upon my
bed,

And meditate on thee in the night
watches.

For thou hast been my help,

And in the shadow of thy wings
will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after
thee:

Thy right hand upholdeth me.

But those that seek my soul, to
destroy it, shall go into the lower
parts of the earth.

They shall be given over to the
power of the sword:

They shall be a portion for foxes.

But the king shall rejoice in God:

Every one that sweareth by him
shall glory;

For the mouth of them that speak
lies shall be stopped.

PSALM 65

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God,
in Zion:

And unto thee shall the vow be
performed.

O thou that hearest prayer,

Unto thee shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me:

As for our transgressions, thou
shalt purge them away.

Blessed is the man whom thou
choosest, and causest to approach
unto thee,

That he may dwell in thy courts:

We shall be satisfied with the
goodness of thy house,

The holy place of thy temple.

By terrible things thou wilt an-
swer us in righteousness,

O God of our salvation;

Thou that art the confidence of
all the ends of the earth,

And of them that are afar off up-
on the sea:

Which by his strength setteth fast
the mountains;

Being girded about with might:

Which stilleth the roaring of the
seas,

The roaring of their waves, and
the tumult of the peoples.

They also that dwell in the utter-

most parts are afraid at thy tokens:

Thou makest the outings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it,

Thou greatly enrichest it;

The river of God is full of water:

Thou providest them corn, when thou hast so prepared the earth.

Thou waterest her furrows abundantly;

Thou settlest the ridges thereof:

Thou makest it soft with showers;

Thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;

And thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:

And the hills are girded with joy.

The pastures are clothed with flocks;

The valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

SELECTION 30

THE FIFTEENTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 66

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all the earth:

Sing forth the glory of his name:

Make his praise glorious.

Say unto God, How terrible are thy works!

Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

All the earth shall worship thee, And shall sing unto thee;

They shall sing to thy name.

Come, and see the works of God; He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

He turned the sea into dry land: They went through the river on foot:

There did we rejoice in him.

He ruleth by his might for ever;

His eyes observe the nations:

Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

O bless our God, ye peoples,

And make the voice of his praise to be heard:

Which holdeth our soul in life,

And suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For thou, O God, hast proved us: Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

Thou broughtest us into the net;

Thou layedst a sore burden upon our loins.

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads;

We went through fire and through water; but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

I will come into thy house with burnt offerings,

I will pay thee my vows,

Which my lips have uttered,

And my mouth hath spoken,
when I was in distress.

I will offer unto thee burnt offerings
of fatlings, with the incense of
rams;

I will offer bullocks with goats.

Come, and hear, all ye that fear
God,

And I will declare what he hath
done for my soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth,
And he was extolled with my
tongue.

If I regard iniquity in my heart,
the Lord will not hear:

But verily God hath heard:

He hath attended to the voice of
my prayer.

Blessed be God, which hath not
turned away my prayer, nor his
mercy from me.

PSALM 67

GOD be merciful unto us, and
bless us,

And cause his face to shine upon
us;

That thy way may be known upon
earth,

Thy saving health among all na-
tions.

Let the peoples praise thee, O
God;

Let all the peoples praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing
for joy:

For thou shalt judge the peoples
with equity, and govern the nations
upon earth.

Let the peoples praise thee, O
God;

Let all the peoples praise thee.

The earth hath yielded her in-
crease:

God, even our own God, shall
bless us.

God shall bless us;

And all the ends of the earth shall
fear him.

SELECTION 31

THE SIXTEENTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 68: 1-12, 16-20, 32-35

LET God arise, let his enemies be
scattered;

Let them also that hate him flee
before him.

As smoke is driven away, so drive
them away:

As wax melteth before the fire, so
let the wicked perish at the presence
of God.

But let the righteous be glad,

Let them exult before God:

Yea, let them rejoice with glad-
ness.

Sing unto God, sing praises to his
name:

Cast up a high way for him that
rideth through the deserts;

His name is Jah; and exult ye
before him.

A father of the fatherless, and a
judge of the widows, is God in his
holy habitation.

God setteth the solitary in fam-
ilies:

He bringeth out the prisoners into
prosperity :

But the rebellious dwell in a
parched land.

O God, when thou wentest forth
before thy people,

When thou didst march through
the wilderness ;

The earth trembled, the heavens
also dropped rain at the presence of
God :

Even yon Sinai trembled at the
presence of God, the God of Israel.

Thou, O God, didst send a plenti-
ful rain,

Thou didst confirm thine inher-
itance, when it was weary.

Thy congregation dwelt therein :
Thou, O God, didst prepare of thy
goodness for the poor.

The Lord giveth the word :
The women that publish the tid-
ings are a great host.

Kings of armies flee, they flee :
And she that tarrieth at home di-
videth the spoil.

Why look ye askance, ye high
mountains, at the mountain which
God hath desired for his abode ?

Yea, the Lord will dwell in it for
ever.

The chariots of God are twenty
thousand, even thousands upon
thousands :

The Lord is among them as in
Sinai, in the sanctuary.

Thou hast ascended on high,

Thou hast led thy captivity cap-
tive ;

Thou hast received gifts among
men,

Yea, among the rebellious also,
that the Lord God might dwell with
them.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily
beareth our burden,

Even the God who is our salva-
tion.

God is unto us a God of deliver-
ances ;

And unto Jehovah the Lord be-
long the issues from death.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of
the earth ;

O sing praises unto the Lord ;
To him that rideth upon the heav-
ens of heavens, which are of old ;

Lo, he uttereth his voice, and that
a mighty voice.

Ascribe ye strength unto God :
His excellency is over Israel, and
his strength is in the skies.

O God, thou art terrible out of
thy holy places :

The God of Israel, he giveth
strength and power unto his peo-
ple : blessed be God.

SELECTION 32

THE SIXTEENTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 71: 1-12, 17-24

IN thee, O LORD, do I put my
trust :

Let me never be ashamed.

Deliver me in thy righteousness,
and rescue me:

Bow down thine ear unto me, and
save me.

Be thou to me a strong rock,
whereunto I may continually resort:

Thou hast given commandment
to save me; for thou art my rock
and my fortress.

Rescue me, O my God, out of the
hand of the wicked,

Out of the hand of the unright-
eous and cruel man.

For thou art my hope, O LORD
God.

Thou art my trust from my youth.

By thee have I been holden up
from the womb:

My praise shall be continually of
thee.

I am as a wonder unto many;

But thou art my strong refuge.

My mouth shall be filled with thy
praise,

And with thy honour all the day.

Cast me not off in the time of old
age;

Forsake me not when my
strength faileth.

For mine enemies speak concern-
ing me;

And they that watch for my soul
take counsel together,

Saying, God hath forsaken him:

Pursue and take him; for there is
none to deliver.

O God, be not far from me:

O my God, make haste to help
me.

O God, thou hast taught me from
my youth;

And hitherto have I declared thy
wondrous works.

Yea, even when I am old and
grayheaded, O God, forsake me not;

Until I have declared thy strength
unto the next generation, thy might
to every one that is to come.

Thy righteousness also, O God, is
very high;

Thou who hast done great things,
O God, who is like unto thee?

Thou, which hast shewed us
many and sore troubles, shalt quick-
en us again,

And shalt bring us up again from
the depths of the earth.

Increase thou my greatness,

And turn again and comfort me.

I will also praise thee with the
psaltery, even thy truth, O my God:

Unto thee will I sing praises with
the harp, O thou Holy One of Is-
rael.

My lips shall greatly rejoice when
I sing praises unto thee;

And my soul, which thou hast re-
deemed.

My tongue also shall talk of thy
righteousness all the day long:

For they are ashamed, for they
are confounded, that seek my hurt.

SELECTION 33

THE SEVENTEENTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 72

GIVE the king thy judgments, O
God,

And thy righteousness unto the
king's son.

He shall judge thy people with
righteousness,

And thy poor with justice.

The mountains shall bring peace
to the people,

And the hills, in righteousness.

He shall judge the poor of the
people,

He shall save the children of the
needy, and shall break in pieces the
oppressor.

They shall fear thee while the sun
endureth,

And so long as the moon,
throughout all generations.

He shall come down like rain up-
on the mown grass:

As showers that water the earth.

In his days shall the righteous
flourish;

And abundance of peace, till the
moon be no more.

He shall have dominion also from
sea to sea,

And from the River unto the ends
of the earth.

They that dwell in the wilderness
shall bow before him;

And his enemies shall lick the
dust.

The kings of Tarshish and of the
isles shall bring presents:

The kings of Sheba and Seba
shall offer gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall down be-
fore him:

All nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy
when he crieth;

And the poor, that hath no helper.

He shall have pity on the poor
and needy,

And the souls of the needy he
shall save.

He shall redeem their soul from
oppression and violence;

And precious shall their blood be
in his sight, and they shall live;

And to him shall be given of the
gold of Sheba:

And men shall pray for him con-
tinually;

They shall bless him all the day
long.

There shall be abundance of corn
in the earth upon the top of the
mountains;

The fruit thereof shall shake like
Lebanon:

And they of the city shall flourish
like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever

His name shall be continued as
long as the sun:

And men shall be blessed in him

All nations shall call him happy

Blessed be the LORD God, the God

of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things:

And blessed be his glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory.

SELECTION 34

THE SEVENTEENTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 73:1-26

SURELY God is good to Israel,
Even to such as are pure in heart.
But as for me, my feet were almost gone;

My steps had well nigh slipped.
For I was envious at the arrogant,

When I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

For there are no bands in their death:

But their strength is firm.
They are not in trouble as other men;

Neither are they plagued like other men;

Therefore pride is as a chain about their neck;

Violence covereth them as a garment.

Their eyes stand out with fatness:
They have more than heart could wish.

They scoff, and in wickedness utter oppression:

They speak loftily.
They have set their mouth in the heavens,

And their tongue walketh through the earth.

Therefore his people are turned after them:

And waters of a full cup are drained by them.

And they say, How doth God know?

And is there knowledge in the Most High?

Behold, these are the wicked;
And, being alway at ease, they increase in riches.

Surely in vain have I cleansed my heart,

And washed my hands in innocency;

For all the day long have I been plagued,

And chastened every morning.
If I had said, I will speak thus;

Behold, I had dealt treacherously with the generation of thy children.

When I thought how I might know this, it was too painful for me;

Until I went into the sanctuary of God, and considered their latter end.

Surely thou settest them in slippery places:

Thou castest them down to destruction.

How are they become a desolation in a moment!

They are utterly consumed with terrors.

As a dream when one awaketh;

So, O Lord, when thou awakest,
thou shalt despise their image.

For my heart was grieved,
And I was pricked in my reins:
So brutish was I, and ignorant;
I was as a beast before thee.

Nevertheless I am continually
with thee:

Thou hast holden my right hand.

Thou shalt guide me with thy
counsel,

And afterward receive me to
glory.

Whom have I in heaven but thee?

And there is none upon earth that
I desire beside thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth:

But God is the strength of my
heart and my portion for ever.

SELECTION 35

THE EIGHTEENTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 77

I WILL cry unto God with my
voice;

Even unto God with my voice,
and he will give ear unto me.

In the day of my trouble I sought
the LORD:

My hand was stretched out in the
night, and slackened not; my soul re-
fused to be comforted.

I remember God, and am dis-
quieted:

I complain, and my spirit is over-
whelmed.

Thou holdest mine eyes watch-
ing:

I am so troubled that I cannot
speak.

I have considered the days of old,
the years of ancient times.

I call to remembrance my song
in the night:

I commune with mine own heart

And my spirit made diligent
search.

Will the Lord cast off for ever?

And will he be favourable no
more?

Is his mercy clean gone for ever?

Doth his promise fail for ever-
more?

Hath God forgotten to be gra-
cious?

Hath he in anger shut up his ten-
der mercies?

And I said, This is my infirmity

But I will remember the years of
the right hand of the Most High.

I will make mention of the deeds
of the LORD;

For I will remember thy wonders
of old.

I will meditate also upon all thy
work,

And muse on thy doings.

Thy way, O God, is in the sanc-
tuary:

Who is a great god like unto God?

Thou art the God that doest won-
ders:

Thou hast made known thy
strength among the peoples.

Thou hast with thine arm re-
 deemed thy people,
 The sons of Jacob and Joseph.
 The waters saw thee, O God;
 The waters saw thee, they were
 afraid:
 The depths also trembled.
 The clouds poured out water;
 The skies sent out a sound:
 Thine arrows also went abroad.
 The voice of thy thunder was in
 the whirlwind;
 The lightnings lightened the
 world:
 The earth trembled and shook.
 Thy way was in the sea,
 And thy paths in the great wa-
 ters,
 And thy footsteps were not
 known.
 Thou leddest thy people like a
 flock,
 By the hand of Moses and Aaron.

SELECTION 36

THE EIGHTEENTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 80

GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel,
 Thou that leadest Joseph like a
 flock;
 Thou that sittest upon the cheru-
 bim, shine forth.
 Before Ephraim and Benjamin
 and Manasseh, stir up thy might,
 and come to save us.
 Turn us again, O God;

And cause thy face to shine, and
 we shall be saved.

O LORD God of hosts,
 How long wilt thou be angry
 against the prayer of thy people?

Thou hast fed them with the
 bread of tears,

And given them tears to drink in
 large measure.

Thou makest us a strife unto our
 neighbours:

And our enemies laugh among
 themselves.

Turn us again, O God of hosts;
 And cause thy face to shine, and
 we shall be saved.

Thou broughtest a vine out of
 Egypt:

Thou didst drive out the nations,
 and plantedst it.

Thou preparedst room before it,
 And it took deep root, and filled
 the land.

The mountains were covered with
 the shadow of it,

And the boughs thereof were like
 cedars of God.

She sent out her branches unto
 the sea,

And her shoots unto the River.

Why hast thou broken down her
 fences,

So that all they which pass by
 the way do pluck her?

The boar out of the wood doth
 ravage it,

And the wild beasts of the field
 feed on it.

Turn again, we beseech thee, O
God of hosts:

Look down from heaven, and be-
hold, and visit this vine,

And the stock which thy right
hand hath planted,

And the branch that thou madest
strong for thyself.

It is burned with fire, it is cut
down:

They perish at the rebuke of thy
countenance.

Let thy hand be upon the man of
thy right hand,

Upon the son of man whom thou
madest strong for thyself.

So shall we not go back from
thee:

Quicken thou us, and we will call
upon thy name.

Turn us again, O LORD God of
hosts;

Cause thy face to shine, and we
shall be saved.

SELECTION 37

THE NINETEENTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 84

How amiable are thy tabernacles,
O LORD of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even faint-
eth for the courts of the Lord;

My heart and my flesh cry out
unto the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found her
an house,

And the swallow a nest for her-

self, where she may lay her young.

Even thine altars, O LORD of
hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in
thy house:

They will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose
strength is in thee;

In whose heart are the high ways
to Zion.

Passing through the valley of
Weeping they make it a place of
springs;

Yea, the early rain covereth it
with blessings.

They go from strength to
strength,

Every one of them appeareth be-
fore God in Zion.

O LORD God of hosts, hear my
prayer:

Give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield,

And look upon the face of thine
anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better
than a thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in
the house of my God, than to dwell
in the tents of wickedness.

For the LORD God is a sun and a
shield:

The Lord will give grace and
glory:

No good thing will he withhold
from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the
man that trusteth in thee.

SELECTION 38

THE NINETEENTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 85

LORD, thou hast been favourable
unto thy land:

Thou hast brought back the cap-
tivity of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity
of thy people,

Thou hast covered all their sin.

Thou hast taken away all thy
wrath:

Thou hast turned thyself from
the fierceness of thine anger.

Turn us, O God of our salvation,
And cause thine indignation to-
ward us to cease.

Wilt thou be angry with us for
ever?

Wilt thou draw out thine anger
to all generations?

Wilt thou not quicken us again:
That thy people may rejoice in
thee?

Shew us thy mercy, O LORD,
And grant us thy salvation.

I will hear what God the LORD
will speak:

For he will speak peace unto his
people, and to his saints:

Surely his salvation is nigh them
that fear him;

That glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met togeth-
er;

Righteousness and peace have
kissed each other.

Truth springeth out of the earth;
And righteousness hath looked
down from heaven.

Yea, the LORD shall give that
which is good;

And our land shall yield her in-
crease.

Righteousness shall go before
him;

And shall make his footsteps a
way to walk in.

SELECTION 39

THE TWENTIETH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 90

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling
place in all generations.

Before the mountains were
brought forth,

Or ever thou hadst formed the
earth and the world,

Even from everlasting to everlast-
ing thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction;
And sayest, Return, ye children
of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight
are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with
a flood; they are as a sleep:

In the morning they are like grass
which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and
groweth up;

In the evening it is cut down, and
withereth.

For we are consumed in thine
anger,

And in thy wrath are we trou-
bled.

Thou hast set our iniquities be-
fore thee,

Our secret sins in the light of thy
countenance.

For all our days are passed away
in thy wrath:

We bring our years to an end as
a sigh.

The days of our years are three-
score years and ten,

Or even by reason of strength
fourscore years;

Yet is their pride but labour and
sorrow;

For it is soon gone, and we fly
away.

Who knoweth the power of thine
anger,

And thy wrath according to the
fear that is due unto thee?

So teach us to number our days,
that we may get us an heart of
wisdom.

Return, O Lord; how long? and
let it repent thee concerning thy
servants.

O satisfy us in the morning with
thy mercy;

That we may rejoice and be glad
all our days.

Make us glad according to the
days wherein thou hast afflicted us,

And the years wherein we have
seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy
servants,

And thy glory upon their chil-
dren.

And let the beauty of the LORD
our God be upon us; and establish
thou the work of our hands upon
us;

Yea, the work of our hands es-
tablish thou it.

SELECTION 40

THE TWENTIETH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 91

He that dwelleth in the secret
place of the Most High

Shall abide under the shadow of
the Almighty.

I will say of the LORD, He is my
refuge and my fortress,

My God, in whom I trust.

For he shall deliver thee from
the snare of the fowler,

And from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his pin-
ions,

And under his wings shalt thou
take refuge: his truth is a shield
and a buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the
terror by night,

Nor for the arrow that flieth by
day;

For the pestilence that walketh in
darkness,

Nor for the destruction that wast-
eth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side,
And ten thousand at thy right
hand;

But it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou
behold, and see the reward of the
wicked.

For thou, O LORD, art my refuge!
Thou hast made the Most High
thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee,
Neither shall any plague come
nigh thy tent.

For he shall give his angels charge
over thee, to keep thee in all thy
ways.

They shall bear thee up in their
hands, lest thou dash thy foot
against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion
and adder:

The young lion and the serpent
shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon
me, therefore will I deliver him:

I will set him on high, because he
hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will
answer him;

I will be with him in trouble:

I will deliver him, and honour
him.

With long life will I satisfy him,
and shew him my salvation.

SELECTION 41

THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 92: 1-9, 12-15

It is a good thing to give thanks
unto the LORD,

And to sing praises unto thy
name, O Most High:

To shew forth thy lovingkind-
ness in the morning,

And thy faithfulness every night,

With an instrument of ten
strings, and with the psaltery;

With a solemn sound upon the
harp.

For thou, LORD, hast made me
glad through thy work:

I will triumph in the works of thy
hands.

How great are thy works, O
LORD!

Thy thoughts are very deep.

A brutish man knoweth not;

Neither doth a fool understand
this:

When the wicked spring as the
grass,

And when all the workers of in-
iquity do flourish;

It is that they shall be destroyed
for ever:

But thou, O Lord, art on high for
evermore.

For, lo, thine enemies, O LORD,
for lo, thine enemies shall perish;

All the workers of iniquity shall
be scattered.

The righteous shall flourish like
the palm tree:

He shall grow like a cedar in
Lebanon.

They that are planted in the house
of the LORD

Shall flourish in the courts of our
God.

They shall still bring forth fruit
in old age;

They shall be full of sap and
green:

To shew that the LORD is upright;
He is my rock, and there is no
unrighteousness in him.

PSALM 93

THE LORD reigneth;

He is apparelled with majesty;

The LORD is apparelled, he hath
girded himself with strength:

The world also is stablished, that
it cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old:
Thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O
LORD, the floods have lifted up their
voice;

The floods lift up their waves.

Above the voices of many wa-
ters, the mighty breakers of the sea,

The Lord on high is mighty.

Thy testimonies are very sure:

Holiness becometh thy house, O
Lord, for evermore.

SELECTION 42

THE TWENTY-FIRST DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 95

O COME, let us sing unto the
LORD:

Let us make a joyful noise to the
rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence
with thanksgiving,

Let us make a joyful noise unto
him with psalms.

For the LORD is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of
the earth;

The heights of the mountains are
his also.

The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands formed the dry

land.

O come, let us worship and bow
down;

Let us kneel before the Lord our
Maker:

For he is our God,

And we are the people of his pas-
ture, and the sheep of his hand.

To-day, Oh that ye would hear
his voice! Harden not your heart,
as at Meribah,

As in the day of Massah in the
wilderness:

When your fathers tempted me,
Proved me, and saw my work.

Forty years long was I grieved
with that generation,

'And said, It is a people that do
err in their heart.

And they have not known my
ways:

Wherefore I sware in my wrath,
that they should not enter into my
rest.

PSALM 96

O SING unto the LORD a new
song:

Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the LORD, bless his
name;

Shew forth his salvation from day
to day.

Declare his glory among the na-
tions,

His marvellous works among all
the peoples.

For great is the LORD, and highly
to be praised:

He is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the peoples are
idols:

But the Lord made the heavens.

Honour and majesty are before
him:

Strength and beauty are in his
sanctuary.

Give unto the LORD, ye kindreds
of the peoples,

Give unto the Lord glory and
strength.

Give unto the LORD the glory due
unto his name:

Bring an offering, and come into
his courts.

O worship the LORD in the beauty
of holiness:

Tremble before him, all the earth.

Say among the nations, The LORD
reigneth:

The world also is stablished that
it cannot be moved:

He shall judge the peoples with
equity.

Let the heavens be glad, and let
the earth rejoice;

Let the sea roar, and the fulness
thereof;

Let the field exult, and all that is
therein;

Then shall all the trees of the
wood sing for joy before the LORD,

For he cometh; for he cometh to
judge the earth:

He shall judge the world with
righteousness,

And the peoples with his truth.

SELECTION 43

THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 97

THE LORD reigneth; let the earth
rejoice;

Let the multitude of isles be glad.

Clouds and darkness are round
about him:

Righteousness and justice are the
foundation of his throne.

A fire goeth before him,

And burneth up his adversaries
round about.

His lightnings lightened the world:

The earth saw, and trembled.

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the LORD,

At the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness,

And all the peoples have seen his glory.

Ashamed be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols:

Worship him, all ye gods.

Zion heard and was glad,

And the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgments, O Lord.

For thou, LORD, art most high above all the earth:

Thou art exalted far above all gods.

O ye that love the LORD, hate evil:

He preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous,

And gladness for the upright in heart.

Be glad in the LORD, ye righteous;

And give thanks to his holy name.

PSALM 98

O SING unto the LORD a new song, for he hath done marvellous things:

His right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him.

The LORD hath made known his salvation:

His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the nations

He hath remembered his mercy and his faithfulness toward the house of Israel:

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all the earth:

Break forth and sing for joy, ye that sing praises.

Sing praises unto the LORD with the harp, with the harp and the voice of melody.

With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the King, the Lord.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;

The world, and they that dwell therein;

Let the floods clap their hands;

Let the hills sing for joy together before the Lord;

For he cometh to judge the earth

He shall judge the world with righteousness,

And the peoples with equity.

SELECTION 44

THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 99

THE LORD reigneth; let the peoples tremble:

He sitteth upon the cherubim; let
the earth be moved.

The LORD is great in Zion;
And he is high above all the peo-
ples.

Let them praise thy great and ter-
rible name:

Holy is he.

The king's strength also loveth
justice:

Thou dost establish equity; thou
executest justice and righteousness
in Jacob.

Exalt ye the LORD our God, and
worship at his footstool:

Holy is he.

Moses and Aaron among his
priests, and Samuel among them
that call upon his name;

They called upon the Lord, and
he answered them:

He spake unto them in the pillar
of cloud:

They kept his testimonies, and
the statute that he gave them.

Thou answeredst them, O LORD
our God:

Thou wast a God that forgavest
them, though thou tookest ven-
geance of their doings.

Exalt ye the LORD our God, and
worship at his holy hill;

For the Lord our God is holy.

PSALM 100

MAKE a joyful noise unto the
LORD, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness:

Come before his presence with
singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God:

It is he that hath made us, and
we are his;

We are his people, and the sheep
of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanks-
giving, and into his courts with
praise:

Give thanks unto him, and bless
his name.

For the LORD is good; his mercy
endureth for ever;

And his faithfulness unto all gen-
erations.

SELECTION 45

THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 103

BLESS the LORD, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless
his holy name.

Bless the LORD, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniqui-
ties;

Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from de-
struction;

Who crowneth thee with loving-
kindness and tender mercies:

Who satisfieth thy desire with
good things;

So that thy youth is renewed like
the eagle.

The LORD executeth righteous acts,

And judgments for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses,

His doings unto the children of Israel.

The LORD is full of compassion and gracious,

Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide;

Neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins,

Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children,

So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame;

He remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass;

As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;

And the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,

And his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant,

And to those that remember his precepts to do them.

The LORD hath established his throne in the heavens;

And his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the LORD, ye angels of his

Ye mighty in strength, that fulfil his word, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless the LORD, all ye his hosts

Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the LORD, all ye his works in all places of his dominion:

Bless the Lord, O my soul.

SELECTION 46

THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 104

BLESS the LORD, O my soul.

O Lord my God, thou art very great;

Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment;

Who stretchest out the heaven like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his
chambers in the waters;

Who maketh the clouds his char-
iot;

Who walketh upon the wings of
the wind:

Who maketh winds his messen-
gers;

His ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the
earth,

That it should not be moved for
ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep
as with a vesture;

The waters stood above the
mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled;

At the voice of thy thunder they
hasted away;

They went up by the mountains,
they went down by the valleys,

Unto the place which thou hadst
founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they
may not pass over;

That they turn not again to cover
the earth.

He sendeth forth springs into the
valleys;

They run among the mountains:

They give drink to every beast of
the field;

The wild asses quench their
thirst.

By them the birds of the heavens
have their habitation,

They sing among the branches.

He watereth the mountains from
his chambers:

The earth is satisfied with the
fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for
the cattle,

And herb for the service of man;

That he may bring forth food
out of the earth:

And wine that maketh glad the
heart of man,

And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread that strengtheneth
man's heart.

The trees of the LORD are satis-
fied;

The cedars of Lebanon, which he
hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests:
As for the stork, the fir trees are
her house.

The high mountains are for the
wild goats;

The rocks are a refuge for the
conies.

He appointed the moon for sea-
sons:

The sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is
night;

Wherein all the beasts of the for-
est do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their
prey,

And seek their food from God.

The sun ariseth, they get them
away, and lay them down in their
dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work
and to his labour until the evening.

O LORD, how manifold are thy
works!

In wisdom hast thou made them
all:

The earth is full of thy riches.

Yonder is the sea, great and
wide,

Wherein are things creeping in-
numerable,

Both small and great beasts.

There go the ships;

There is leviathan, whom thou
hast formed to take his pastime
therein.

These wait all upon thee,

That thou mayest give them their
food in due season.

That thou givest unto them they
gather;

Thou openest thy hand, they are
satisfied with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are
troubled;

Thou takest away their breath,
they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit,
they are created;

And thou renewest the face of the
ground.

Let the glory of the LORD endure
for ever;

Let the Lord rejoice in his works:

Who looketh on the earth, and it
trembleth;

He toucheth the mountains, and
they smoke.

I will sing unto the LORD as long
as I live:

I will sing praise to my God
while I have any being.

Let my meditation be sweet unto
him:

I will rejoice in the Lord.

Let sinners be consumed out of
the earth,

And let the wicked be no more.

Bless the LORD, O my soul.

Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 47

THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 107:1-31

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD; for
he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the LORD say
so,

Whom he hath redeemed from
the hand of the adversary;

And gathered them out of the
lands,

From the east and from the west,
from the north and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness
in a desert way;

They found no city of habitation.

Hungry and thirsty, their soul
fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in
their trouble, and he delivered them
out of their distresses.

He led them also by a straight

way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul,
And the hungry soul he filleth with good.

Such as sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron;

Because they rebelled against the words of God,

And contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labour;

They fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he hath broken the gates of brass,

And cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

Their soul abhorreth all manner of food;

And they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.

He sendeth his word, and healeth them, and delivereth them from their destructions.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving,

And declare his works with singing.

They that go down to the sea in ships,

That do business in great waters;

These see the works of the LORD,

And his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,

Which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths:

Their soul melteth away because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.

And they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so
that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they
be quiet;

So he bringeth them unto their
desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the
Lord for his goodness, and for his
wonderful works to the children of
men!

SELECTION 48

THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 111

PRAISE ye the LORD. I will give
thanks unto the LORD with my whole
heart,

In the council of the upright, and
in the congregation.

The works of the LORD are great,
Sought out of all them that have
pleasure therein.

His work is honour and majesty:
And his righteousness endureth
for ever.

He hath made his wonderful
works to be remembered:

The Lord is gracious and full of
compassion.

He hath given food unto them
that fear him:

He will ever be mindful of his
covenant.

He hath shewed his people the
power of his works,

In giving them the heritage of the
nations.

The works of his hands are true
and justice;

All his precepts are sure.

They are established for ever and
ever,

They are done in truth and u
rightness.

He hath sent redemption unto h
people;

He hath commanded his covenan
for ever:

Holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the Lord is the begi
ning of wisdom;

A good understanding have
they that do thereafter:

His praise endureth for ever.

PSALM 112

PRAISE ye the LORD. Blessed
the man that feareth the LORD,

That delighteth greatly in h
commandments.

His seed shall be mighty up
earth:

The generation of the uprig
shall be blessed.

Wealth and riches are in h
house:

And his righteousness endure
for ever.

Unto the upright there arise
light in the darkness:

He is gracious, and full of co
passion, and righteous.

Well is it with the man that de
eth graciously and lendeth;

He shall maintain his cause
judgment.

For he shall never be moved;
The righteous shall be had in
everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil
tidings:

His heart is fixed, trusting in the
Lord.

His heart is established, he shall
not be afraid,

Until he see his desire upon his
adversaries.

He hath dispersed, he hath given
to the needy;

His righteousness endureth for
ever:

His horn shall be exalted with
honour.

The wicked shall see it, and be
grieved;

He shall gnash with his teeth, and
melt away:

The desire of the wicked shall
perish.

SELECTION 49

THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 113: 1-8

PRAISE ye the LORD.

Praise, O ye servants of the Lord,
praise the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name of the LORD
from this time forth and for ever-
more.

From the rising of the sun unto
the going down of the same the
Lord's name is to be praised.

The LORD is high above all na-
tions,

And his glory above the heavens.

Who is like unto the LORD our
God, that hath his seat on high,

That humbleth himself to behold
the things that are in heaven and in
the earth?

He raiseth up the poor out of the
dust,

And lifteth up the needy from the
dunghill;

That he may set him with princes,

Even with the princes of his peo-
ple.

PSALM 114

WHEN Israel went forth out of
Egypt,

The house of Jacob from a people
of strange language;

Judah became his sanctuary,

Israel his dominion.

The sea saw it, and fled;

Jordan was driven back.

The mountains skipped like rams,

The little hills like young sheep.

What aileth thee, O thou sea, that
thou fleest?

Thou Jordan, that thou turnest
back?

Ye mountains, that ye skip like
rams;

Ye little hills, like young sheep?

Tremble, thou earth, at the pres-
ence of the Lord,

At the presence of the God of
Jacob;

Which turned the rock into a pool
of water,

The flint into a fountain of wa-
ters.

PSALM 115: 1-15

NOT unto us, O LORD, not unto
us,

But unto thy name give glory,
For thy mercy, and for thy truth's
sake.

Wherefore should the nations
say, where is now their God?

But our God is in the heavens:
He hath done whatsoever he
pleased.

Their idols are silver and gold,

The work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak
not;

Eyes have they, but they see not;
They have ears, but they hear

not;

Noses have they, but they smell
not;

They have hands, but they han-
dle not;

Feet have they, but they walk
not, neither speak they through
their throat.

They that make them shall be like
unto them;

Yea, every one that trusteth in
them.

O Israel, trust thou in the LORD:
He is their help and their shield.

O house of Aaron, trust ye in the
LORD:

He is their help and their shield.

Ye that fear the LORD, trust in
the LORD:

He is their help and their shield.

The LORD hath been mindful of
us; he will bless us:

He will bless the house of Israel;

He will bless the house of Aaron.

He will bless them that fear the
LORD, both small and great.

The LORD increase you more and
more, you and your children.

Blessed are ye of the Lord, which
made heaven and earth.

SELECTION 50

THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 116: 1-9, 12-19

I LOVE the LORD, because he hath
heard my voice and my supplica-
tions.

Because he hath inclined his ear
unto me,

Therefore will I call upon him as
long as I live.

The cords of death compassed me,
And the pains of Sheol gat hold
upon me:

I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of
the LORD;

O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver
my soul.

Gracious is the LORD, and right-
eous;

Yea, our God is merciful.

The LORD preserveth the simple:

I was brought low, and he saved me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul;
For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death,

Mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation,
And call upon the name of the Lord,

I will pay my vows unto the LORD,

Yea, in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant:

I am thy servant, the son of thine handmaid;

Thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving,

And will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the LORD,

Yea, in the presence of all his people;

In the courts of the LORD's house,
In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.
Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 117

O PRAISE the LORD, all ye nations;
Laud him, all ye peoples.
For his mercy is great toward us;
And the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 51

THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 118

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say,

That his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the house of Aaron now say,

That his mercy endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the LORD say,

That his mercy endureth for ever.

Out of my distress I called upon the LORD:

The Lord answered me and set me in a large place.

The LORD is on my side; I will not fear:

What can man do unto me?

The LORD is on my side among them that help me:

Therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.

All nations compassed me about:

In the name of the Lord I will cut them off.

They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about:

In the name of the Lord I will cut them off.

They compassed me about like bees; they are quenched as the fire of thorns:

In the name of the Lord I will cut them off.

Thou didst thrust sore at me that I might fall:

But the Lord helped me.

The LORD is my strength and song;

And he is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous:

The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly,

The right hand of the LORD is exalted:

The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live,

And declare the works of the Lord.

The LORD hath chastened me sore:

But he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness:

I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.

This is the gate of the LORD;

The righteous shall enter into it.

I will give thanks unto thee, for thou hast answered me,

And art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the LORD hath made;

We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, we beseech thee, O LORD:

O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the LORD:

We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

The LORD is God, and he hath given us light:

Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.

Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee:

Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

SELECTION 52

THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 119, SELECTED VERSES

BLESSED are they that are perfect in the way,

Who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies,

That seek him with the whole heart.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Thy word have I laid up in my heart,

That I might not sin aganst thee.

Open thou mine eyes,

That I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

I am a sojourner in the earth,

Hide not thy commandments from me.

I will run the way of thy commandments

When thou shalt enlarge my heart.

I will walk at liberty,

For I have sought thy precepts.

Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage:

The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy.

Before I was afflicted I went astray;

But now I observe thy word.

I know, O LORD, that thy judgments are righteous,

And that in faithfulness thou hast afflicted me.

Let, I pray thee, thy lovingkindness be for my comfort,

According to thy word unto thy servant.

O, how love I thy law!

It is my meditation all the day.

How sweet are thy words unto my taste;

Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And a light unto my path.

Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever;

For they are the rejoicing of my heart.

The opening of thy words giveth light:

It giveth understanding unto the simple.

Order my footsteps in thy word,
And let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

The sum of thy word is truth:

And every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.

I rejoice at thy word as one that findeth great spoil:

Great peace have they which love thy law.

I have gone astray like a lost sheep:

Seek thy servant, for I do not forget thy commandments.

SELECTION 53

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 121

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:

From whence shall my help
come?

My help cometh from the LORD,
which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be
moved:

He that keepeth thee will not
slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel
shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is thy keeper:

The Lord is thy shade upon thy
right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by
day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall keep thee from
all evil;

He shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall keep thy going out
and thy coming in, from this time
forth and for evermore.

PSALM 122

I WAS glad when they said unto
me, Let us go unto the house of the
LORD.

Our feet are standing within thy
gates, O Jerusalem;

Jerusalem, that art builded as a
city that is compact together:

Whither the tribes go up, even
the tribes of the Lord,

For a testimony unto Israel,

To give thanks unto the name of
the Lord.

For there are set thrones for
judgment,

The thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:

They shall prosper that love thee

Peace be within thy walls,

And prosperity within thy palace

For my brethren and companion
sakes I will now say, Peace be with
in thee.

For the sake of the house of the
LORD our God I will seek thy good

SELECTION 54

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 123

UNTO thee do I lift up mine eye
O thou that sittest in the heav
ens.

Behold, as the eyes of servant
look unto the hand of their master

As the eyes of a maiden unto the
hand of her mistress;

So our eyes look unto the LORD
our God,

Until he have mercy upon us.

Have mercy upon us, O LORD
have mercy upon us:

For we are exceedingly filled with
contempt.

Our soul is exceedingly filled with
the scorning of those that are
ease,

And with the contempt of the
proud.

PSALM 124

IF it had not been the LORD who
was on our side, let Israel now say

If it had not been the LORD who
was on our side, when men rose up
against us:

Then they had swallowed us up
alive, when their wrath was kindled
against us:

Then the waters had over-
whelmed us,

The stream had gone over our
soul:

Then the proud waters had gone
over our soul.

Blessed be the LORD, who hath
not given us as a prey to their
teeth.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out
of the snare of the fowlers:

The snare is broken, and we are
escaped.

Our help is in the name of the
Lord who made heaven and earth.

PSALM 125

THEY that trust in the LORD are
as mount Zion,

Which cannot be moved, but
abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about
Jerusalem,

So the Lord is round about his
people, from this time forth and
for evermore.

For the sceptre of wickedness
shall not rest upon the lot of the
righteous;

That the righteous put not forth
their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O LORD, unto those that
be good,

And to them that are upright in
their hearts.

But as for such as turn aside unto
their crooked ways,

The Lord shall lead them forth
with the workers of iniquity.

Peace be upon Israel.

SELECTION 55

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 126

WHEN the LORD turned again
the captivity of Zion,

We were like unto them that
dream.

Then was our mouth filled with
laughter,

And our tongue with singing:

Then said they among the na-
tions: the LORD hath done great
things for them.

The Lord hath done great things
for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O
LORD, as the streams in the South.

They that sow in tears shall reap
in joy.

Though he goeth on his way
weeping, bearing forth the seed;

He shall come again with joy,
bringing his sheaves with him.

PSALM 127

EXCEPT the LORD build the house,
they labour in vain that build it:

Except the Lord keep the city,
the watchman waketh but in vain.

It is vain for you that ye rise up
early, and so late take rest, and eat
the bread of toil:

For he giveth unto his beloved
while they sleep.

Lo, children are an heritage of
the LORD:

And the fruit of the womb is his
reward.

As arrows in the hand of a
mighty man,

So are the children of youth.

Happy is the man that hath his
quiver full of them:

They shall not be ashamed,
when they speak with their enemies
in the gate.

PSALM 128

BLESSED is every one that feareth
the LORD,

That walketh in his ways.

For thou shalt eat the labour of
thine hands:

Happy shalt thou be, and it shall
be well with thee.

Thy wife shall be as a fruitful
vine, in the innermost parts of thine
house:

Thy children like olive plants,
round about thy table.

Behold, that thus shall the man be
blessed that feareth the LORD.

The Lord shall bless thee out of
Zion:

And thou shalt see the good of
Jerusalem all the days of thy life.

Yea, thou shalt see thy children's
children.

Peace be upon Israel.

SELECTION 56

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 130

OUT of the depths have I cried
unto thee, O LORD: Lord, hear my
voice:

Let thine ears be attentive to the
voice of my supplications.

If thou, LORD, shouldest mark in-
iquities, O LORD, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with
thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the LORD, my soul doth
wait,

And in his word do I hope.

My soul looketh for the Lord,
more than watchmen look for the
morning;

Yea, more than watchmen for the
morning.

O Israel, hope in the LORD;

For with the Lord there is mercy,

And with him is plenteous re-
demption.

And he shall redeem Israel from
all his iniquities.

PSALM 131

LORD, my heart is not haughty,
nor mine eyes lofty;

Neither do I exercise myself in
great matters, or in things too won-
derful for me.

Surely I have stilled and quieted
my soul;

Like a weaned child with his
mother,

My soul is with me like a weaned child.

O Israel, hope in the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.

PSALM 133: 1, 3

BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

It is like the dew of Hermon, that cometh down upon the mountains of Zion:

For there the LORD commanded the blessing,

Even life for evermore.

PSALM 134

BEHOLD, bless ye the LORD, all ye servants of the LORD,

Which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

Lift up your hands to the sanctuary,

And bless ye the Lord.

The LORD bless thee out of Zion;

Even he that made heaven and earth.

SELECTION 57

THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 136: 1-9, 16, 17, 23-26

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the Lord of

lords: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that by understanding made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that spread forth the earth above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that made great lights: for his mercy endureth for ever:

The sun to rule by day: for his mercy endureth for ever:

The moon and stars to rule by night: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him which led his people through the wilderness: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him which smote great kings: for his mercy endureth for ever:

Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And hath delivered us from our adversaries: for his mercy endureth for ever.

He giveth food to all flesh: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever.

PSALM 138

I WILL give thee thanks with my whole heart:

Before the gods will I sing praises unto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy temple,

And give thanks unto thy name for thy lovingkindness and for thy truth;

In the day that I called thou answeredst me,

Thou didst encourage me with strength in my soul.

All the kings of the earth shall give thee thanks, O LORD,

For they have heard the words of thy mouth.

Yea, they shall sing of the ways of the LORD;

For great is the glory of the Lord;

For though the LORD be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly:

But the haughty he knoweth from afar.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me;

Thou shalt stretch forth thy hand against the wrath of mine enemies,

And thy right hand shall save me.

The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me:

Thy mercy, O LORD, endureth for ever;

Forsake not the works of thine own hands.

SELECTION 58

THE TWENTY-NINTH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 139

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising,

Thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou searchest out my path and my lying down,

And art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before,

And laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;

It is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?

Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:

If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning,

And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me,

And thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, and the light about me shall be night;

Even the darkness hideth not from thee,

But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are
both alike to thee.

For thou didst form my inward
parts.

Thou didst knit me together in
my mother's womb.

I will give thanks unto thee; for
I am fearfully and wonderfully
made:

Wonderful are thy works; and
that my soul knoweth right well.

My frame was not hidden from
thee, when I was made in secret,

And curiously wrought in the
lowest parts of the earth:

Thine eyes did see mine un-
formed substance, and in thy book
were all my members written,

Which day by day were fash-
ioned, when as yet there was none
of them.

How precious also are thy
thoughts unto me, O God!

How great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are
more in number than the sand:

When I awake, I am still with
thee.

Surely thou wilt slay the wicked,
O God:

Depart from me therefore, ye
bloodthirsty men.

For they speak against thee wick-
edly,

And thine enemies take thy name
in vain.

Do not I hate them, O LORD, that
hate thee?

And am not I grieved with those
that rise up against thee?

I hate them with perfect hatred:
I count them mine enemies.

Search me, O God, and know my
heart:

Try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any way of
wickedness in me,

And lead me in the way everlast-
ing.

SELECTION 59

THE THIRTIETH DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 145

I WILL extol thee, my God, O
King;

And I will bless thy name for
ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee;

And I will praise thy name for
ever and ever.

Great is the LORD, and highly to
be praised;

And his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall laud thy
works to another,

And shall declare thy mighty
acts.

Of the glorious majesty of thine
honour,

And of thy wondrous works, will
I meditate.

And men shall speak of the might
of thy terrible acts;

And I will declare thy greatness.

They shall utter the memory of
thy great goodness,

And shall sing of thy righteousness.

The LORD is gracious, and full of
compassion;

Slow to anger, and of great
mercy.

The LORD is good to all;

And his tender mercies are over
all his works.

All thy works shall give thanks
unto thee, O LORD;

And thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of
thy kingdom,

And talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of
men thy mighty acts,

And the glory of the majesty of
thy kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting
kingdom,

And thy dominion endureth
throughout all generations.

The LORD upholdeth all that fall,

And raiseth up all those that be
bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee;
and thou givest them their food in
due season.

Thou openest thy hand, and sat-
isfiest the desire of every living
thing.

The LORD is righteous in all his
ways,

And gracious in all his works.

The LORD is nigh unto all them
that call upon him,

To all that call upon him in
truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them
that fear him;

He also will hear their cry, and
will save them.

The LORD preserveth all them
that love him;

But all the wicked will he de-
stroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise
of the LORD;

And let all flesh bless his holy
name for ever and ever.

SELECTION 60

THE THIRTIETH DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 146

PRAISE ye the LORD.

Praise the Lord, O my soul.

While I live will I praise the
LORD:

I will sing praises unto my God
while I have any being.

Put not your trust in princes,

Nor in the son of man, in whom
there is no help.

His breath goeth forth, he re-
turneth to his earth;

In that very day his thoughts
perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of
Jacob for his help,

Whose hope is in the Lord his
God:

Which made heaven and earth,
the sea, and all that in them is;

Which keepeth truth for ever:

Which executeth justice for the
oppressed;

Which giveth food to the hungry:

The LORD looseth the prisoners;

The LORD openeth the eyes of
the blind;

The LORD raiseth up them that
are bowed down;

The LORD loveth the righteous;

The LORD preserveth the stran-
gers;

He upholdeth the fatherless and
widow;

But the way of the wicked he
turneth upside down.

The LORD shall reign for ever,

Thy God, O Zion, unto all gen-
erations.

Praise ye the LORD.

PSALM 147

PRAISE ye the LORD; For it is
good to sing praises unto our God;

For it is pleasant, and praise is
comely.

The LORD doth build up Jerusa-
lem;

He gathereth together the out-
casts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart,

And bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the
stars;

He giveth them all their names.

Great is our LORD, and mighty in
power;

His understanding is infinite.

The LORD upholdeth the meek:

He bringeth the wicked down to
the ground.

Sing unto the LORD with thanks-
giving;

Sing praises upon the harp unto
our God:

Who covereth the heaven with
clouds, and prepareth rain for the
earth,

Who maketh grass to grow upon
the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food,

And to the young ravens which
cry.

He delighteth not in the strength
of the horse:

He taketh no pleasure in the legs
of a man.

The LORD taketh pleasure in them
that fear him,

In those that hope in his mercy.

Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem;

Praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars
of thy gates;

He hath blessed thy children
within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders;

He filleth thee with the finest of
the wheat.

He sendeth out his commandment
upon earth;

His word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool;

He scattereth the hoar frost like
ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels:

Who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:

He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob,

His statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation:

And as for his judgments, they have not known them.

Praise ye the LORD.

SELECTION 61

THE THIRTY-FIRST DAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 148

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise ye the LORD from the heavens:

Praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels:

Praise ye him, all his host.

Praise ye him, sun and moon:

Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,

And ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the LORD:

For he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also stablished them for ever and ever:

He hath made a decree which shall not pass away.

Praise the LORD from the earth,

Ye dragons, and all deeps:

Fire and hail, snow and vapour;

Stormy wind, fulfilling his word:

Mountains and all hills;

Fruitful trees and all cedars:

Beasts and all cattle;

Creeping things and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth and all peoples;

Princes and all judges of the earth:

Both young men and maidens;

Old men and children:

Let them praise the name of the LORD;

For his name alone is exalted:

His glory is above the earth and heaven.

And he hath lifted up the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints;

Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.

Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 62

THE THIRTY-FIRST DAY

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 149

PRAISE ye the LORD. Sing unto the LORD a new song,

And his praise in the assembly of the saints.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him:

Let the children of Zion be joyful
in their King.

Let them praise his name in the
dance:

Let them sing praises unto him
with the timbrel and harp.

For the LORD taketh pleasure in
his people:

He will beautify the meek with
salvation.

Let the saints exult in glory:

Let them sing for joy upon their
beds.

Let the high praises of God be
in their mouth,

And a two-edged sword in their
hand;

To execute vengeance upon the
nations,

And punishments upon the peo-
ples;

To bind their kings with chains,

And their nobles with fetters of
iron;

To execute upon them the judg-
ment written:

This honor have all his saints.
Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 150

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise God
in his sanctuary:

Praise him in the firmament of
his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts:

Praise him according to his excel-
lent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the
trumpet:

Praise him with the psaltery and
harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and
dance:

Praise him with stringed instru-
ments and the pipe.

Praise him upon the loud cym-
bals:

Praise him upon the high sound-
ing cymbals.

Let every thing that hath breath
praise the LORD.

Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTIONS

SUITABLE FOR

ADVENT AND LENT

SELECTION 63

SUITABLE FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

MORNING WORSHIP

ISAIAH 52:7-10

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,

That publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good,

That publisheth salvation;

That saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

The voice of thy watchmen! they lift up the voice, together do they sing;

For they shall see, eye to eye, when the Lord returneth to Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem:

For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

The LORD hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations;

And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

ISAIAH 9:1-7

IN the former time he brought

into contempt the land of Zebulun and the land of Naphtali.

But in the latter time hath he made it glorious by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the nations.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light:

They that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

Thou hast multiplied the nation

Thou hast increased their joy:

They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest,

As men rejoice when they divide the spoil.

For the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder,

The rod of his oppressor, thou hast broken as in the day of Midian

For unto us a child is born,

Unto us a son is given;

And the government shall be upon his shoulder:

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government

and of peace there shall be no end.
 Upon the throne of David, and
 upon his kingdom,
 To establish it, and to uphold it
 with righteousness,
 From henceforth even for ever.

SELECTION 64

SUITABLE FOR THE FIRST SUN-
 DAY IN ADVENT
 EVENING WORSHIP
 ISAIAH 11:1-9

AND there shall come forth a
 shoot out of the stock of Jesse,
 And a branch out of his roots
 shall bear fruit:

And the spirit of the LORD shall
 rest upon him,

The spirit of wisdom and under-
 standing,

The spirit of counsel and might,
 The spirit of knowledge and of
 the fear of the Lord;

And his delight shall be in the
 fear of the Lord: and he shall not
 judge after the sight of his eyes,

Neither reprove after the hearing
 of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he
 judge the poor,

And reprove with equity for the
 meek of the earth:

And he shall smite the earth with
 the rod of his mouth,

And with the breath of his lips
 shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the
 girdle of his loins,

And faithfulness the girdle of his
 reins.

And the wolf shall dwell with the
 lamb,

And the leopard shall lie down
 with the kid;

And the calf and the young lion
 and the fatling together;

And a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall
 feed: their young ones shall lie
 down together:

And the lion shall eat straw like
 the ox.

And the sucking child shall play
 on the hole of the asp,

And the weaned child shall put
 his hand on the basilisk's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy
 in all my holy mountain:

For the earth shall be full of the
 knowledge of the Lord, as the wa-
 ters cover the sea.

SELECTION 65

SUITABLE FOR THE SECOND SUN-
 DAY IN ADVENT
 MORNING WORSHIP
 ISAIAH 26:1-7

IN that day shall this song be
 sung in the land of Judah:

We have a strong city; salvation
 will he appoint for walls and bul-
 warks.

Open ye the gates,

That the righteous nation which
 keepeth truth may enter in.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect

peace, whose mind is stayed on thee:
 Because he trusteth in thee.
 Trust ye in the LORD forever:
 For in the Lord Jehovah is an
 everlasting rock.

ISAIAH 32: 1-4; 16-18

BEHOLD, a king shall reign in
 righteousness,

And princes shall rule in justice.

And a man shall be as an hiding
 place from the wind,

And a covert from the tempest;

As rivers of water in a dry place,

As the shadow of a great rock in
 a weary land.

And the eyes of them that see
 shall not be dim,

And the ears of them that hear
 shall hearken.

The heart also of the rash shall
 understand knowledge,

And the tongue of the stammer-
 ers shall be ready to speak plainly.

Then justice shall dwell in the
 wilderness,

And righteousness shall abide in
 the fruitful field.

And the work of righteousness
 shall be peace;

And the effect of righteousness
 quietness and confidence for ever.

And my people shall abide in a
 peaceable habitation,

And in sure dwellings, and in
 quiet resting places.

SELECTION 66

SUITABLE FOR THE SECOND SUN-
 DAY IN ADVENT

EVENING WORSHIP

ISAIAH 35: 1-10

THE wilderness and the solitary
 place shall be glad;

And the desert shall rejoice, and
 blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and
 rejoice even with joy and singing;

The glory of Lebanon shall be
 given unto it,

The excellency of Carmel and
 Sharon:

They shall see the glory of the
 Lord, the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands,

And confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fear-
 ful heart, Be strong, fear not;

Behold your God will come with
 vengeance, with the recompence of
 God; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall
 be opened,

And the ears of the deaf shall be
 unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as
 a hart, and the tongue of the dumb
 shall sing;

For in the wilderness shall wa-
 ters break out, and streams in the
 desert.

And the glowing sand shall be-
 come a pool, and the thirsty ground
 springs of water:

In the habitation of jackals

where they lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an high way shall be there, and a way,

And it shall be called The way of holiness:

The unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for the redeemed:

The wayfaring men, yea fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor shall any ravenous beast go up thereon,

They shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there:

And the ransomed of the LORD shall return,

And come with singing unto Zion;

And everlasting joy shall be upon their heads:

They shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

SELECTION 67

SUITABLE FOR THE THIRD SUNDAY
IN ADVENT

MORNING WORSHIP

ISAIAH 40:1-11; 27-31

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem,

And cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned;

That she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the LORD.

Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted,

And every mountain and hill shall be made low:

And the crooked shall be made straight,

And the rough places plain:

And the glory of the LORD shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together:

For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice of one saying, Cry.

And one said, What shall I cry?

All flesh is grass,

And all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field:

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it:

Surely the people is grass.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:

But the word of our God shall stand for ever.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain;

O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength;

Lift it up, be not afraid;

Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold, your God!

Behold, the LORD God will come
as a mighty one, and his arm shall
rule for him:

Behold, his reward is with him,
and his recompence before him.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd,
He shall gather the lambs in his
arm,

And carry them in his bosom,

And shall gently lead those that
have their young.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob,

And speakest, O Israel,

My way is hid from the LORD,

And the justice due to me is
passed away from my God?

Hast thou not known?

Hast thou not heard?

The everlasting God, the LORD,
the Creator of the ends of the earth,
fainteth not, neither is weary;

There is no searching of his un-
derstanding.

He giveth power to the faint;

And to him that hath no might
he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and
be weary,

And the young men shall utterly
fall:

But they that wait upon the LORD
shall renew their strength;

They shall mount up with wings
as eagles;

They shall run and not be weary;

They shall walk and not faint.

SELECTION 68

SUITABLE FOR THE THIRD SUNDAY
IN ADVENT

EVENING WORSHIP

ISAIAH 42: 1-16

BEHOLD my Servant, whom I up-
hold;

My chosen, in whom my soul de-
lighteth:

I have put my spirit upon him;

He shall bring forth justice to
the Gentiles.

He shall not cry, nor lift up his
voice,

Nor cause it to be heard in the
street.

A bruised reed shall he not break,

And the smoking flax shall he not
quench:

He shall bring forth justice in
truth.

He shall not fail nor be discour-
aged till he have set justice in the
earth; and the isles shall wait for
his law.

Thus saith God the LORD, he that
created the heavens, and stretched
them forth;

He that spread abroad the earth
and that which cometh out of it;

He that giveth breath unto the
people upon it,

And spirit to them that walk
therein:

I the LORD have called thee in
righteousness,

And will hold thine hand, and
will keep thee,

And give thee for a covenant of
the people,

For a light of the Gentiles;

To open the blind eyes, to bring
out the prisoners from the dun-
geon,

And them that sit in darkness out
of the prison house.

I am the LORD; that is my name:
and my glory will I not give to an-
other,

Neither my praise unto graven
images.

Behold, the former things are
come to pass, and new things do I
declare:

Before they spring forth I tell you
of them.

Sing unto the LORD a new song,
And his praise from the end of
the earth;

Ye that go down to the sea, and
all that is therein,

The isles, and the inhabitants
thereof.

Let the wilderness and the cities
thereof lift up their voice,

The villages that Kedar doth in-
habit;

Let the inhabitants of Sela sing,
Let them shout from the top of
the mountains.

Let them give glory unto the
LORD,

And declare his praise in the is-
lands.

The LORD shall go forth as a
mighty man;

He shall stir up his zeal like a
man of war:

He shall cry, yea, he shall shout
aloud;

He shall do mightily against his
enemies.

And I will bring the blind by a
way that they know not;

In paths that they know not will
I lead them:

I will make darkness light before
them,

And crooked places straight.

SELECTION 69

SUITABLE FOR THE FOURTH SUN-
DAY IN ADVENT

MORNING WORSHIP

ISAIAH 55

Ho, every one that thirsteth,
come ye to the waters, and he that
hath no money;

Come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come,
buy wine and milk without money
and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money
for that which is not bread?

And your labor for that which
satisfieth not?

Hearken diligently unto me, and
eat ye that which is good,

And let your soul delight itself
in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto
me;

Hear, and your soul shall live:

And I will make an everlasting
covenant with you,

Even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples,

A leader and commander to the peoples.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not,

And a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee,

Because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel;

For he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the LORD while he may be found,

Call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way,

And the unrighteous man his thoughts:

And let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him;

And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts,

Neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth,

So are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven,

And returneth not thither, but watereth the earth,

And maketh it bring forth and bud,

And giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater;

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth:

It shall not return unto me void

But it shall accomplish that which I please,

And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy,

And be led forth with peace:

The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing

And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,

And instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree;

And it shall be to the LORD for a name,

For an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

SELECTION 70

SUITABLE FOR THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

EVENING WORSHIP

ISAIAH 60

ARISE, shine, for thy light is come,

And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth,

And gross darkness the peoples

But the LORD shall arise upon thee,

And his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And nations shall come to thy light,

And kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see:

They all gather themselves together, they come to thee:

Thy sons shall come from far,

And thy daughters shall be carried in the arms.

Then thou shalt see and be lightened,

And thine heart shall tremble and be enlarged;

Because the abundance of the sea shall be turned unto thee,

The wealth of the nations shall come unto thee.

The multitude of camels shall cover thee,

The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah;

They all shall come from Sheba: they shall bring gold and frankincense;

And shall proclaim the praises of the Lord.

All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee,

The rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee:

They shall come up with acceptance on mine altar,

And I will glorify the house of my glory.

Who are these that fly as a cloud,
And as the doves to their windows?

Surely the isles shall wait for me,
and the ships of Tarshish first,

To bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them,

For the name of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel,

Because he hath glorified thee.

And strangers shall build up thy walls,

And their kings shall minister unto thee:

For in my wrath I smote thee,

But in my favour have I had mercy on thee.

Thy gates also shall be open continually;

They shall not be shut day nor night;

That men may bring unto thee the wealth of the nations,

And their kings led with them.

For that nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish;

Yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee,

The fir tree, the pine, and the box tree together:

To beautify the place of my sanctuary,

And I will make the place of my feet glorious.

And the sons of them that af-

flicted thee shall come bending unto thee;

And all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet;

And they shall call thee The city of the LORD.

The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man passed through thee,

I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.

For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver,

And for wood brass, and for stones iron:

I will also make thy officers peace,

And thine exactors righteousness.

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land,

Desolation nor destruction within thy borders;

But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation,

And thy gates Praise.

The sun shall be no more thy light by day;

Neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee:

But the LORD shall be unto thee an everlasting light,

And thy God thy glory.

Thy sun shall no more go down,

Neither shall thy moon withdraw itself:

For the LORD shall be thine everlasting light,

And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Thy people also shall be all righteous,

They shall inherit the land for ever;

The branch of my planting, the work of my hands,

That I may be glorified.

The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation:

I the Lord will hasten it in its time.

SELECTION 71

SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

LUKE 1: 46-55

AND Mary said, My soul doth magnify the LORD,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath looked upon the low estate of his handmaiden:

For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

And his mercy is unto generations and generations on them that fear him.

He hath shewed strength with his arm;

He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart.

He hath put down princes from
their thrones,

And hath exalted them of low de-
gree.

The hungry he hath filled with
good things;

And the rich he hath sent empty
away.

He hath holpen Israel his serv-
ant,

That he might remember mercy
(As he spake unto our fathers)

Toward Abraham and his seed for
ever.

LUKE 1:67-79

AND Zacharias prophesied saying:
Blessed be the LORD, the God of
Israel;

For he hath visited and wrought
redemption for his people,

And hath raised up a horn of sal-
vation for us

In the house of his servant David
(As he spake by the mouth of his
holy prophets which have been since
the world began),

Salvation from our enemies, and
from the hand of all that hate us;

To shew mercy towards our fath-
ers, and to remember his holy cov-
enant;

The oath which he sware unto
Abraham our father,

To grant unto us that we being
delivered out of the hand of our en-
emies

Should serve him without fear, in
holiness and righteousness before
him all our days.

Yea, and thou, child, shalt be
called the prophet of the Most
High:

For thou shalt go before the face
of the Lord to make ready his ways;

To give knowledge of salvation
unto his people in the remission of
their sins,

Because of the tender mercy of
our God whereby the dayspring
from on high shall visit us,

To shine upon them that sit in
darkness and the shadow of death;

To guide our feet into the way
of peace.

LUKE 2:29-32

AND Simeon said: Now lettest
thou thy servant depart, O Lord,

According to thy word in peace;

For mine eyes have seen thy sal-
vation,

Which thou hast prepared before
the face of all peoples;

A light for revelation to the Gen-
tiles,

And the glory of thy people Is-
rael.

SELECTION 72

SUITABLE FOR LENTEN SERVICES

ISAIAH 58:1-7

CRY aloud, spare not,

Lift up thy voice like a trumpet,

And declare unto my people their
transgression,

And to the house of Jacob their
sins.

Yet they seek me daily,

And delight to know my ways:

As a nation that did righteous-
ness,

And forsook not the ordinance of
their God,

They ask of me righteous ordi-
nances,

They delight to draw near unto
God.

Wherefore have we fasted, say
they, and thou seest not?

Wherefore have we afflicted our
soul, and thou takest no knowl-
edge?

Behold, in the day of your fast
ye find your own pleasure,

And oppress all your laborers.

Behold, ye fast for strife and con-
tention, and to smite with the fist
of wickedness:

Ye fast not this day so as to make
your voice to be heard on high.

Is such the fast that I have
chosen?

The day for a man to afflict his
soul?

Is it to bow down his head as a
rush, and to spread sackcloth and
ashes under him?

Wilt thou call this a fast, and an
acceptable day to the Lord?

Is not this the fast that I have
chosen? to loose the bonds of wick-
edness,

To undo the bands of the yoke,
and to let the oppressed go free.

MICAH 6:1-8

HEAR ye now what the LORD
saith:

Arise, contend thou before the
mountains, and let the hills hear
thy voice.

Hear, O ye mountains, the LORD'S
controversy, and ye enduring founda-
tions of the earth:

For the Lord hath a controversy
with his people, and he will contend
with Israel.

O my people what have I done
unto thee?

And wherein have I wearied thee?
testify against me.

For I brought thee up out of the
land of Egypt,

And redeemed thee out of the
house of bondage;

And I sent before thee Moses,
Aaron, and Miriam.

O my people, remember now
what Balak king of Moab consulted,

And what Balaam the son of Beor
answered him;

Remember from Shittim unto Gil-
gal, that ye may know the righteous
acts of the Lord.

Wherewith shall I come before
the LORD, and bow myself before
the high God?

Shall I come before him with
burnt offerings, with calves of a
year old?

Will the LORD be pleased with
thousands of rams,

Or with ten thousands of rivers
of oil?

Shall I give my firstborn for my
transgression,

The fruit of my body for the sin
of my soul?

He hath shewed thee, O man,
what is good;

And what doth the Lord require
of thee, but to do justly, and to love
mercy, and to walk humbly with
thy God?

SELECTION 73

SUITABLE FOR LENTEN SERVICES

ISAIAH 63: 7-16

I WILL make mention of the lov-
ingkindnesses of the Lord,

And the praises of the Lord, ac-
cording to all that the Lord hath
bestowed on us,

And the great goodness toward
the house of Israel, which he hath
bestowed on them according to his
mercies,

And according to the multitude of
his lovingkindnesses.

For he said, Surely, they are my
people, children that will not deal
falsely:

So he was their Saviour.

In all their affliction he was af-
flicted,

And the angel of his presence
saved them:

In his love and in his pity he
redeemed them;

And he bare them, and carried
them all the days of old.

But they rebelled, and grieved his
holy Spirit:

Therefore he was turned to be
their enemy, and fought against
them.

Then he remembered the days of
old, Moses, and his people, saying,

Where is he that brought them
up out of the sea with the shepherds
of his flock?

Where is he that put his holy
Spirit in the midst of them?

That caused his glorious arm to
go at the right hand of Moses?

That divided the water before
them, to make himself an everlast-
ing name?

That led them through the
depths, as an horse in the wilder-
ness, that they stumbled not?

As the cattle that go down into
the valley, the Spirit of the LORD
caused them to rest:

So didst thou lead thy people, to
make thyself a glorious name.

Look down from heaven,

And behold from the habitation
of thy holiness and of thy glory:

Where is thy zeal and thy mighty
acts?

The yearning of thy heart and
thy compassions are restrained to-
ward us.

For THOU art our father, though
Abraham knoweth us not,

And Israel doth not acknowledge
us:

Thou, O LORD, art our father;
Our Redeemer from everlasting is
thy name.

SELECTION 74

SUITABLE FOR LENTEN SERVICES

JOB 19

THEN Job answered and said,
How long will ye vex my soul,
And break me in pieces with
words?

These ten times have ye re-
proached me:

Ye are not ashamed that ye deal
hardly with me.

And be it indeed that I have erred,
Mine error remaineth with my-
self.

If indeed ye will magnify your-
selves against me,

And plead against me my re-
proach.

Know now that God hath sub-
verted me in my cause,

And hath compassed me with his
net.

Behold, I cry out of wrong, but
I am not heard.

I cry for help, but there is no jus-
tice.

He hath walled up my way that
I cannot pass,

And hath set darkness in my
paths.

He hath stripped me of my glory,

And taken the crown from my
head.

He hath broken me down on
every side, and I am gone:

And my hope hath he plucked up
like a tree.

He hath also kindled his wrath
against me,

And he counted me unto him as
one of his adversaries.

His troops come on together, and
cast up their way against me,

And encamp round about my
tent.

He hath put my brethren far from
me,

And mine acquaintance are whol-
ly estranged from me.

My kinsfolk have failed,
And my familiar friends have for-
gotten me.

They that dwell in my house, and
my maids, count me for a stranger:

I am an alien in their sight.

I call unto my servant, and he
giveth me no answer,

Though I intreat him with my
mouth.

My breath is strange to my wife,
And my supplication to the chil-
dren of mine own mother.

Even young children despise me;

If I arise, they speak against me.

All my familiar friends abhor
me:

And they whom I loved are
turned against me.

My bone cleaveth to my skin and
to my flesh,

And I am escaped with the skin
of my teeth.

Have pity upon me, have pity
upon me, O ye my friends;

For the hand of God hath touched
me.

Why do ye persecute me as God,
And are not satisfied with my
flesh?

Oh that my words were now writ-
ten!

Oh that they were inscribed in a
book!

That with an iron pen and lead
They were graven in the rock for
ever!

But I know that my redeemer
liveth,

And that he shall stand up at the
last upon the earth:

And after my skin hath been thus
destroyed,

Yet from my flesh shall I see God.

Whom I, even I, shall see on my
side,

And mine eyes shall behold and
not as a stranger.

SELECTION 75

SUITABLE FOR LENTEN SERVICES

ISAIAH 43: 1-13, 25

BUT now thus saith the LORD that
created thee, O Jacob,

And he that formed thee, O Is-
rael:

Fear not, for I have redeemed
thee;

I have called thee by thy name,
thou art mine.

When thou passest through the
waters, I will be with thee;

And through the rivers, they shall
not overflow thee:

When thou walkest through the
fire, thou shalt not be burned;

Neither shall the flame kindle up-
on thee.

For I am the LORD thy God,
The Holy One of Israel, thy
Saviour;

I have given Egypt as thy ran-
som,

Ethiopia and Seba for thee.

Since thou hast been precious in
my sight, and honourable, and I
have loved thee;

Therefore will I give men for
thee and peoples for thy life.

Fear not; for I am with thee: I
will bring thy seed from the East

And gather thee from the west;

I will say to the north, Give up;

And to the south, Keep not back;

Bring my sons from far,

And my daughters from the end
of the earth;

Every one that is called by my
name, and whom I have created for
my glory;

I have formed him; yea, I have
made him.

Bring forth the blind people that
have eyes,

And the deaf that have ears.

Let all the nations be gathered together, and let the peoples be assembled:

Who among them can declare this, and shew us former things?

Let them bring their witnesses, that they may be justified:

Or let them hear, and say, It is truth.

Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, and my servant whom I have chosen:

That ye may know and believe me, and understand that I am he;

Before me there was no God formed,

Neither shall there be after me.

I, even I, am the Lord;

And beside me there is no saviour.

I have declared, and I have saved, and I have shewed, and there was no strange god among you:

Therefore ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, and I am God.

I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake,

And I will not remember thy sins.

ISAIAH 1:16-18

WASH you, make you clean;

Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes;

Cease to do evil:

Learn to do well;

Seek judgment, relieve the oppressed,

Judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord:

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.

SELECTION 76

SUITABLE FOR LENTEN SERVICES

LAM. 3:1-3, 13-15, 22-27, 31-36, 40-41

I AM the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath.

He hath led me and caused me to walk in darkness and not in light.

Surely against me he turneth his hand again and again all the day.

He hath caused the shafts of his quiver to enter into my reins.

I am become a derision to all my people; and their song all the day.

He hath filled me with bitterness, he hath sated me with wormwood.

It is of the LORD's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.

They are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness.

The LORD is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him.

The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh after him.

It is good that a man should hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the LORD.

It is good for a man that he bear
the yoke in his youth.

For the LORD will not cast off for
ever.

For though he cause grief, yet
will he have compassion according
to the multitude of his mercies.

For he doth not afflict willingly,
nor grieve the children of men.

To crush under foot all the pris-
oners of the earth,

To turn aside the right of a man
before the face of the Most High,

To subvert a man in his cause,
the Lord approveth not.

Let us search and try our ways,
and turn again to the LORD.

Let us lift up our heart with our
hands unto God in the heavens.

SELECTION 77

SUITABLE FOR LENTEN SERVICES

PSALM 51:1-17

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, ac-
cording to thy lovingkindness:

According to the multitude of thy
tender mercies blot out my trans-
gressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine
iniquity,

And cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgres-
sions:

And my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I
sinned,

And done that which is evil in
thy sight:

That thou mayest be justified
when thou speakest,

And be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;
And in sin did my mother con-
ceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the
inward parts:

And in the hidden part thou shalt
make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall
be clean:

Wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

Make me to hear joy and glad-
ness;

That the bones which thou hast
broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins,

And blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O
God;

And renew a right spirit within
me.

Cast me not away from thy pres-
ence;

And take not thy holy spirit from
me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy
salvation:

And uphold me with a free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors
thy ways;

And sinners shall be converted
unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness,

O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud
of thy righteousness.

O LORD, open thou my lips;
And my mouth shall shew forth
thy praise.

For thou delightest not in sacrifice;
else would I give it:

Thou hast no pleasure in burnt
offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken
spirit:

A broken and a contrite heart, O
God, thou wilt not despise.

SELECTION 78

SUITABLE FOR PALM SUNDAY

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 118

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD; for
he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say,

That his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the house of Aaron now say,

That his mercy endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the LORD
say,

That his mercy endureth for ever.

Out of my distress I called upon
the LORD:

The LORD answered me and set
me in a large place.

The LORD is on my side; I will
not fear:

What can man do unto me?

The LORD is on my side among
them that help me:

Therefore shall I see my desire
upon them that hate me.

It is better to trust in the LORD
than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the LORD
than to put confidence in princes.

All nations compassed me about:
In the name of the LORD I will cut
them off.

They compassed me about; yea,
they compassed me about:

In the name of the LORD I will
cut them off.

They compassed me about like
bees; they are quenched as the fire
of thorns:

In the name of the LORD I will
cut them off.

Thou didst thrust sore at me that
I might fall:

But the LORD helped me.

The LORD is my strength and
song;

And he is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salva-
tion is in the tents of the righteous.

The right hand of the LORD doeth
valiantly.

The right hand of the LORD is
exalted:

The right hand of the LORD doeth
valiantly.

I shall not die, but live,

And declare the works of the
LORD.

The LORD hath chastened me sore:

But he hath not given me over
unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness:

I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.

This is the gate of the LORD;

The righteous shall enter into it.

I will give thanks unto thee, for thou hast answered me,

And art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.

This is the day which the LORD hath made;

We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, we beseech thee, O LORD:

O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the LORD:

We have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

The LORD is God, and he hath given us light:

Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.

Thou art my God and I will give thanks unto thee:

Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

SELECTION 79

SUITABLE FOR PALM SUNDAY

EVENING WORSHIP

ISAIAH 61: 1-6

THE spirit of the LORD is upon me;

Because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;

He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted,

To proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the acceptable year of the LORD,

And the day of vengeance of our God:

To comfort all that mourn;

To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them a garland for ashes,

The oil of joy for mourning,

The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;

That they may be called trees of righteousness,

The planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

And they shall build the old wastes,

They shall raise up the former desolations,

And they shall repair the waste cities,

The desolations of many generations.

And strangers shall stand and
feed your flocks,

And aliens shall be your plowmen
and your vinedressers.

But ye shall be named the priests
of the LORD:

Men shall call you the ministers
of our God:

Ye shall eat the wealth of the na-
tions,

And in their glory shall ye boast
yourselves.

SELECTION 80

SUITABLE FOR GOOD FRIDAY

ISAIAH 52: 13-53: 12

BEHOLD, my servant shall deal
wisely, he shall be exalted and lifted
up, and shall be very high.

Like as many were astonished at
thee,

(His visage was so marred more
than any man,

And his form more than the sons
of men,)

So shall he startle many nations;

Kings shall shut their mouths at
him:

For that which had not been told
them shall they see;

And that which they had not
heard shall they understand.

Who hath believed our report?

And to whom hath the arm of the
Lord been revealed?

For he grew up before him as a
tender plant,

And as a root out of a dry
ground:

He hath no form nor comeliness;

And when we see him, there is no
beauty that we should desire him.

He was despised, and rejected of
men;

A man of sorrows, and acquainted
with grief:

And as one from whom men hide
their face he was despised,

And we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs,
and carried our sorrows:

Yet we did esteem him stricken,
smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our
transgressions,

He was bruised for our iniqui-
ties:

The chastisement of our peace
was upon him;

And with his stripes we are
healed.

All we like sheep have gone
astray; we have turned every one
to his own way:

And the Lord hath laid on him
the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, yet he hum-
bled himself and opened not his
mouth;

As a lamb that is led to the
slaughter, and as a sheep that be-
fore her shearers is dumb; yea, he
opened not his mouth.

By oppression and judgment he
was taken away;

And his life, who shall recount?
For he was cut off out of the land
of the living?

For the transgression of my people
was he stricken.

And they made his grave with
the wicked,

And with the rich in his death;

Although he had done no violence,

Neither was any deceit in his
mouth.

Yet it pleased the LORD to bruise
him;

He hath put him to grief:

When thou shalt make his soul an
offering for sin, he shall see his
seed,

He shall prolong his days, and
the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper
in his hand,

He shall see of the travail of his
soul, and shall be satisfied:

By his knowledge shall my righteous
servant justify many: and he
shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a
portion with the great,

And he shall divide the spoil with
the strong;

Because he poured out his soul
unto death, and was numbered with
the transgressors:

Yet he bare the sin of many, and
made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION 81

SUITABLE FOR GOOD FRIDAY

PSALM 22; 1-28.

My God, my God, why hast thou
forsaken me?

Why art thou so far from helping
me, and from the words of my roaring?

O my God, I cry in the day-time,
but thou answerest not;

And in the night season, and am
not silent.

But thou art holy,

O thou that inhabitest the praises
of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee:

They trusted, and thou didst deliver
them.

They cried unto thee, and were
delivered:

They trusted in thee, and were
not ashamed.

But I am a worm, and no man;

A reproach of men, and despised
of the people.

All they that see me laugh me to
scorn:

They shoot out the lip, they
shake the head, saying,

Commit thyself unto the LORD;
let him deliver him:

Let him deliver him, seeing he
delighteth in him.

But thou art he that took me out
of the womb:

Thou didst make me trust when
I was upon my mother's breasts.

I was cast upon thee from the womb:

Thou art my God since my mother bare me.

Be not far from me; for trouble is near;

For there is none to help.

Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

They gape upon me with their mouth, as a ravening and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water,

And all my bones are out of joint:

My heart is like wax;

It is melted within me.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd;

And my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

For dogs have compassed me:

The assembly of evil-doers have inclosed me;

They pierced my hands and my feet.

I may tell all my bones; they look and stare upon me:

They part my garments among them,

And upon my vesture do they cast lots.

But be not thou far off, O LORD:

O thou my succour, haste thee to help me.

Deliver my soul from the sword;
My darling from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth;
Yea, from the horns of the wild-oxen thou hast answered me.

I will declare thy name unto my brethren:

In the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

Ye that fear the LORD, praise him;
All ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him;

And stand in awe of him, all ye the seed of Israel.

For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted;

Neither hath he hid his face from him;

But when he cried unto him, he heard.

Of thee cometh my praise in the great congregation:

I will pay my vows before them that fear him.

The meek shall eat and be satisfied:

They shall praise the Lord that seek after him: their heart shall live for ever.

All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the LORD:

And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him.

For the kingdom is the LORD's:

And he is ruler over the nations.

SELECTION 82

SUITABLE FOR EASTER

MORNING WORSHIP

PSALM 16

PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee
do I put my trust.

I have said unto the Lord, Thou
art my Lord: I have no good be-
yond thee.

As for the saints that are in the
earth,

They are the excellent in whom
is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied
that exchange the LORD for another
god:

Their drink offerings of blood will
I not offer, nor take their names
upon my lips.

The LORD is the portion of mine
inheritance and of my cup:

Thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in
pleasant places;

Yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the LORD, who hath
given me counsel:

Yea, my reins instruct me in the
night seasons.

I have set the LORD always before
me:

Because he is at my right hand,
I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and
my glory rejoiceth:

My flesh also shall dwell in safe-
ty.

For thou wilt not leave my soul
to Sheol;

Neither wilt thou suffer thine
holy one to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of
life:

In thy presence is fulness of joy;
in thy right hand there are pleas-
ures for evermore.

SELECTION 83

SUITABLE FOR EASTER

EVENING WORSHIP

PSALM 73

SURELY God is good to Israel,
Even to such as are pure in heart.

But as for me, my feet were al-
most gone;

My steps had well nigh slipped.

For I was envious at the arro-
gant,

When I saw the prosperity of the
wicked.

For there are no bands in their
death:

But their strength is firm.

They are not in trouble as other
men;

Neither are they plagued like
other men;

Therefore pride is as a chain
about their neck;

Violence covereth them as a gar-
ment.

Their eyes stand out with fatness:

They have more than heart could
wish.

They scoff, and in wickedness utter oppression:

They speak loftily.

They have set their mouth in the heavens,

And their tongue walketh through the earth.

Therefore his people are turned after them:

And waters of a full cup are drained by them.

And they say, How doth God know?

And is there knowledge in the Most High?

Behold, these are the wicked;

And, being alway at ease, they increase in riches.

Surely in vain have I cleansed my heart,

And washed my hands in innocency;

For all the day long have I been plagued,

And chastened every morning.

If I had said, I will speak thus;

Behold, I had dealt treacherously with the generation of thy children.

When I thought how I might know this, it was too painful for me;

Until I went into the sanctuary of God, and considered their latter end.

Surely thou settest them in slippery places:

Thou castest them down to destruction.

How are they become a desolation in a moment!

They are utterly consumed with terrors.

As a dream when one awaketh;

So, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image.

For my heart was grieved,

And I was pricked in my reins:

So brutish was I, and ignorant; I was as a beast before thee.

Nevertheless I am continually with thee:

Thou hast holden my right hand.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel,

And afterward receive me to glory.

Whom have I in heaven but thee?

And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth:

But God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.

